

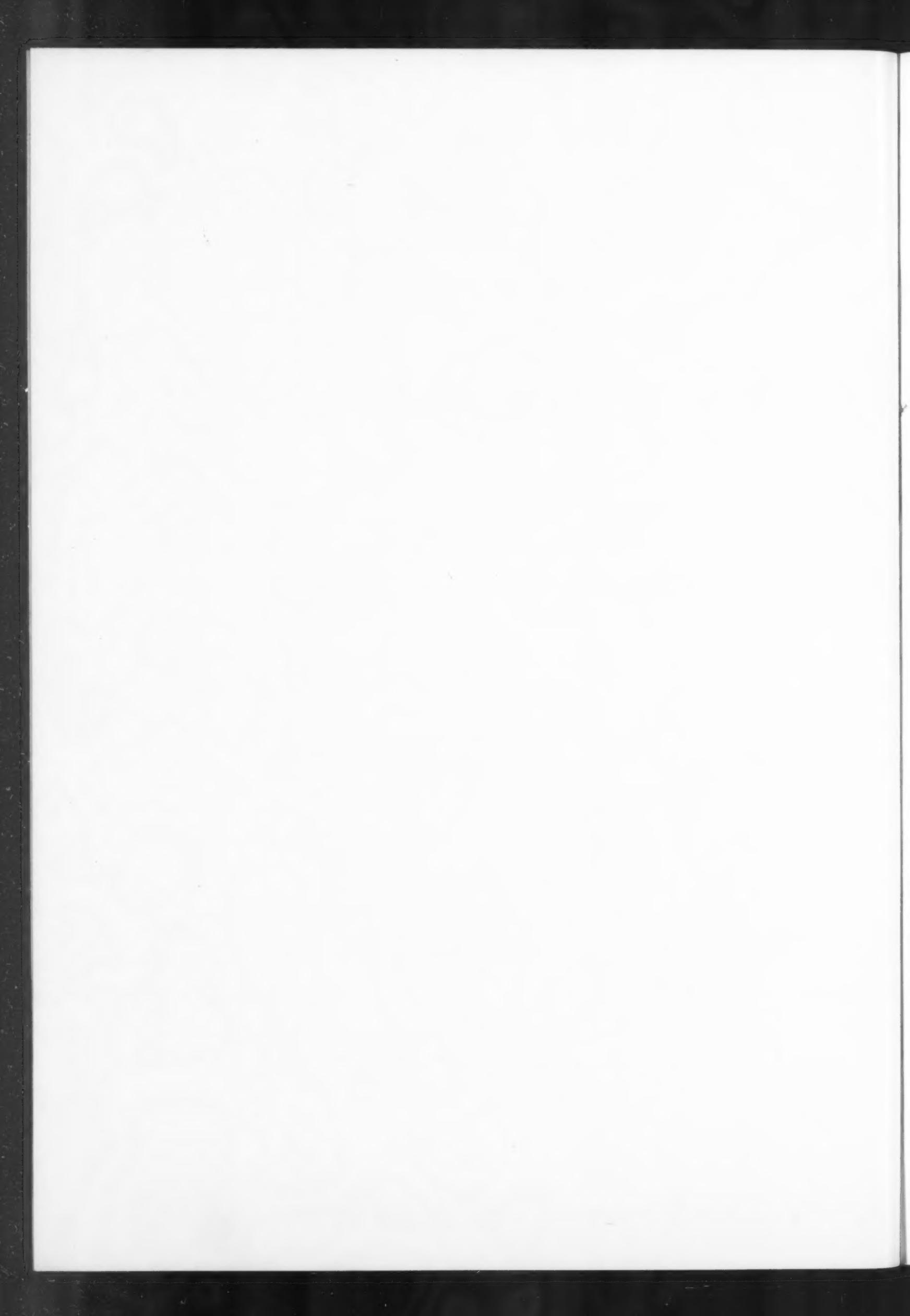


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# THE ART JOURNAL, 1897.

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# THE ART JOURNAL,

## 1897.

### THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

THERE is one particular characteristic about the collection which Mr. McCulloch has brought together, a characteristic which stamps him as an Art patron of unusual catholicity and wideness of range. This appears, if his gallery is considered as a whole, very evidently in the extent of ground he has covered in accumulating the many canvases which are now in his possession. The patronage of Art has not meant in his case laborious fidelity to one school, nor even a preference for only those painters whose works assort so well, that

ephemeral illustrations of the passing fancies of his time, which are apt to lead astray a collector who buys without set purpose, and without the deliberate intention to pose as a supporter of a peculiar phase of artistic conviction. Instead, he has made a consistent effort to treat all the varieties of pictorial sincerity as equally worthy of attention. He has regarded no school of painting as unfit for support, if only it could prove itself, by the work of the men belonging to it, to be one capable of giving sound results, and of stimulating the production of canvases



*The Haunt of the Sea Mew.* By Peter Graham, R.A.  
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they appear to have been produced under an influence which has warped each producer into careful imitation of an accepted pattern. Nor again has he viewed it merely as an excuse for surrounding himself with those

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that would rank among the real achievements of the century. His principle in collecting has been to acquire whatever he felt to attain to a certain high standard of meritorious effort, to possess himself of examples of true

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endeavour, to follow out worthily the more wholesome traditions of Art practice, rather than to gather round him evidences of eccentric professional experiment or

he has sufficient strength of individuality to compel other people to see things with his eyes. But in landscape there is no scope for such wilful vagaries. An



*A Breezy Day.*  
By Henry Moore, R.A.

fanciful expositions of ideas which were based upon an insecure foundation of careless study. By this judicious limitation he has avoided committing himself in the heat of the moment to recognition of æsthetic aberrations, with which, upon calmer reflection, he would have found himself to be out of sympathy. What he has done has been to establish in his own mind a standard, not so much of artistic vagary as of technical charm, and to refuse recognition to everything that failed to reach this standard in a really satisfactory manner.

It is certainly because the keynote of the collection is sincerity that Mr. McCulloch, in forming it, has found himself impelled to give so much attention to landscape. Some of the finest work which the British School has to show, much of its most characteristic and worthiest production, must be assigned to this branch of the artist's practice. In landscape, anything like real merit is unattainable unless the fundamental intention of the painter is absolute fidelity to Nature. There is no latitude possible to him, no departure from the control of æsthetic laws except, perhaps, in the matter of selection. He is not like the painter of figures, who is permitted to confuse his artistic sense with considerations of dramatic effect, and to substitute for exactness in interpretation various tricks of style; who is, in fact, allowed to assert his own individual predilection at the expense of Nature. In dealing with the figure an artist may, if he is so disposed, play what tricks he pleases with colour and tones, he may commit himself to any eccentricity in composition, he may advance any technical paradox that amuses him, and he is forgiven and accepted if only

artist who wishes to put himself in the first rank of interpreters of out-of-door Nature must, from the very beginning, deny himself all the luxuries of experiment. He must be an ascetic in Art, avoiding all the temptations of technical profligacy, and take upon himself vows of obedience and æsthetic chastity, worshipping all his life at one shrine, and accepting as infallible every true pronouncement of the goddess in whose sanctity he believes. It is because the pursuit of landscape implies so much self-abnegation on the part of the men who devote themselves to it, that there is, in this branch of Art, more purity of purpose and more sincerity of endeavour than in any other.

With wisdom, then, Mr. McCulloch, having determined upon establishing for his collection, as a whole, a standard of unusual importance, has fortified himself by gathering, as the backbone of his gallery, an array of modern landscapes of the most unquestionable quality. He has possessed himself of adequate examples of nearly all the painters whose treatment of the open-air has gained for them, to-day, places in the front rank; and he has chosen, to accompany these dignified canvases, whatever he could find in figure work to illustrate the same great intention by which their creation was controlled. Any hint of careless cynicism, or any suggestion of straining after effective artificiality, would have appeared painfully discordant where the dominant quality was serious resolve to be exact in attention to the worthiest motives. Where every one was in earnest one touch of self-consciousness would have seemed almost offensive, a breach of good taste, and a departure

from every rule of correct practice. In guarding himself against the possibility of allowing such jarring notes to make themselves heard unawares, he has shown a degree of discretion which is, perhaps, one of the rarest qualifications possessed by the picture collector.

A very typical example of the finest class of Nature painting is seen in 'A Breezy Day,' by Henry Moore. As an instance of technical sincerity and of devotion to Art for its own sake, this picture claims every attention. It is impressive because the artist has been himself impressed by the absolute necessity of striving to reproduce the facts that he has had before him. Nothing in his treatment of the subject has been left to chance, nothing allowed to remain unrealised for want of accurate observation or proper attention. His whole attitude has been one of devotion, of intense faith in the power of Nature to give him just what he wanted to insure the perfecting of his art; and he has found her responsive to him. He has taken infinite pains to secure her confidence, disregarding none of her hints, and neglecting none of her commands; instead, following faithfully where she has led him, in perfect belief that her guidance would take him only in the direction that he wished to tend.

It is, indeed, to this readiness to follow her lead that must be ascribed the power which distinguished all the work of his life. He had satisfied himself very early in his career that excellence, as he understood it, was only to be attained by the closest possible study of the material which she always provides in lavish profusion,

scope, without losing anything of its straightforward simplicity. In his sea pictures especially he showed with what confidence he was able to approach her. The subtleties of form and colour, the varieties of light and shade, the exquisite modulations of atmospheric effect, which distinguish such pictures as the 'Breezy Day,' were only possible to a man who had trained himself by incessant observation to analyse into their component parts the complicated combinations of the open air. And no painter of the sea has ever equalled him, because no one has ever given to the subject quite the same exhaustive attention which he gave. He knew it, part by part and detail by detail, so intimately, that he was able to secure perfect unity of effect by maintaining absolute exactness of relation between essentials. Without this capacity, the qualities of his work would have been unattainable; with it he was able to take his place at the head of the Nature painters of his time, if not of the world.

A very different aspect of the sea is that taken by Mr. Peter Graham in 'The Haunt of the Sea Mew.' This is rather the dramatic side of Nature, one phase only of her variety. There is in such a picture the intention to make study of Nature subservient to the idea of painting a subject. The only sentiment which prevails in Henry Moore's work is that of regard for what was before him, the desire to reflect with all fidelity what he saw; but in Mr. Graham's picture appears the effort to gain popularity by accessories. Such art is less pure and less searching, but it affords, without doubt, many oppor-



*Conway Bay.* By B. W. Leader, A.R.A.  
By permission of Messrs. A. Tooth & Sons, publishers of the large plate.

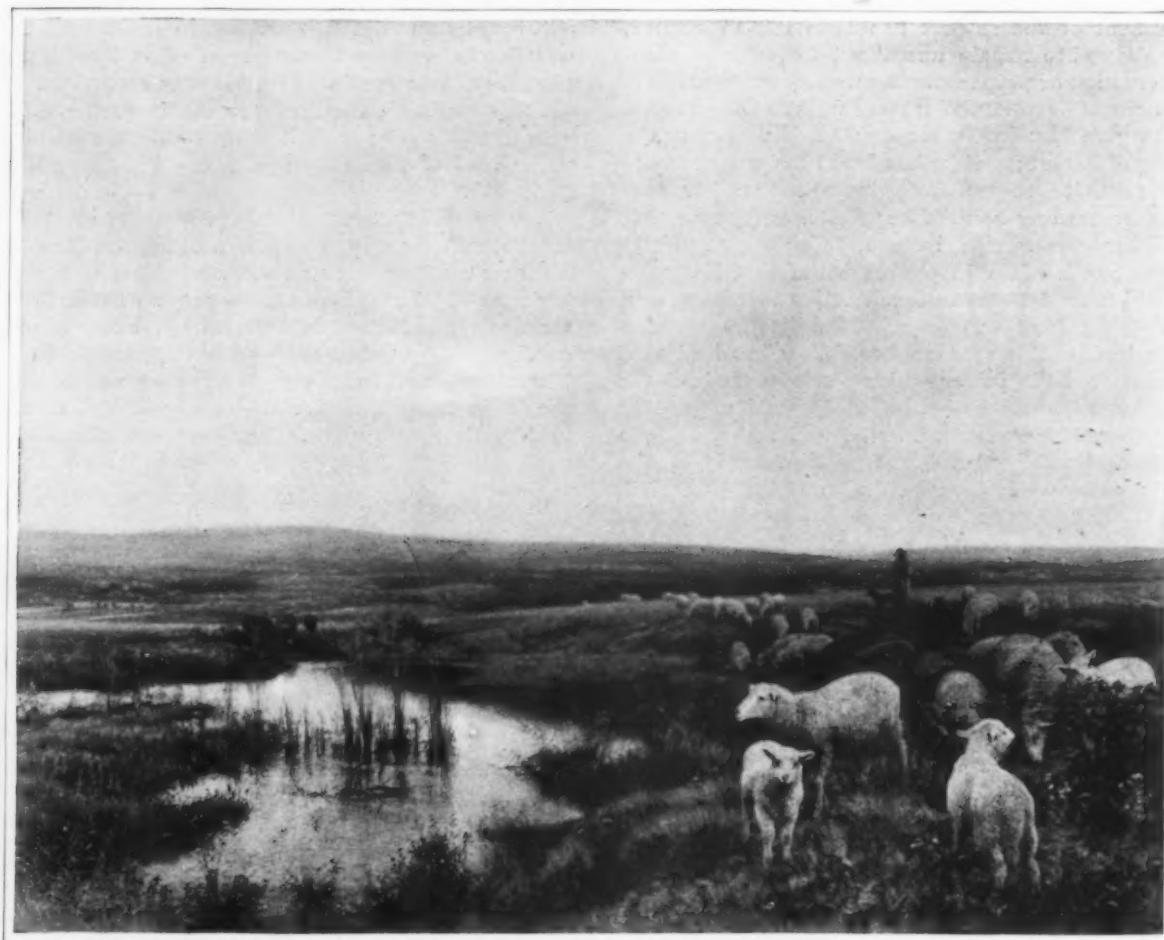
and in this conviction he committed himself to never-ceasing endeavour to acquire a thorough knowledge of her ways. So, as years went on, he solved a vast number of her secrets, and with each access of knowledge his work gained in depth of meaning and largeness of

tunities for technical display. There is dramatic effectiveness in the colour contrasts of the picture, a hint of a story in its arrangement, an obvious motive in its treatment and manner. Nature and her ways are not made solely important, the personal conviction of the

artist dictates modifications and imposes limitations. So in Mr. Leader's 'Conway Bay,' and Mr. H. W. B. Davis's 'Still Evening,' subject appears to influence the interpretation. 'Conway Bay' is a portrait, a piece of painted topography, a character study of a place which is widely known and admired because of its scenic beauties. Mr. Leader has painted it with evident concern for the opinion of people who have visited the spot; he has attended carefully to its features, and has left out nothing by which it might be identified. The

valuable as an antidote to the artificial excitement of a life wherein Nature undisguised takes no active part.

This same sobering influence is curiously suggested by another of Mr. McCulloch's pictures which has, in a totally different way, something of the plaintive character that makes H. W. B. Davis capable of wide appeal. This is not a landscape, but one of Sir John Millais's studies of childhood, 'Perfect Bliss,' forming our frontispiece as an etching by Mr. A. J. Turrell, Junr. Of motive in the ordinary sense this painting has none.



*Still Evening.*  
By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

responsibility of making his facts apparent has, perhaps, weighed on him a little heavily, and has narrowed to some extent the scope of his effort, but at least he has made himself safe with the public that seeks in landscape the characteristics that they know. Mr. Davis, on the other hand, cares nothing for topography, and makes the sentiment of his 'Still Evening' the predominant influence. Everything in the picture is planned to fit in with the suggestion of story. The quiet sky, the wild, unkempt marshland, the flock of sheep straying lazily homewards, are parts of a scheme which has for its basis the wish to appeal to that love of country life which is present in greater or less degree in every well-constituted mind. He harps with judicious reiteration upon the one somewhat melancholy note that thrills most strongly a people which takes its pleasures sadly. The minor key in which his composition is set is suggestive in its plaintive character, slightly tearful rather than deeply depressing, a sobering influence that is

It is solely a presentation of simplicity, a piece of moral teaching cast in an allegorical mould. The perfect bliss of the tiny maiden he has painted is simply a result of an entire absence of any sense of responsibility. She is content because life to her is without cares. Pleased with the satisfaction that she can derive from the moment, the future has no terrors for her because its possibilities are beyond the scope of her imagination. Coming years will bring her wider experience, and more knowledge of all that existence means; but the process of education will sadly interfere with her happiness. The artist, in painting her as he has, implies a satire upon human life, suggesting that there is no perfection of bliss possible when consciousness of the part that humanity has to play in the world is actually present. Certainly in such a picture, with such a title, there is a hint of sadness, one that grows more apparent the more the sentiment of the work is considered.

A. L. BALDRY.

(To be continued.)



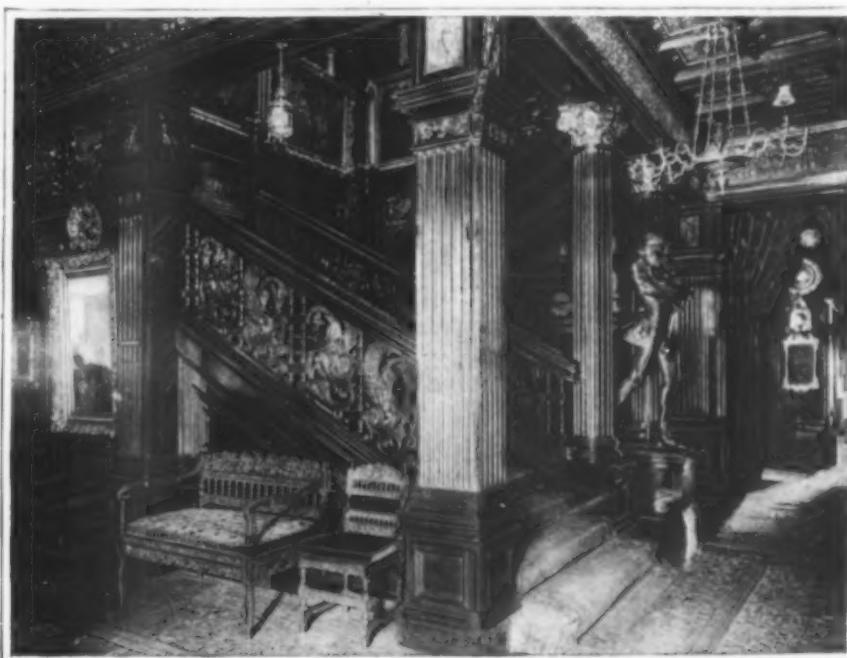
*The Dining Room.*

## A NORTHERN HOME.

### I.—THE SETTING.

IT is a large house, but as you see it from the street, it has little, save its size, to distinguish it from its neighbours. It stands by itself certainly, and one of its corners at the back is rounded out into a small bay, which runs from the basement to the roof. Otherwise it is but a substantial stone mansion, composed of two blocks, with bowed fronts and classical windows. The task entrusted to the designer of the interior was to provide a home for a collector of beautiful objects, and a suitable setting for them. You have only to enter the hall to find that you have passed in a moment from the accustomed to the strange. In place of "the light of common day" a rich gloom pervades the air, through which you indistinctly see panelled walls and carved chairs, the sheen of velvet, and the glimmer of gold; mosaics glint on the ceiling, and *tesserae* shimmer on the pavement; there are pictures on the walls, and enamels on the large Italian table; and all things are more or less dyed in the warm colours thrown from the great stained-glass window on the left. What other light there is

descends through the well of the grand staircase, one flight of which, with its carved and massive balustrade, is prominent, as it ascends in a line parallel to the front of the



*The Entrance Hall.*

house. To the left of it a passage runs from front to back, on which opens three rooms—the dining-room, the morning-room, and the study. One is dimly aware that this is also filled with objects of Art, including a fine carved Italian cabinet, and a large bronze statue, and many pieces of brass and porcelain. The first impression is one of extraordinary richness, as of a highly-wrought casket, covered with ornamentation, and filled almost to overflowing with treasures of Art, and this impression is only confirmed as we proceed to examine the rest of the house even to its remotest corners. But with all the richness there is restfulness and variety. The varied treatments in the different apartments were suggested by some motifs arising from the proper setting required by the objects to be placed in the rooms, and the wishes of the owner. For example, there was desired a representation of the Parthenon frieze in the staircase, and this naturally suggested a Greek treatment of the entrance hall and staircase, and so some reason for the adoption of a distinct style presented itself; and this has evidently been of great service where there is such an amount of design and colour, as there is a pleasant surprise as one enters each apartment.

The stained-glass window, the main cause of all the splendid dusk, was made by Cottier, from a design by Hart. Each of the three principal lights contains an incident in the "Story of Theseus," rendered with much beauty and dramatic power. The first shows Theseus bringing the sword and sandals to his mother; the second,

his recognition by his father, with Medea and the poisoned cup; the third, Ariadne giving him the sword and clue to the labyrinth of the Minotaur. The figures are life-size, and richly draped. In smaller panels below, the Greek hero slays the Bull of Marathon and performs

others of his wondrous feats. Inserted in the door is another panel of stained glass, painted with Athens and the Panathenaic Festival, which is intended to give the keynote to the decoration of the house.

The grand stair (which leads to the first floor) consists of two flights, one returning back upon the other. Here the light is ample to display to their best advantage the numerous large and fine pictures by Reynolds, Raeburn, Etty, Wilson, Henry Dawson, Wilkie, and others, with which the walls are decorated. Among them is a full-length portrait by Raeburn of General Hay, in scarlet uniform, which stands out conspicuously in the centre of the wall over the landing. Under the cornice above runs a frieze, a copy of the Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon, reduced with accuracy and restored with care, under the direction of Mr. Scott Morton, to whom the whole decoration of the house has been entrusted without restriction. The balustrade is massive and richly carved, with heads of horses and conventional foliage, *au jour* and in the round, separated by straight balusters, the de-

sign of which was suggested by an ancient Greek seat. At the top of the staircase the roof of the landing is supported by life-size figures of Minerva and an attendant, carved in woods of two colours, the paler being used for the flesh, with excellent effect. It is a sign of the thoroughness with which the decoration is carried out that the frieze is carried round this comparatively dark landing.

The ground floor to the left of the street door is principally occupied by the hall, the stair-

case, and the study; to the right by the dining and morning-rooms. You enter the former by a door nearly opposite the staircase, under which looms grandly the well-known statue by George Frampton, A.R.A., called 'The Children of the Wolf,' which was exhibited at the



*Corner of a Louis XIII. Bedroom.*



*The Billiard Table.*

Royal Academy in 1892. This door, which, like the others on this floor, is composed of rosewood and oak, gives into a lofty L-shaped chamber with richly moulded and gilt ceiling and cornice. The small limb of the L is partially cut off from the rest by a wide flat arch resting on finely carved twin-pillars. Under the rise of the arch, on each side, stands a life-size figure in bronze—'Music' by Onslow Ford, R.A., and 'Poetry' by George Lawson. Within this splendid and comfortable enclosure is the fireplace with pillared chimney-piece and over-mantel rising to the cornice. Two of the panels of the mantel are filled with portraits, by Arthur Melville, A.R.S.A.,

from different parts of the world, but the sculpture and the furniture, including a splendid "Adam" sideboard, and some fine Chippendale chairs, are British, and all these things are but as a background and a setting to the pictures by Reynolds and Raeburn, by Gainsborough and Morland, by Turner and Constable, which shine upon the walls.

In the morning-room, which is at the back of the house, one gets the benefit of the little round bay at the north-east corner, which makes a sunny nook, and commands an extensive view of Edinburgh, and the Fife-shire hills on the other side of the Forth. It is a lighter room than the

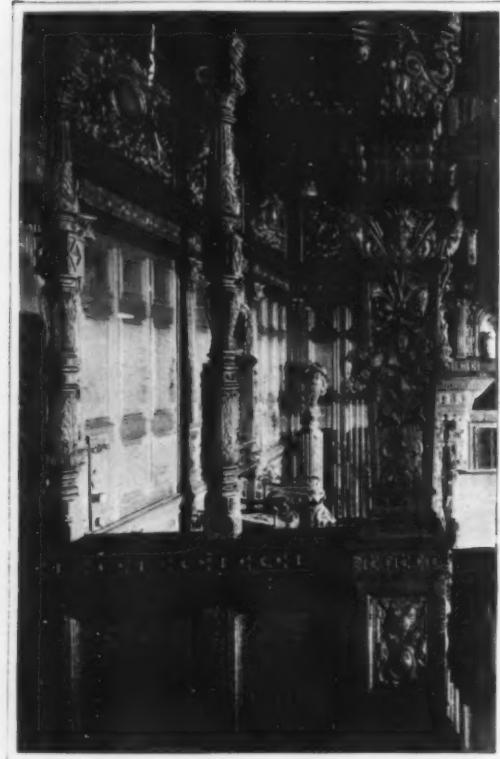


*The Billiard Room from the Ingle.*

of the father and mother of Mr. Arthur Sanderson, the owner of the house, and the shelves and ledges are decorated with vases, beakers, and plates of old Nankin porcelain and salvers of brass. The lower sections of the windows are of stained glass, and the walls are covered with Tynecastle canvas of a fine floriated pattern of coral red, which has much the same result as old Spanish and Flemish leather. It makes an effective background for the masterpieces of British art with which the walls are hung. This room, according to the wish of the owner, is distinctively the British room. Its general aspect may remind one of an Italian palace of the sixteenth century, but its character is Old English nevertheless; the small decorative objects like the porcelain may come

dining-room, and shows to advantage the numerous pictures on the walls, the Turners, the Morlands, and the portraits of the owners and their family; but the most conspicuous painting, from a decorative point of view, is the Wilson over the mantelpiece, a low-toned but very luminous view of the Falls of Tivoli, worthily encased in a stately Georgian frame. Next to the morning-room, and with the same aspect, is the study or library, on which Mr. Scott Morton has lavished all his taste and invention. Originally a plain square box of a room, the architect has taken advantage of its comparatively great height to introduce a false ceiling with a shallow dome in the centre supported by four pillars of solid American walnut darkly-stained, with elaborately carved capitals and

plinths, of the natural colour. Round the walls run low bookcases of the same material, and on the west side he has enclosed the fire-place, in a highly decorated ingle-



*The Billiard-Room Decoration.*

nook with seats inside, protected from all draughts by screens of lightly-tinted glass, making one of the cosiest and most sumptuous of chimney corners. It is impossible not to regret that this luxurious, but rather dim chamber, contains some of the owner's finest pictures, including five by Velasquez and a beautiful Cuyp, which it is impossible to see properly without artificial light—but this is only a matter of arrangement which can be easily rectified. The walls of the library are covered with embossed leather, which, like the somewhat similar wall coverings of Tynecastle canvas, were designed by Mr. Scott Morton and manufactured in Edinburgh.

The drawing-room is over the dining-room, and of much the same size and shape, but the decorator has endeavoured to make it as light and bright as possible. The darkest spot in it is the door. It is partly composed of elm, a wood too much neglected by cabinet-makers, and cameos of blue and white enamels are enclosed in its panels. The general scheme of colour is of ivory and gold. The ceiling is divided into circles and ovals with semi-classical ornament in low relief, somewhat in the style of Robert Adam. The walls are enriched by classical pilasters with gilded capitals and ornamented panels. The paper (or rather wall canvas) has raised patterns in gold on a warm-toned white. The large and beautiful arched fire-place is made of alabaster surmounted by an entablature of the same, supported by alabaster columns and caryatides. The grate itself is brass, elaborate in design, with a brass projecting flue running up to the arch, decorated with plaques of Wedgewood, the whole being relieved against a background of iridescent tiles. Above the mantelpiece short gilt pilasters

rise to the cornice, and enclose a decorative painting of dancing girls. On the walls are a number of English water-colour drawings by the best masters and a few fine pictures in oil, including a beautiful group of children by Romney. But among the movable works of Art with which it is filled (one might almost say crowded), there are none more remarkable in number and quality than the pieces of satinwood furniture, both inlaid and painted. Tables, chairs, settees, commodes, cabinets, dainty in shape and delicate in colour, fill the room with shimmer of light and rhythm of line. But the eye after wandering over all these scattered beauties, comes back to rest on the north side, where the refinement and lustre are concentrated in three "Things of beauty." Two of these are *commodes* of exquisite design and execution, and the other is a cabinet in which the owner has massed his finest examples of "blue and white."

Beautiful examples of satinwood are by no means confined to the drawing-room. There are two very fine semilunar tables on the landing outside, and two of the three bedrooms on the same floor are furnished with little else. One of the guest chambers has a dressing-table of rare design, a mirror, a wardrobe, and some



*The Upper Staircase.*

panelling with inlaid figures, all of this dainty material, besides an elegant bedstead specially designed by Mr. Scott Morton. With a happy ingenuity this architect has transformed what was once a square room into an octagon, thereby hiding some disparity in the spaces between the windows. In one of the triangular recesses thus formed is the washstand, surmounted by the panelling before mentioned, which was taken from the front of the wardrobe now furnished with drawers. The walls are hung with modern-painted tapestry in the

style of Watteau. In the other guest-chamber the tapestry is old Flemish, worked with trees and strange birds; and the furniture is mainly Italian, comprising two "pairs" of drawers of fine design and richly inlaid, and a table which corresponds. It has a beamed ceiling, highly decorated, and the side occupied by the bed is cut off by a transverse beam supported by Corinthian pillars.

The ascent to the upper floor is by a staircase filling a well between this room and the drawing-room, and screened from the passage by a finely carved arcade supported by slender twin columns. The walls are adorned with etchings, engravings, and pictures, including a design by Rossetti, a portrait of Burns, and a full-length portrait by Coello of a grand Spanish lady in an elaborate costume.

In the billiard-room the powers of Mr. Scott Morton as an architect and decorator are seen perhaps to their greatest advantage. The room is the largest in the house, running from wall to wall at the back of it—long enough, I should think, to hold two billiard tables end on, with ample space around. But as that was not required, he has raised the floor at one end of the room

and all its elaboration does not disturb the lightness and grace of the general effect.

A more severe spirit rules the portion of the apartment reserved for the billiard-players. Although there are panels of Tynecastle canvas in the ceiling, and the frieze is decorated with bolder designs executed in the same material with a sombre red background, the wainscoting is comparatively simple, as will be seen by our illustration. There is ornament, however, even in the quietest spaces. The legs of the billiard table, with the lion heads, might almost have been designed by Alfred Stevens; the recesses beneath the windows are occupied by old Portuguese settees of carved ebony which fit their spaces as though they were made for them; and from various points hang old brass lamps, which if useless for their original purpose of giving light, yet add much to the beauty of the room.

Before we divert our attention from the setting itself to the treasures which it contains, it is worthy of note that the whole of its elaborate and beautiful decoration has been designed by a Scotsman, and that most, if not all, of the work has been executed in Scotland. From



*The Drawing-Room.*

into a dais, low gallery or ingle, entered by steps under an arcade, from which the play can be watched with ease and comfort. It is quite a large room in itself this gallery, provided with fire-place and seats, and a charming nook in the little bay window at the corner where even billiards may be forgotten. In the panelling of the walls of this recess, in the chimney-piece, and even more in the screen with its human-headed columns and fantastically carved balustrades, Mr. Scott Morton has shown to the full his taste for luxuriant and elaborate decoration. But the ornament is in itself beautiful and finely wrought,

the Albert Works in Edinburgh issued all the fine wood-carving and I know not what else. In Scotland was invented and manufactured that most useful material, Tynecastle canvas, employed, as we have seen, almost throughout the house for wall coverings, ceilings, panelings, reliefs, and other purposes; most of the carpets were woven in Glasgow, and a great many other things, too numerous to mention, were fashioned north of the Tweed. There are many other signs that Mr. Sanderson in creating this "lordly pleasure-house," has thought not only of himself or of Art, but also of his country.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

(To be continued.)



*Brown and Gold, The Curé's Little Class.*  
By J. McNeill Whistler.

## NEW PICTURES BY MR. WHISTLER.

THE immense artistic activity displayed by Mr. Whistler during the past year or two is a matter for congratulation to all those who recognise in his work the most forward artistic movement of our time.

To many the refined quality of the art of Mr. Whistler is still caviare, but the disposition, even in the most Philistine, to believe that it exists in a degree that commands respect, is becoming more evident every day. To those who have been in sympathy with Mr. Whistler from the first, the approaching triumph of his artistic power all along the line gives promise of an intellectual pleasure of the most delightful character.

Mr. Whistler remains in London, at least for the present, and his studio, within a short distance of Regent Circus, has sent forth during the last few months several pictures that are certain to be, sooner than later, amongst the notable achievements of our time. The illustrations we are enabled to set before our readers do not all represent works begun in the London studio, but they have all been recently completed there, and none of them have been seen except by a few friends, mostly American and Scottish, privileged occasionally to witness the progress of the works in hand.

By far the most important is 'The Master Smith of Lyme Regis,' a canvas measuring 20 inches high by 12, and although the reproduction overleaf cannot carry all the power of the original, a fair idea is rendered of this extraordinary masterpiece.

Painted, in all its preliminary stages, at the Dorset watering-place last year, the picture-portrait of a worthy man in the village deserves to rank with the 'Tailor' of Moroni in the National Gallery, with Franz Hals in Holland, and Velasquez in Madrid. The strength of the painter was never more thoroughly revealed, and if it be permissible to compare it with his own previous achievements, it is a very remarkable advance on the daintiness of the 'Little White Girl,'\* or the wonderfulness of the portrait of the Comte de Montesquieu.\* In Mr. Whistler's art the picture stands, so far, entirely alone. The manly vigour of the smith, black-a-vised and strong in the power of real labour, looking the whole world in the face with the calm dignity of the honest man, displays a character such as even the most ardent admirer of the artist could perhaps scarcely believe possible from his brush.



*Grey and Gold, Honfleur.* By J. McNeill Whistler.  
In the possession of M. Emil Sauer.

\* Reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL  
for 1894.

On the other side is the dainty 'Little Rose of Lyme Regis,' a picture of the same size, begun at the same time, and now, like the Master Smith, likely to find a home on the other side of the Atlantic. The contrast of this little girl—a little delicate, a trifle sad, having her hair carelessly over one shoulder, with the Master Smith, is too obvious for further insistence. They are here set before the public, and every intelligent spectator will be able to pursue the comparison to an agreeable end.

The other illustrations are smaller in size and less important in character, as they, more or less, continue the work Mr. Whistler has been painting during the past few years.

'Green and Violet, The Evening Walk, Dieppe,' our tailpiece, is a small picture in oil, painted on the French coast. Tender in tone, subtle in quality, beautiful in colour, the reproduction of this little gem in black and white has been found well-nigh impossible. Fresh green tones cover the front plane of the picture, leading the eye gaily across the scene to the promenade of the figures towards the beach, where the ships and the pier complete a charming composition.

'Grey and Gold, Honfleur Harbour' is a water-colour drawing of the slightest kind, but adequate in harmony of tone and singularly telling at a short distance. It

is interesting because of the few water-colours Mr. Whistler has produced in recent years, the two at the Guildhall collection in 1895—which were very universally appreciated—having been painted over a dozen years before.

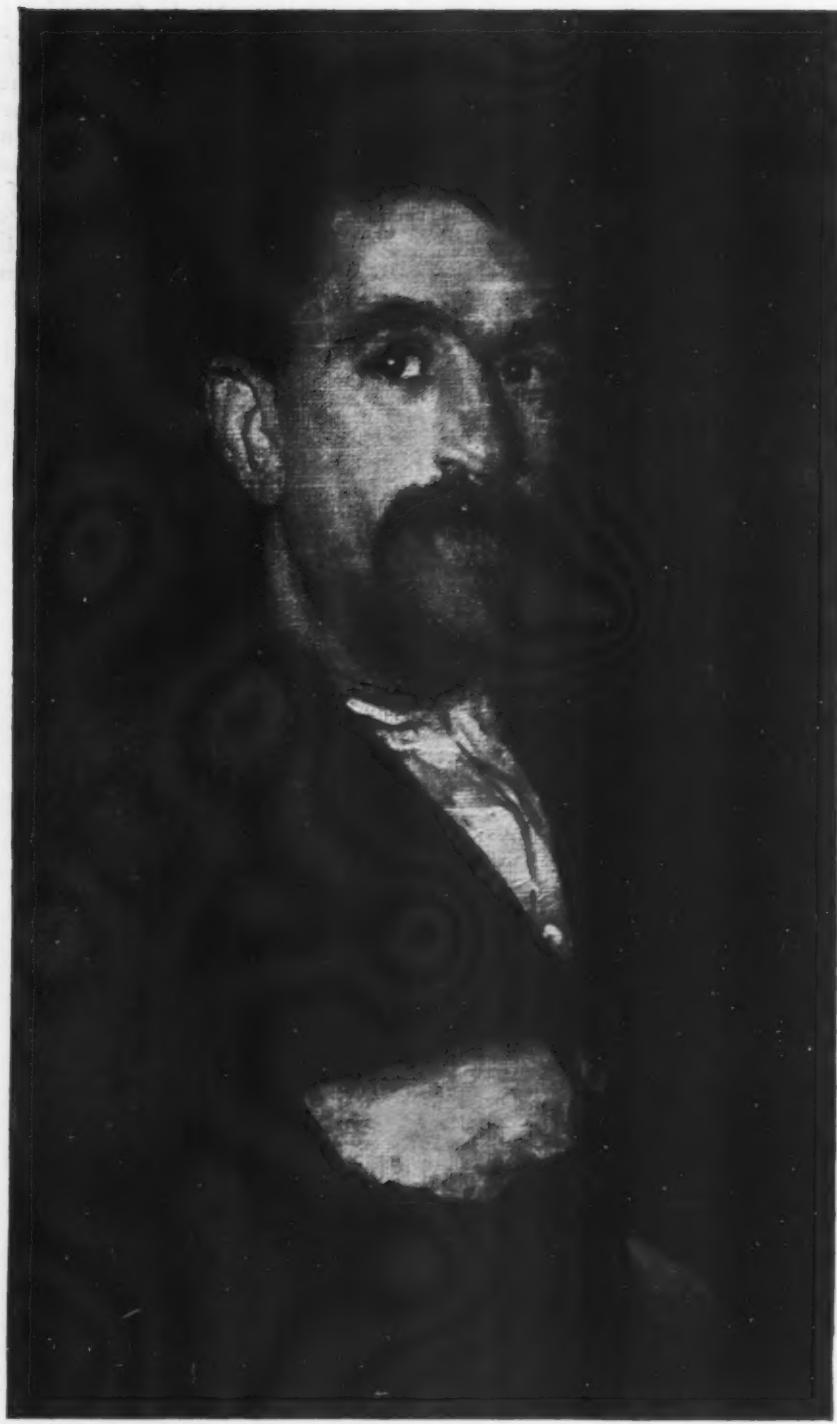
Our headpiece, 'Brown and Gold, The Curé's Little Class,' St. Catherine, Honfleur, is a sketch of a scene in a French church on an every-day morning, such as may be witnessed in Paris and elsewhere throughout France. So far as Mr. Whistler is concerned, the class of little heads and the back of the teacher, with a late comer entering from beyond, are only indicated in a distant way; but the scheme of colour and the depth of tone in the very picturesque old place of worship, are points of artistic interest.

Besides these pictures, Mr. Whistler is engaged actively on several full-length portraits, a notable one being that of a Midlothian gentleman, full of the finest promise. Portraits in small size in oil and in water-colour, are being gradually pushed forward. For the moment, pastels, and etchings, and lithographs are laid aside, but at any time these elements lying ready to the artist's hand may be brought together to still further increase the remarkable artistic achievements of the end of the nineteenth century.

D. C. T.



*Green and Violet, The Evening Walk, Dieppe.  
By J. McNeill Whistler.*



THE MASTER SMITH OF LYME REGIS.

BY J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.

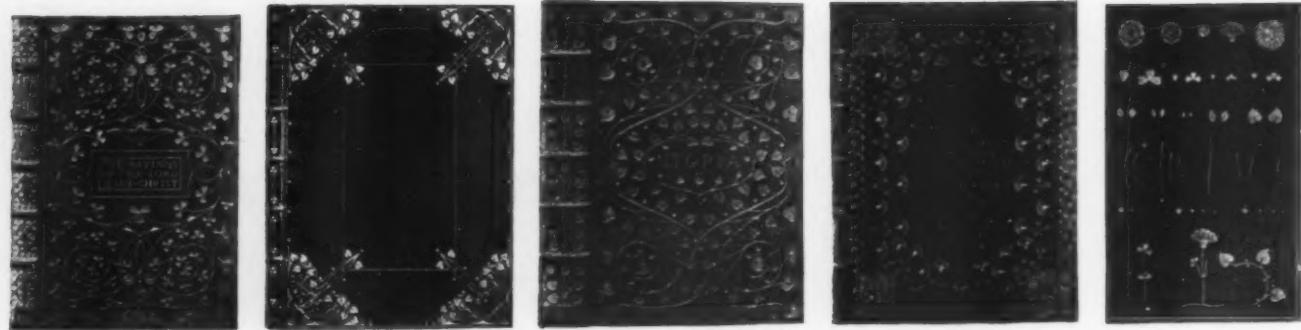
*With the consent of Messrs. Wunderlich & Co., New York.*



THE LITTLE ROSE OF LYME REGIS.

BY J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.

*With the consent of Messrs. Wunderlich & Co., New York*



*Bindings.*  
By Mr. C. J. Cobden-Saunderson.

## ART WORKERS AT HOME.

### BOOKBINDERS.



*Design for Binding.*  
By the Co-operative Bookbinders.

those motifs which have been used time after time until all interest in them has departed. Women have taken to the craft with much success, as the pages of THE ART JOURNAL can testify, and it certainly is a calling well within the compass of many women who, having taste and some skill in designing, will go through the apprenticeship necessary to acquire the technique.

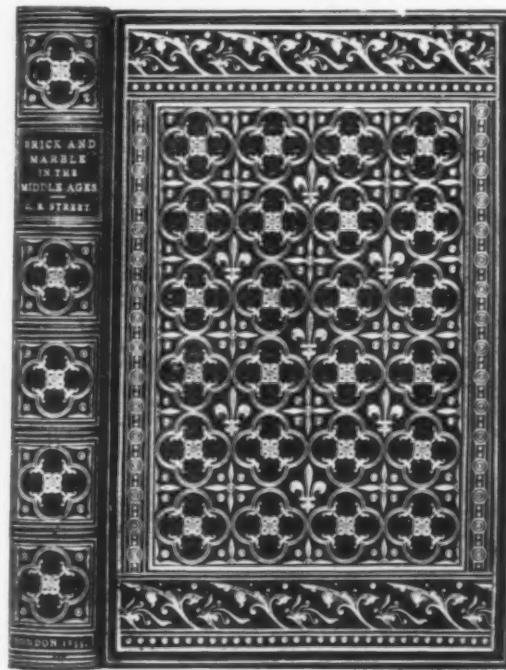
Bindings have occupied a prominent place in the shows of the "Arts and Crafts" in former exhibitions, though less so in the present one, and many an old binder must have rubbed his eyes to assure himself that the daring manner of the "tooling," as well as the prices asked for "such eccentricities," were really what he saw before him. "I'd be an artistic bookbinder if I got such prices," I think I can hear him say. Perhaps if the old binder had given his bindings that spice of originality which so staggered him in the work of the exhibitors at the "Arts and Crafts," he too might have obtained increased prices for his work, for people are prepared to pay for originality; it is mediocrity that comes off so poorly.

In selecting the illustrations accompanying this article I have given representative bindings of what may be,

CRAFT of book-binding has during the last dozen years been invaded, or perhaps I had better say followed, by several amateurs, who have gained for themselves some distinction as binders, as well as calling the attention of book-lovers to the desirability of investing the designs of book-bindings with individuality, instead of repeating

for the sake of distinction, called the old school, from the library of Mr. S. A. Thompson Yates, who was kind enough to lend me the books here figured, and a series of bindings by Mr. Cobden-Saunderson, who is thoroughly representative of the modern spirit, as well as a few others; and I have also shown the work of a local hand-craft class started by a lady some four years or so since, to show how much may be done by reviving the art instincts dormant throughout the country, and diverting this activity brought into play so that it does not dissipate itself in unworthy works.

Mr. Cobden-Saunderson's atelier is opposite the Kelmscott Press, where William Morris set up his printing-press and produced those books, such as "Chaucer," that he evidently hoped would stem the tide which, from his point of view, swept away all



*Binding.*  
By Mr. Birdsall, of Nottingham.

distinction in modern printing. It is a delightful bit of old London, the Upper Mall, and a refreshing contrast to that feverishly-active and blatant part of Hammersmith adjoining, where so much effort is expended in the attempt to make the public believe they can purchase two penny buns for threeha'pence.

The Doves Bindery takes its name apparently from a quaint river-side tavern called "The Doves," which neighbours him; one or those wooden-built inns so rapidly vanishing, with a doorway so low that any one above the average height might without pre-meditation add to his

phrenological development. The houses in the immediate vicinity are, as I have said, inhabited by the river-side population, a quite distinct element, keeping itself apart from the rest of the Hammersmith folk, and you cross a wooden bridge spanning a short canal from which barges unload at a wharf to get to the Bindery. Mr. Cobden-Saunders told me that Dickens had located one of his characters in this house, and I could well understand his doing so, for the whole place thereabouts has that air of the past always soothing to an artistic temperament.

I take Mr. Cobden-Saunders as a representative binder because he has stepped out of the groove of tradition, has impressed his individuality upon his work in the way that old Roger Payne did over a century ago, and has brought thought and love to the craft he has chosen to follow, so that the work turned out by him is the very best of its kind.

Mr. Cobden-Saunders's life story, so far as it concerns us here, is briefly told. After being a barrister for some years, he left the bar and went for six months with Roger De Coverley to learn "forwarding," working as an ordinary "hand" the while. After that he opened a workshop over Messrs. Williams and Norgate in Maiden Lane. The next move was to convert his own drawing-room into an atelier, and for seven years he worked at binding books and decorating their covers with patterns, his wife doing the sewing. In those days Cobden-Saunders and his wife did every part of the work, but some two years ago he rented this place at Hammersmith, took into his employ three or four workmen and a girl to do the sewing, and so established the "Doves Bindery."

Bookbinding divides itself into three departments: first, the sewing of the pages together securely and in such a way that the book can be opened with comfort; two, the putting of the book between protective boards or covers; and three, the ornamenting of these covers with patterns. A well-bound book should be practically indestructible, and the sewing is therefore, done by hand, whereas books as they are issued to the public (save in a few exceptional instances) are sewed by machinery, and frequently now with wire instead of string.

Mr. Cobden-Saunders is as particular about this part of the work as the ornamenting of the covers, for while

the "tooling" is a matter entirely optional, the sewing and "forwarding" is one of necessity, and a bookbinder would first of all look at the "back" of a book and see how it opened before he would examine its ornamentation. In the days when books were few they were such highly cherished possessions that great attention was paid to the binding and the decoration of the covers, as

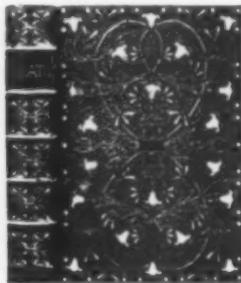
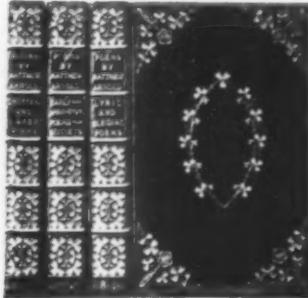
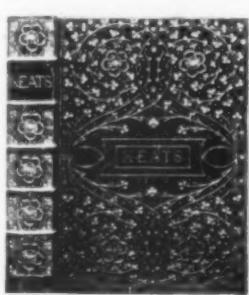
a glance at the cases in the King's Library in the British Museum testifies. These bindings must have been very costly, and it is in this spirit of veneration for books that some few among us spend, what seems to those

content with shilling editions of the classics, an outrageous sum for binding a few of their literary treasures. Such were the examples Cobden-Saunders, like other bookbinders, had before him when he began. But just as the vitality of peoples die out through lack of fresh blood, so schools of design, living always upon themselves, soon lack vitality, and die finally of inanition; tradition, therefore, ceases to be a teaching influence.

I asked Mr. Cobden-Saunders how he learnt designing, and he replied that the faculty was gradually developed, that he began by dividing the surface to be ornamented into spaces, and filling each space with some simple *motif* like a trefoil. "When I got one foot planted I put the other down and so began my journey." It was useless, he felt, working on old lines; he must tread out a path for himself, and that he has done so a glance at Cobden-Saunders's work proves. All designs should have a geometrical basis and should follow a well-ordered plan, and that method of treating a book-cover as a Japanese does a fan, does not commend itself to this master binder; for, as Mr. Cobden-Saunders said to me, it was his desire "to set himself in symmetrical harmony with the things around him."

All designs should be merely a development of the simple use of the tools used, and a glance at the impressions made by the tools in the fifth figure in our headpiece will explain what is meant better than many words. With just these few tools endless combinations are possible, and they may be considered in the same relation to book-cover decoration as the notes in the scale are in music. Mr. Saunders holds that the fewer the tools used in book-cover decoration the better. The skill should be exhibited in the pleasing and infinite combinations of a few *motifs*, and if the examples of his bindings be examined, it will be found that though great richness of effect is obtained, the resources are few, as in the first book in our headpiece.

Some bibliophiles urge that there should be some relation between the cost of the binding and the value of the book itself. My friend Mr. Thompson Yates objects to binding a 6s. edition of Tennyson in a £6 binding, but in the case of a rare or unique copy of a book such an expenditure on the binding may be justified. Mr. Saunders, when I put this to him, said that this is a



Bindings.

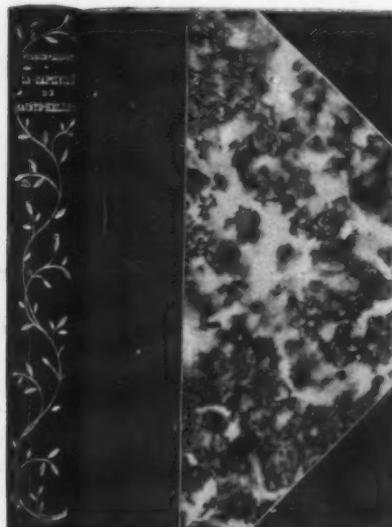
By Mr. C. J. Cobden-Saunders.

fallacy, for the value of a book does not depend upon the cost of its paper and the machine-printing, but upon its value as a work of genius. He binds a book, the best of its kind procurable, and though the poems of Keats may be purchased for a few shillings, there is no reason why you should not honour the poet by binding his works at a cost of many pounds. The further question of the cost of his bindings touches a delicate topic, for Mr. Cobden-Saunderson's bindings have run to as much as from £20 to £40 per volume. Few can pay this price, but then few can buy pictures or any other supreme work of men's hands; but if they, who out of the margin of their incomes, like to bind books they greatly value absolutely as well as they can be bound, the world is certainly the gainer, for man, being, as Carlyle says, a tool-using animal, nothing interests him more than to see skilful craftsmanship; the perfection of hand-cunning.

It seems to me worth while here to quote a few sentences from what I may call the master binder's gospel, for in the papers contributed by Mr. Cobden-Saunderson to present-day literature are some very luminous thoughts on art crafts generally, binding in particular.



*Binding.  
By "Roger de Coverley."*



*Half-bound Book.  
By the Co-operative Bookbinders.*



*Inlaid Binding.  
By "Roger de Coverley."*



*Binding.  
By Fazakerley.*

1. "A half-bound book is an economy, and economy is incompatible with decoration."

2. "We should not enshrine in a beautiful binding the ephemeral productions of the moment."

3. "The beautiful book, the work of genius, the immortal in literature, should be the exclusive object of the binder's craft when heightened by the art of the deco-

rator. The decoration should be done in honour of him whose genius it should be a delight to honour."

4. "Shall I ever attain to such skill, to such consciousness of power, that I shall not even know *how to fail?*"

5. "Wholly to achieve victory in the binder's craft, to forget no end in the prosecution of the means, to exaggerate no feature from long practice and perfect skill, to permit no craft of hand to overcome the judgment of the head, is in this, as in all crafts, an exceedingly difficult task."

6. "He can 'tool' but he cannot design; and he has so magnified execution that when completely successful, when completely triumphant, he is then most conspicuously a failure!"

7. "What an education the prosecution of a craft is for the soul of a man! The silent matter which is the craftsman's material is wholly in his hands; it hears and makes no reproaches, but it never forgives and it has no mercy."

8. "Design is invention and development, and when development has reached a certain point the invention is exhausted, and some new departure must be taken. No new departure has been taken since the three historic schools closed."

9. "In the first place there

must be in every design a scheme or framework of distribution; the area to be covered must be covered according to some symmetrical plan. The scheme or framework of distribution must itself be covered by the orderly repetition and, if need be, modification and development of some primary element of decoration which we may call a *motif*. All patterns to be good must be organic

in the relation of their details, and organic in the method of their development."

10. "It is in the intention of the harmony of the universe that the ideal of the work of the hand resides. It is in itself an adjustment at once beautiful and serviceable. It is a dedication of man's powers to an end not beyond man's reach. It is in this wise that I commend to you all the life of the workman, of the workman working in little in the spirit of the whole."

I leave Mr. Cobden-Saunderson's work to speak for itself. That he is faithful to his creed is evident by the examples given, though the beauty of the tooling cannot be shown in the illustrations, only the plan of the design.

A book design may be made symbolical of the contents, as in the example of Mr. Birdsall of Northampton, the Gothic character of the design harmonizing with "Street's Gothic Architecture in Spain."

This and the examples of "Roger de Coverley" and Fazakerley of Liverpool are from Mr. Thompson Yates' library, and are all excellent examples of tooling, and in some cases inlaying; *i.e.* where parts of the design have small pieces of other coloured leather let in, such inlays being glued down to the covers, and tooled so as to incorporate them into the general design. But the beauty of these, as of all bindings, must be *felt* to be appreciated.

The two designs of Messrs. Dent & Co. and the "Co-operative Bookbinders," remind one that Mr. Dent, who kindly took me over his workshops, produces commercial bindings which have some distinction, as the binder who tools them works out his own ideas in each cover, so that no two are quite alike. The super-superior person may sneer at this and carp at the result, but he might remember that the majority of us cannot often indulge in a ten-shilling binding, and to make the average



*Design for Binding.*

*By Messrs. Dent & Co.*

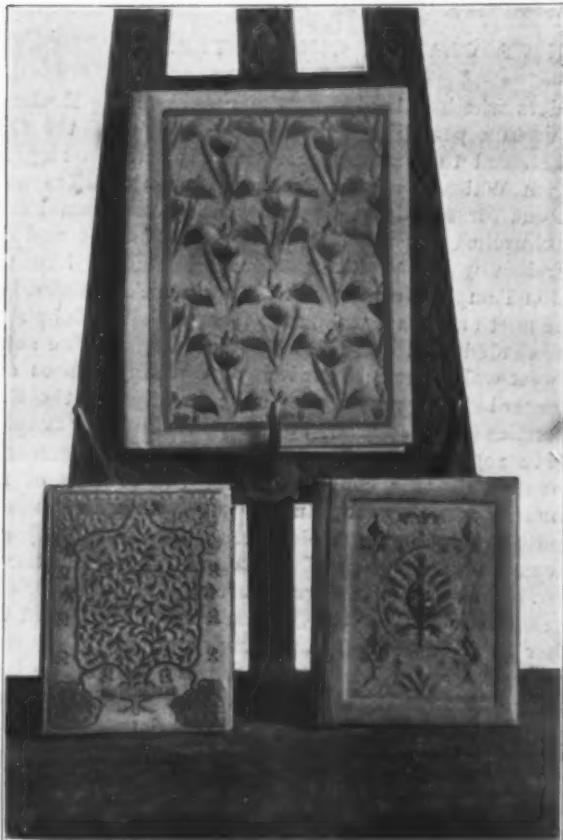
binder an artist is after all the direction all effort should take. By the side of this binder of Mr. Dent's was a machine stitching his shilling edition of the plays of Shakespeare, the covers of which are, of course, wholly the product of a machine, the only handwork being the gluing of the covers on to each play.

Miss Bassett has kindly supplied me with examples of the leather work done by the Leighton Buzzard handicraft class, which she was instrumental in starting some four or five years ago. "My class was started originally with the object of giving employment to a cripple child in the town. There are now some six or seven cripples who work regularly at binding and leather work. And these are paid by the hour according to the excellence of their work. Our method of tooling the leather is much the same as that adopted in the German bindings, but our speciality is that of tinting and gilding the leather after it is embossed."

From the work I have seen I judge it to be good of its kind, especially as workmanship. Embossed or beaten up leather is a favourite method with Miss Bassett's craftsmen, and very beautiful effects can be obtained by this means. This beaten leather work, almost identical in method with *repoussé* metal work, is being more and more employed by contemporary craftsmen, and with excellent results in many cases.

A word may be said with regard to the designs for ordinary cloth bindings, seeing that some of our best decorative artists work for the trade binders; for nothing is more cheering than to find it worth the while of commerce to engage the services of artists. "We have got on," as Mr. Egerton Bompas said in Mr. Pinero's comedy, when this is to be noted, as it may be by any one who looks at the bindings of books issued by our leading publishers, and compares them with those of half-a-dozen years since.

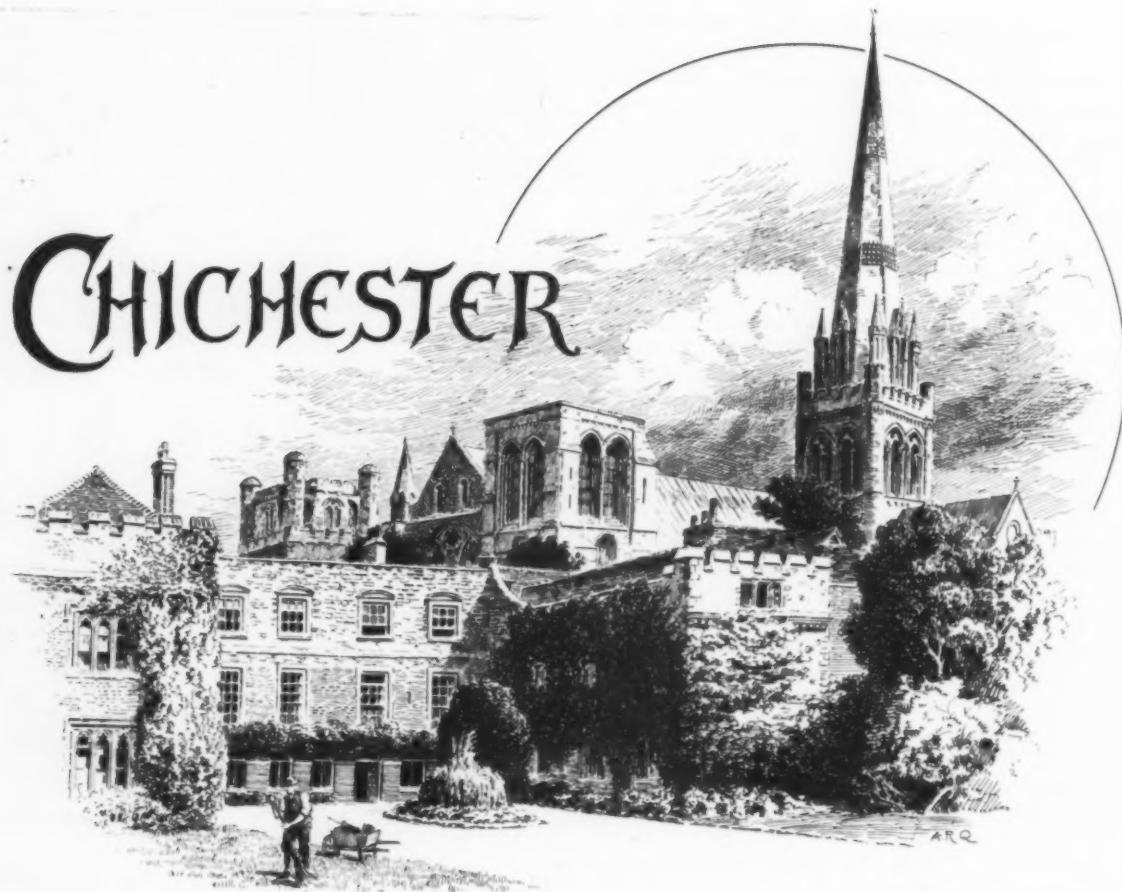
FRED MILLER.



*Binding.*

*By Miss Bassett.*

# CHICHESTER



*The Bishop's Palace and Cathedral.  
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.*

BY THE RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN'S WITH ST. OLAVE'S, CHICHESTER.

EVERYTHING in Chichester is so old that it is commonly termed "the Ancient City." The Romans called it Regnum, and its principal streets, intersecting at right angles and named after the four cardinal points, still indicate the main thoroughfares of their Castra. It was a natural situation for a settlement, being at the head of a long arm of the English Channel running towards the South Downs from nearly opposite the Isle of Wight, and being, moreover, at the junction of Roman roads leading to London, Pevensey, and Porchester.

At a depth of about five feet below the present level of the city, signs of the Roman occupation have been everywhere found. On the site of the Council Chamber in North Street was dug up the dedication-stone of a Temple of Neptune and Minerva, which the inscription states was erected by a College of Artificers, by the authority of Tiberius Claudius Cogidubnus, King, and Imperial Legate in Britain, out of their own money, Clemens, the son of Pudentinus, having given the site. This stone is now preserved at Goodwood. St. Andrew's Church, off the East Street, stands upon an extensive Roman pavement. The lines of the Roman City may be those of the existing city walls,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circuit, and consisting of massive earthworks like those of Wareham, but with an outer casing of strong masonry. At intervals are circular bastions, one of which on the east wall still retains its hemispherical stone roof. Tradition says that by pouring boiling pitch from the top of these walls, the Cicestrians once repulsed Danish

invaders who had landed at the neighbouring Bosham; and certain pear-like drops on the shield of the City are believed to commemorate the exploit. In 1643, Sir William Waller and his Parliamentarian soldiers were kept out for ten days, during which were demolished two churches outside the walls—St. Pancras and St. Bartholomew's, the latter a round church like the London Temple Church and St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge.

The north and east walls now form a delightful public walk, shaded with elm-trees planted in 1760. The south and west walls encircle gardens of dwelling-houses and are regarded as private property; at any rate the City authorities have repudiated all responsibility for keeping these in repair. The four gateways were unnecessarily removed early this century. After the coming of the Saxons in A.D. 477, Regnum was given a new name, difficult to pronounce, Chichester (Ciss-an-ceaster), i.e., the camp of Cissa, one of the sons of Aella, the Saxon leader. Shut off by the great forest of Anderida, which stretched across Kent and Sussex from the mouth of the Rother as far as Privet, in Hampshire, 120 miles long by 30 miles broad, the South Saxons could not have much intercourse with the rest of the kingdom; hence Christianity was introduced here as late as 681, and then through the efforts of St. Wilfrid when exiled from his Archbishopric at York.

St. Wilfrid founded the first cathedral at Selsey, and about the same time a little church was erected at Chichester in the North Street, which three hundred and fifty years or so later was re-dedicated to St. Olaf, King

of Norway. This tiny church is said to contain work of the first, seventh, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, but an ill-advised "restoration" in the nineteenth century (1853) has destroyed or obscured most of this. Olaf, before he became King of Norway, lived in England for some time and was helpful to the Saxons in repelling Danish incursions. Accordingly, after Olaf was canonised, the Saxons, between 1030 and 1066, dedicated churches to him as a mark of gratitude. In an old map of Chichester the church is marked "Tooley,"—a reminder that Tooley Street in London is so called from St. Olave's Church there, just as "Tawdry" is a corruption of St. Awdry or Etheldreda of Ely.

In 1082 the South Saxon see was removed from Selsey

to Chichester, and two curious carved slabs of the "Raising of Lazarus" and "Martha and Mary meeting our Lord," now in the south choir aisle of the Cathedral, are said to have been brought from Selsey. The Cathedral stands on the south of West Street, where a fine view may be had of the whole of the north side of the building and of the detached Campanile. The Close occupies entirely the south-west quadrant of the city, being bounded by South and West Streets and the City Wall. The central tower and spire, rising to a height of 277 feet, are conspicuous for many miles around, but the west front is much shut in. Perhaps the most pleasing view is that seen from the meadows on the south of

the city, from which point the Campanile fits in admirably with the general mass of the building. Sometimes the hasty visitor, familiar with other more magnificent churches, speaks disparagingly of Chichester; and he is amazed when told that its width across the nave (91 feet 9 inches) is only exceeded by that of York (103 feet), and that its total length (380 feet) is greater than the length, for example, of Chester, Wells, Hereford, Lichfield, Rochester, Bristol, and Bath. But to the antiquarian and the student of architecture it cannot fail to be deeply interesting.

Stigand, the Conqueror's chaplain, was the first Bishop of Chichester; his successor was Godfrey, who appears to have died whilst excommunicated, and so to have been

buried outside the church. A leaden sepulchral cross, with an inscription granting absolution, was found in his coffin, and is now preserved in the library. The third Bishop, Radulphus or Ralph I., was the real founder of the present building. By 1108 he had finished nearly the whole of the Norman work which we now see. His plan was cruciform, with the four great Norman arches of the crossing carrying a low Norman tower, and the presbytery eastwards ending in a large apse and ambulatory; two circular chapels and a long, square Lady Chapel opening out of the latter.

Much woodwork was used in churches of this period, which were thus especially liable to damage by fire. A disastrous conflagration occurred at Chichester in 1114, but Bishop Ralph had nearly restored his church again at his death in 1123. By a second fire in 1186 the roof was completely destroyed, and the walls consequently much damaged by the burning and falling beams. However, the latter mischief was easily repaired by refacing the lower parts with Caen stone under the direction of Bishop Seffrid II., who also rebuilt the inner face and arcade of the clerestory, enclosed the front of the Norman arches with Early English moulding instead of the Norman roll, and inserted slender Purbeck shafts instead of the heavy Norman ones.

In the side aisles the earlier and ruder features still remain for comparison. The

whole Cathedral was re-roofed with a simple quadripartite stone vaulting supported on triple shafts. There is a "triplicity" about the work of this period which cannot be unintentional, as the restored Cathedral was re-dedicated (1199) to the Holy Trinity. The fire appears to have done most mischief in the presbytery, and here Bishop Seffrid's combination of Early English work with the massive Norman of the choir is singularly beautiful and ingenious and worthy of most careful study. A square-ended choir with two square chapels took the place of Bishop Ralph's circular ones, but the Norman square Lady Chapel beyond was preserved. Porches were added at this period on the south and north sides of the nave, and the transept chapels were rebuilt. The thirteenth



*The City Walls, Chichester.  
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.*

century witnessed the erection of two chapels adjoining the south aisle of the nave, each occupying two bays in length and divided from each other by a cross wall, which was removed at the Reformation so as to make a continuous second south aisle.

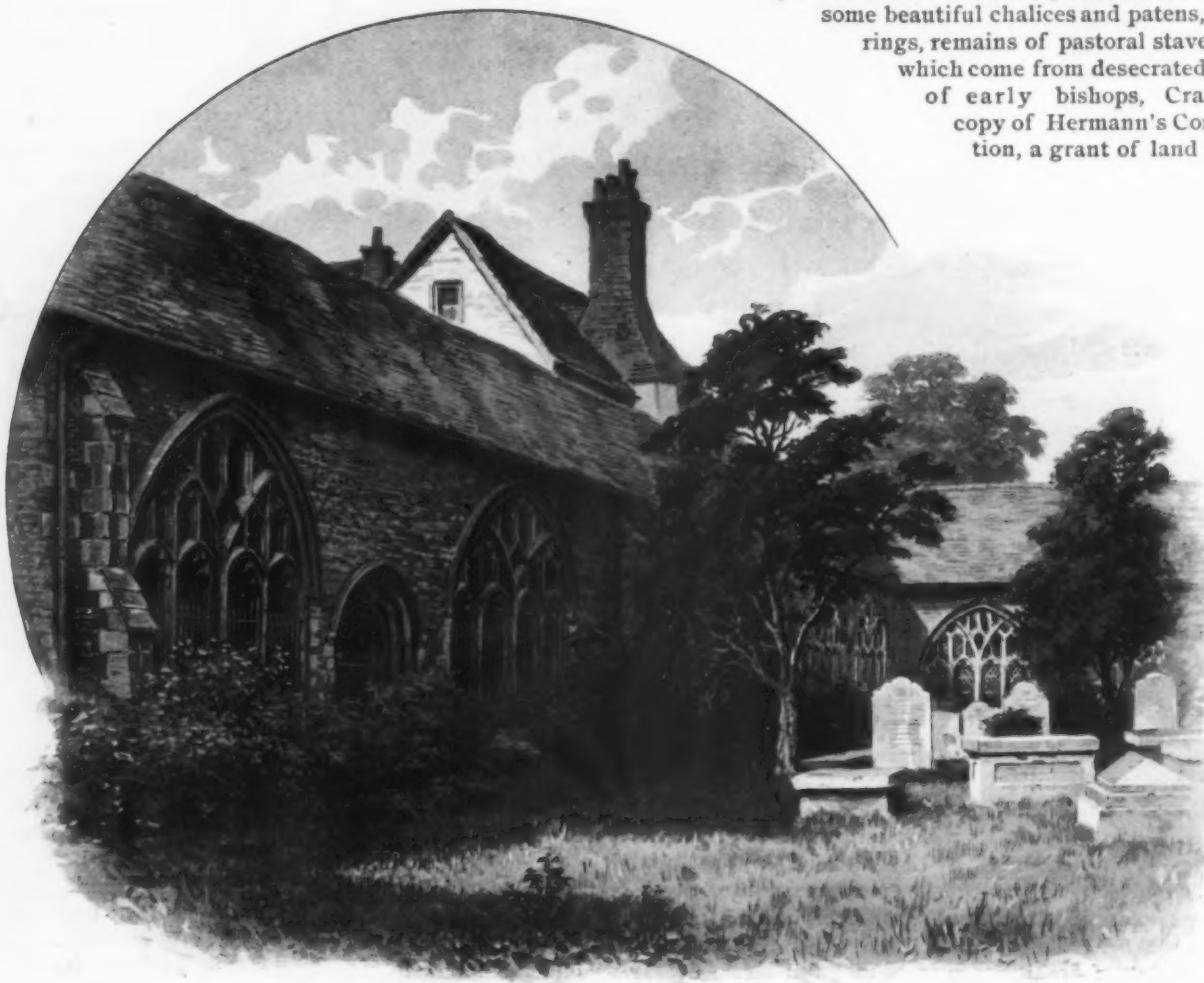
It is most interesting to note how the outer wall of Bishop Ralph's Cathedral was pierced by four wide arches and the original outside buttresses adapted in the new work. The eastern of these two chapels, dedicated to St. Clement, is just about to be restored in order to receive a recumbent figure of the late Bishop Durnford. Similarly, a little later, three chapels were built adjoining the north aisle of the nave, the easternmost of which contains a unique stone reredos arcade. There are also traces in the other nave chapels of such reredoses. These two groups of chapels give, with the nave and aisles, its great width to Chichester, and afford most picturesque effects of light and shade and intersecting pillars and arches. The Lady Chapel was lengthened by Bishop Gilbert de S. Leofardo (1288-1304) and is considered one of the best examples of early fourteenth-century work. Bishop Langton gave the magnificent Decorated window in the south transept in 1388. "Its execrable modern glass, executed in Lorraine, was at Metz during the siege, and unfortunately not destroyed there," wrote Mr. Augustus Hare. In the north transept a large Perpendicular window was so clumsily inserted by Bishop Langton's suc-

cessor, that a great flying buttress was necessary to save a portion of the west wall.

Bishop Sherborne (1508-1536) was a great benefactor of the Cathedral. A beautiful stone rood-screen, known as the Arundel Shrine, was taken down just before the fall of the spire in 1861. Its numbered fragments are still preserved, but its place is now occupied by a light carved oak-screen, designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner. The stall-work, a fine reredos (the remains of which are in a disused chapel over the library), many interesting painted decorations executed by an Italian named Bernardi, and other valuable gifts are all due to Sherborne, whose tomb is in the south choir aisle. In 1373 the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, at the south side of the Lady Chapel, was restored at the expense of Bishop William de Lenne in accordance with directions in his will, which is still extant. This restoration, destroyed in post-Reformation times, has recently been exactly renewed in a most beautiful manner.

The east window of this chapel was filled, some fifty-three years ago, with stained glass by Wailes, of Newcastle, and this is said to have been the first memorial window erected in England since the Reformation. Its brilliant colours were found to kill those of the decoration of the chapel, so the old glass has been fixed elsewhere, and replaced by a fine window from the studio of Mr.

Kemp. Carefully preserved, but well displayed in glass cases in the library, should be noticed some beautiful chalices and patens, signet rings, remains of pastoral staves, etc., which come from desecrated tombs of early bishops, Cranmer's copy of Hermann's Consultation, a grant of land to the



*The Cathedral Cloisters, Chichester.  
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.*



*Chichester Cathedral from the Meadows.*  
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.

church at Selsey by Oslac, Duke of the South Saxons, A.D. 780, and other interesting books and relics.

The cloisters lie around the south transept as a centre, and are in the Perpendicular style, with a simple arched wooden rafter roof, in which spiders refuse to spin their webs. The enclosing wall of the three sides is obviously of varying dates, and formed the boundaries of already existing buildings. Here Chillingworth was buried, at whose funeral his famous book was burned and flung into his grave. In the south-east corner the cloister passes under the west end of St. Faith's Chapel, the gable of which stands upon the angle and adjoining bay of the east walk. An archway at this point opens into the Vicar's College, which originally must have been as fine as those at Hereford and Wells, but is now much mutilated. The refectory, with a handsome timber roof, a lavatory, and stone pulpit for the Reader during dinner, is well worth a visit.

A stately gateway gives access to the Bishop's Palace, a fine old house, with an Early English chapel of Henry III. and an immense Tudor kitchen. The dining-room has a timber ceiling, painted in compartments by Bernardi. The garden is considered to be only exceeded in beauty amongst episcopal gardens by that at Wells. St. Richard's Walk, leading from the Deanery to the Cloisters, gives a charming view of the spire.

Very sad indeed was February 21st, 1861, when, about noon, the tower and spire "telescoped" and fell in a ruinous heap, leaving the four arms of the church still standing but much shaken. An old proverb said: "If Chichester Church steeple fall, In England there's no

king at all,"—and it fell in the reign of Victoria. It still remains somewhat of a mystery how it came to pass that what had stood for six hundred years, after some months of warning and preparation, collapsed, in defiance of all that modern skill could do. Happily no one was hurt and the rebuilding was at once begun, and completed in 1866. Already it harmonises in colour with the rest of the building.

Next to the Cathedral, the glory of Chichester is its incomparable Market Cross, erected by Bishop Storey in 1501 at the junction of the four chief streets. Unless something be quickly done to put this in a safe condition, it may soon follow the example of the spire, and collapse. At present the citizens do not appear to be able to agree upon the best measures to be taken, although ample funds have already been offered for the work.

Hidden away between St. Martin's Street and the street called Little London is another most interesting building, St. Mary's Hospital, founded in 1158 as a "Domus Dei" for the sick poor and for "casuals." It became in Elizabeth's reign an almshouse, and has remained practically untouched ever since. It consists of a large hall, with an open-timbered roof of great span, and a chapel at its east end. In its original state, the hall must have been very imposing with its lofty proportions and aisles well filled with beds of the sick and weary. At the present time, on each side of the hall, there are rooms with flat roofs for the almswomen, and in front of these a long fence on a low wall hides receptacles for pails, mops, coal, etc. A very remarkable oak screen of the Decorated Period separates the hall from the chapel, and the latter contains interesting stall-work with quaint "misereres."



*The Cross, Chichester.  
From a Drawing by A. R. Quinton.*

Nowhere else in England can be seen any old hospital of this class with its special features still preserved. At Lubeck, in Germany, the Heiligegeist Hospital is somewhat similar. Scattered in all parts of the city are fine houses, no less than three of which are attributed to Sir Christopher Wren. Certainly West Street House and North Pallant House are things of beauty which should not be passed over. The Pallant is the parish of All Saints, and the term is from "Palatinate," this parish having been a peculiar of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Some Chichester worthies are William Collins, the poet; Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold; the saintly Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop from 1605-1609. But the most famous of all the bishops was Richard de la Wych (1245-1252), who was canonized as St. Richard a few years after his death. At the translation of his relics in 1267, King Edward I. and his whole court were present, and soon his shrine became one of the most famous in the south of England. The visitor should ascend the Campanile for a splendid view of the city, the South Downs, and the English Channel.

J. CAVIS-BROWN.

## 'THE LORD'S SUPPER.'

A STUDY BY M. DAGNAN-BOUVERET FOR THE CENTRAL FIGURE.

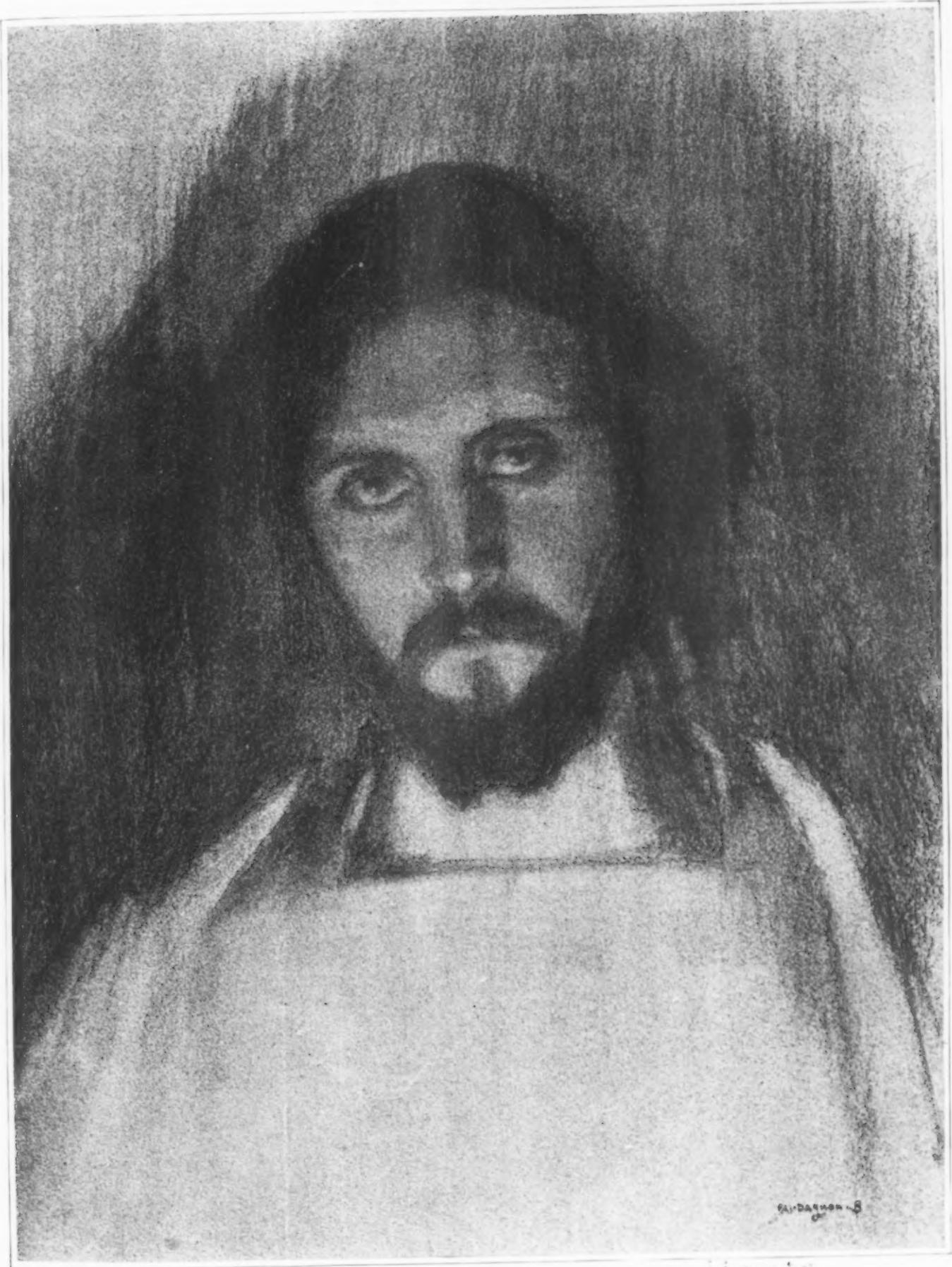
THERE is something peculiarly characteristic of the time in which we live, about the atmosphere of the large picture of 'The Lord's Supper,' by M. Dagnan-Bouveret. The combination of qualities which it presents is one that would have been impossible in a less experienced and less reflective age. It is essentially a product of a period when thought has become, if not, perhaps, conventionalised, at all events controlled by tradition and formulated by the obligation of balance and comparison of authorities. The enthusiasms which make acceptable the expression of social and technical inexperience, have no part in nineteenth-century production. The artist of to-day must prove himself to be a man of the world, in touch with the present, but also with a definite knowledge of the past. Simplicity, and the quaint expression of unsophisticated individuality, are only possible for him if he limits his work quite definitely to the momentary suggestions which he can find in the life around him. The prose of Millet and the poetry of Degas are permissible in Art because they are both inspired by the moment, and because in each appears the working of a mind made active by its immediate surroundings.

But an artist who determines, as M. Dagnan-Bouveret has done, to illustrate a subject which had its origin in a condition of life which has long ceased to be capable of being reproduced, must, if he wishes to convince his contemporaries, reach them through their intelligence rather than their emotions. He must show himself to be well acquainted with the stages through which in successive

centuries the idea with which he is dealing has passed, and must prove by the completeness of his summary that he knows how his predecessors have used the same motive and how their expositions have aided in establishing authoritatively the tradition which is generally understood. To attempt to give a purely personal and individual expression to such material would be to arouse a little enthusiasm perhaps among the few who might be in sympathy with him, but as well to excite a storm of antagonism from the many, who would be far too much attached to their own opinion to readily abandon it at his unexpected bidding.

This is what M. Dagnan-Bouveret plainly recognised when he first set himself to deal with such a subject as 'The Lord's Supper'; and how just he was in his recognition of the problem presented to him is proved by the approbation with which his picture was greeted when it appeared last spring in the Champ de Mars Salon, and more recently when it was exhibited in London. His picture is original beyond doubt; but its originality is governed by the sincerest respect for unavoidable tradition. Its novelty is in detail, its individuality in the smaller matters of treatment and statement; but in its larger qualities it is altogether sympathetic with what has preceded it. It is, in a word, absolutely modern because it is completely in accord with all stages of the past.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret permits us to make a reproduction of a Study in black and white of the central Figure in the large painting.



A STUDY IN CHALK  
FOR THE CHIEF FIGURE IN "THE LORD'S SUPPER."  
BY P. A. J. DAGNAN BOUVERET.  
*By permission of Messrs. Bonnard, Valadon and Co.*

PAUL DAGNAN-B





*Feeding Cattle. Early Winter.*  
By W. D. McKay, R.S.A.



*Crossing Solway Sands.*  
By Sam Bough, R.S.A.

## ART IN SCOTLAND.



*"I carena to Spin."*  
By Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.

exhibition. It is now considered, and with every possible justification, that the time has arrived for a separate exhibition of the Diploma works of the Royal Scottish Academicians, and powers are being sought to permit this to be carried out.

The National Gallery collection would be weeded of the spurious and doubtful pictures, also of the copies, of which there are still a few exhibited. The modern Scottish pictures would be removed for eight months of the year to the other suite of rooms, and by this means a collection of Scottish Art would be auspiciously begun. In Venice

**G**REAT changes are contemplated in the arrangement of the pictures in the Scottish National Gallery. For a long time this charming little collection has been housed in one suite of rooms in the National Gallery building on the Mound, while for four months of the year the Royal Scottish Academy filled the other suite with their annual

the visitor can study Venetian Art, and in the Paris Luxembourg, French Art. With the Chantrey pictures



*Summer Seas.*  
By Wm. MacTaggart, R.S.A.



*Puck and the Fairy.*  
By Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.

and Henry Tate collection in London for English Art; and with nearly all the other European capitals similarly furnished; Scotland has hitherto been very badly represented in its own capital, and it has been well-nigh impossible to see fair examples of modern work except in the less important rooms of the National Gallery. The new arrangement of the National Gallery, if carefully carried out, will do much to assist and inspire the native artists.

It is in this patriotic spirit that a new gallery has just been opened in Edinburgh, called "The Scottish Gallery," avowedly and specially for the exhibition and sale of the

works of Scottish painters. Messrs. Dott & Co., the young partners of a house long honourably known in the North, brought together in the past autumn a collection of 200 excellent examples of the best artists in Scotland, and the reception the collection met insures that it will be followed by others of the same character.

We print half-a-dozen reproductions from the chief works in this exhibition. 'Feeding Cattle,' by W. D. McKay, is a fine example of one of the most artistically sensitive painters in Edinburgh. 'Solway Sands,' by Bough, is a well-known picture with a remarkable sky and distance. Mr. Hugh Cameron, in 'I carena to Spin,' expounds the traditional Scottish style, and in 'Summer Seas,' by William MacTaggart, we find the Impressionism of the Continent anticipated. For years this artist has successfully carried out the theories of the most advanced. 'Puck and the Fairy,' by Sir Noel Paton, is the very antithesis of Mr. MacTaggart's art, in so far as the details are rendered to the last possible point. The best of all, in colour and poetic treatment, is the individual expression contained in Mr. Lawton Wingate's 'Gipsy Encampment.'

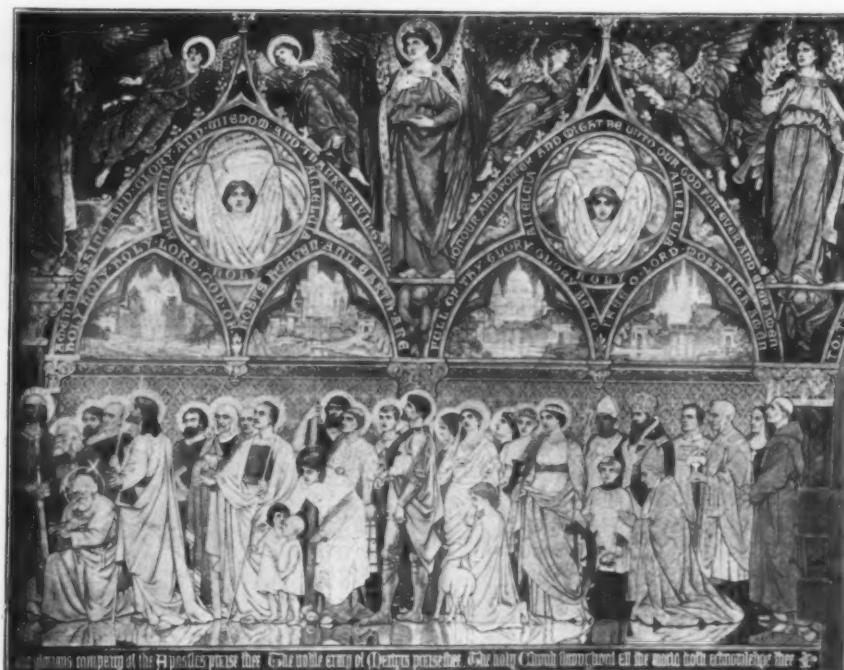
At the northern side of Edinburgh, in Inverleith Row, the new Episcopalian church of St. James is in course of decoration by Mr. William Hole, best known to



*A Gipsy Encampment.  
By J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.*



*The Gallery of Messrs. Dott, Edinburgh.*



*Wall at side of Organ in St. James's, Edinburgh.  
By William Hole, R.S.A.*

our readers as one of the most powerful of living etchers. Mr. Hole has painted the large walls on either side of the organ with life-size figures in the manner of the old Italian masters. Our small reproduction indicates the composition, and the whole project, carried out with the fervour of the artist who labours for love, is one to which we shall hope to refer in more detail at a later time.

The Annual Exhibition at Aberdeen has been unusually successful. Mr. George

McCulloch lent some fine pictures including 'In Perfect Bliss,' by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., of which our frontispiece is an Etching, Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Love's Jewelled Fetter,' 'Pauvre Fauvette,' by Bastien Lepage, a remarkable gem by Matthew Maris of a girl at a well, and the now well-known portrait of himself by Mr. Whistler, all of which attracted great notice.

The Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society exhibited this year at Glasgow, and a thoroughly high-class collection was there contributed by the members. Sir Edward Burne-Jones sent two drawings, painted in gold on tempera ground, quite individual in character. Mr. Whistler, who is one of the honorary members, was represented by a delightful example, and Mr. MacTaggart sent two of his finest drawings, both executed over twenty-five years ago.

*Two Veterans*



*Sketch of Veterans.*  
By Robert Gibb, R.S.A.

## ROBERT GIBB, R.S.A.

WHEN military pictures are spoken of our thoughts invariably turn to France. We recall David and Meissonier as the painters of the Napoleonic era; Horace Vernet as the illustrator of the Algerian campaign; and De Neuville, Detaille, Aimé Morot, and others, as the artists who have brought vividly home to our insular minds the horrors of the Franco-German War, and have taught us to appreciate the collective and individual acts of heroism of their compatriots in that ill-fated struggle.

Great Britain, though called "a nation of shopkeepers," is not, however, without its military traditions. On the contrary, any nation might be proud of them. In these Scotland, without disparagement to England and Ireland, has her own share. Whichever war has been waged for Queen and country, the Highland bonnets have been foremost in the fight. Militarism, fortunately, is not rampant in this country; and that is, perhaps, one reason why so few Scottish artists have recorded the valorous deeds of the Highland Brigade. But within the past twenty years this reproach has been removed by the work of Mr. Robert Gibb, a well-known member of the Scottish Academy, who has painted a series of

pictures of battles and incidents of the Crimean War, which are unquestionably destined to take their place as important memorials of that great campaign. It is of him that in this article we wish to speak.

Mr. Gibb was born in October, 1845, at Laurieston, near Falkirk; but, while still a child, he removed with his parents to Edinburgh. As a boy at school, Mr. Gibb showed skill in the use of the pencil, and when the time came for him to choose a profession, he only stipulated with his father that he "wanted to be something where he could draw." To this his father, who was in the building business, had no objections; and Mr. Gibb thereupon entered the service of an Edinburgh lithographer, in whose workshop during a five-years' apprenticeship he acquired a facility of hand and an ability to express himself in line, which were determining factors in his future career. After work-hours he carried

on his Art education at the drawing classes of the Board of Manufacturers, and there and at the Life School of the Royal Scottish Academy, which he subsequently entered, a large share of the first prizes and medals awarded fell to his lot. At nineteen Mr. Gibb exhibited his first picture in the



*'Comrades.'* By Robert Gibb, R.S.A.  
By permission of Mr. A. Ramsden,  
Publisher of the Large Plate.

Royal Scottish Academy. The subject was a landscape in Arran. But by this time the young artist had made up his mind to be a figure painter, and accordingly we find that his contributions to the Royal Scottish Academy exhibitions of 1869, 1870, and 1871, were pleasing passages of domestic *genre*, in which children were assigned a prominent place.

Having tried his wings, the young artist now took an adventurous flight into the more intellectual region of historical and ideal art. His 1872 picture—'The Last united Visit of William, Lord Russell's Family, the Day before his Execution, 21st July, 1683'—was so true in feeling and so carefully painted that it was purchased before the Exhibition opened by Mr. Dick Peddie, Secretary of the Academy. Encouraged by this gratifying recognition of his work, Mr. Gibb exhibited in 1873 'The Death of Marmion,' an admirably composed group representing the dying knight supported by an aged monk, drinking from a helmet held by the ministering Clare.

In the meantime Mr. Gibb's reading had led him to study that period in Celtic history when Christianity was introduced into Scotland. It was a fine field of picturesque legend and antiquarian lore for an artistic imagination to wander in, and from which to evolve pictures out of the misty past. His excursion into this seductive realm was fruitful of the best results to his rising reputation. In 1874 he exhibited 'St. Columba in Sight of Iona,' which was at once hailed as a thoughtful and suggestive work. The pioneer saint was represented standing in the prow of a picturesque galley, approaching in the quiet evening light the sacred isle. Behind him were attendant monks and a sturdy group of rowers. Outstanding features of Mr. Gibb's artistic career



*Sketch for 'Saving the Colours.'*  
By Robert Gibb, R.S.A.

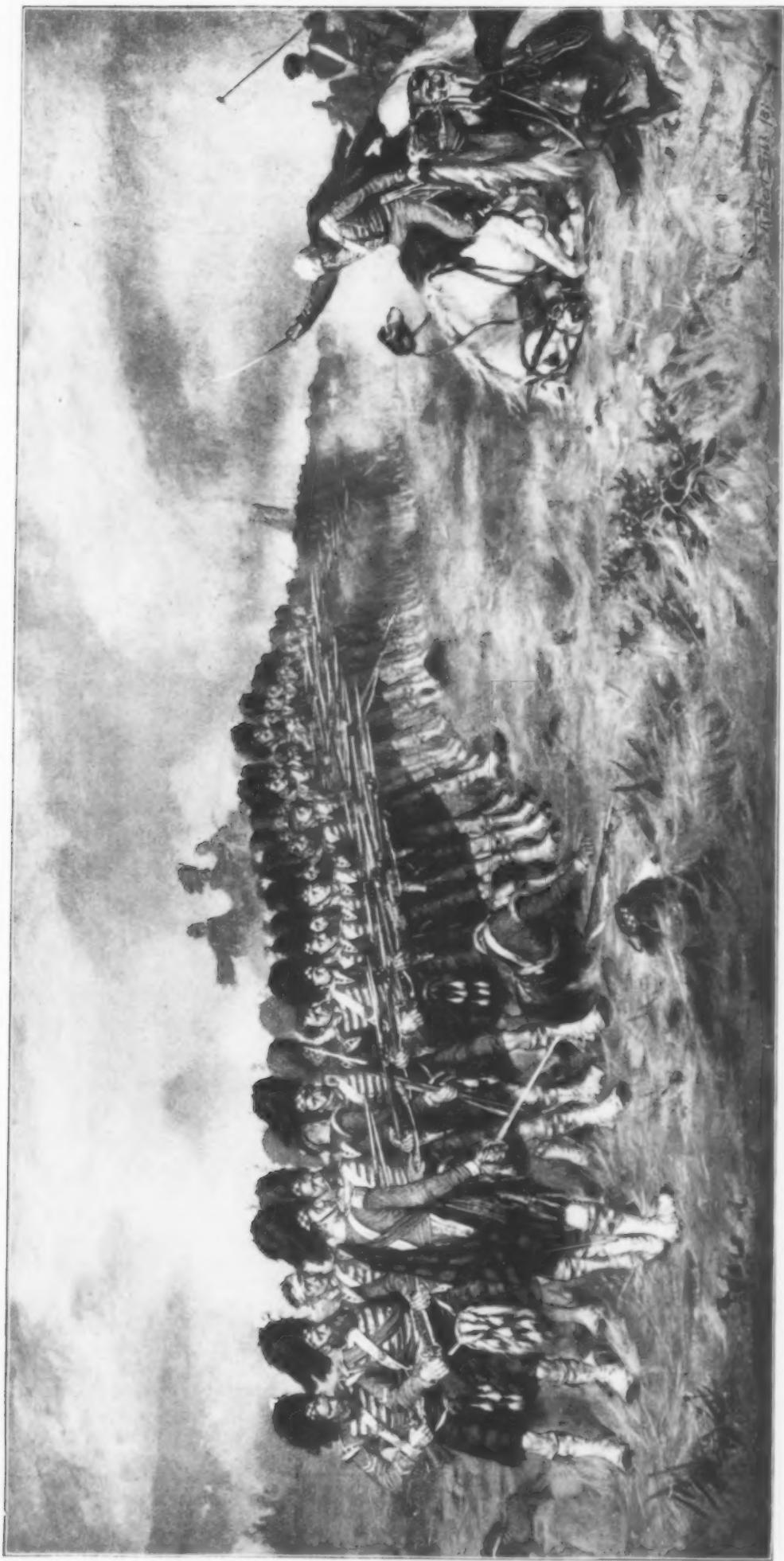
have been his thoughtful selection of subjects and a conscientious regard for clearness of statement and truthfulness of detail. These traits led him to undertake a journey to Iona, to make himself acquainted on the spot with scenic and antiquarian details, which were carefully noted for future use. Two years afterwards Mr. Gibb painted 'The Death of St. Columba,' in which the aged saint was seen peacefully rendering up, with benediction and blessing upon his friends, the life he had so laboriously and usefully spent.

Exhibited in 1874, this picture was noteworthy in securing for the artist two valuable introductions. One of these was to Mr. Archibald Ramsden, then of Leeds, and now of Bond Street, London, who has purchased and published several of Mr. Gibb's important works; and the other was to the genial Professor Blackie, long one of the most striking figures of Edinburgh society. The latter introduction took place at the banquet given on the eve of the opening of the Exhibition. Blackie, in his own impetuous way, seized the young artist by the arm, marched him over to the picture, and demanded, "Now sir, what is your authority for the costume?" The dear old Professor had written a poem on the death of St. Columba, but in it had not ventured to say a word about the saint's habiliments, least his antiquarian friends should come down upon him. The artist, however, after careful consultation of authorities, had attired St. Columba in a simple monkish habit, which at any rate suggested the period, and was in other respects eminently suitable to the subject. To anticipate a little, it may be mentioned here that, in 1883, Mr. Gibb produced two other excellent works belonging to the same era, viz.—'The Last Voyage of the Viking,' and 'The Sea King.' The latter was presented to the Academy as his diploma work, and now hangs in the Scottish National Gallery.

Still enamoured of historical and ideal subjects, Mr. Gibb exhibited, in 1875, 'Margaret of Anjou and the



*Sketch of Head*  
By Robert Gibb, R.S.A.



THE THIN RED LINE.

BY ROBERT GIBB, M.S.A.  
*By permission of Mr. A. Ramsay, Publisher of the Large Plate.*

P. W. S. Gibb

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'Outlaw' and 'Elaine.' For the Tennysonian picture the river and the wooded background were painted at Great Marlow, on the Thames, and so poetically was the theme treated that the work became a Prize of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. Mr. Gibb's reputation as an artist was steadily increasing, and one result of that was seen in the commissions which now began to reach him to paint portraits. The first of these was a presentation portrait of Mr. C. M. Barstow, President of the Chartered Accountants' Society. This gentleman, to whom had been left the selection of the artist, came to Mr. Gibb, because, as he said, he wished to encourage a young, rising artist. Since that time Mr. Gibb has painted many portraits. Hissiters have included Mr. H. M. Stanley, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, and quite a gallery of Divines; and to this branch of Art he has brought the same thorough-going qualities as are to be seen exemplified in his historical works. He never fails to secure an excellent likeness, and to his portraits of ladies there is an added touch of grace which makes them exceedingly attractive. In 1887 Mr. Gibb's chief work was 'The Bridge of Sighs' — a Venetian scene associated with the traditions of that *Via Dolorosa*.

1878 was eventful in the life of the artist. It was the year of his first military picture, 'Comrades' — the immediate success of which led him on to paint the series of Crimean scenes which have carried his fame beyond the confines of his own country. Unlike De Neuville or Detaille, Mr. Gibb has not been in the war saddle *en campagne*. But short of that he is well equipped for achieving distinction in the branch of Art with which his name has latterly been associated. He brings to bear upon it a strong patriotic feeling, a well-informed intellect, a sensitive nature, and the fruits of lengthened observation of the British soldier on parade, at exercise, and on the march. Further, as has already been shown, Mr. Gibb has an infinite capacity for taking pains. His military pictures are not, however, merely dry-as-dust

records. The artist has caught the spirit of the scenes he has depicted, and has set them down upon the canvas with a force and fervour which instinctively awaken a responsive chord of sympathy in the heart of the spectator. 'Comrades' has a little history. Mr. Gibb had been studying the life of Napoleon, and had made a sketch in water-colour of the retreat from Moscow. In the foreground was a group of three French soldiers, one of whom had fallen by the way, and was being ministered to by his friends. A brother artist on seeing the work suggested that this group, in itself, would make a striking picture.

Mr. Gibb took the hint, and produced 'Comrades,' but laid the scene amid the snows of the Crimea, and transformed the Frenchmen into kilted Highlanders. The picture is full of pathos. A young soldier, dying amid a snowstorm, whispers with his last breath to a comrade bending over him a farewell message to loved ones at home, while a third stalwart Highlander, rifle in hand, stands guard over the recumbent pair. The Royal Scottish Academy showed their appreciation of 'Comrades,' by electing Mr. Gibb an Associate in the following spring.

The 'Retreat from Moscow,' altered somewhat from the original sketch, was finished in 1878 in Paris, whither

Mr. Gibb had gone for the purpose of putting himself *en rapport* with French types of soldiers and uniforms, and on its exhibition in Edinburgh in 1879 it secured a generous recognition. In 1881 quite a *furore* was excited in the Scottish Academy by the exhibition there of 'The Thin Red Line,' the picture by which Mr. Gibb is perhaps best known. It is Baudelaire who says: "L'inspiration c'est de travailler tous les jours," but to the thoughtful artist there does come, now and again, a flash of heaven-sent light to cheer him on his way. It was so with Mr. Gibb in connection with this work. While at Haddon Hall sketching he had been reading Kinglake's "Crimea," and was specially fascinated by the description of the bravery of the 93rd High-



'Saving the Colours.' By Robert Gibb, R.S.A.  
By permission of Messrs. Matson, Swan and Morgan, and Messrs. Dott and Co.,  
Publishers of the Large Plate.

landers at Balaclava. Walking one day by the banks of the Wye, musing on the possibilities of a picture being evolved from it, the artist suddenly seemed to see rising before him an undulating line of determined Highlanders, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array." The title 'The Thin Red Line' came into his head almost at the same moment, and instantly retracing his steps, he went indoors and made a sketch of the picture very much as it now appears. Uniforms, guns and other accessories were carefully studied, and military models were got, some of them being men who had taken part in resisting the Russian charge. Other veterans came to see the picture, and the 93rd to a man were proud that a brave deed in the history of the regiment had received so dignified and so truthful pictorial expression.

"It was a terribly anxious time," said one of these veterans to Mr. Gibb, "and I will never forget it. Sir Colin Campbell, riding down the front of the line, said, 'Now, men, you must die where you stand'; and Sergeant Scott, who was near the colours, nothing daunted, replied, 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin, if need be we will do that"'; and with a masterly hand Mr. Gibb has expressed, in the determined aspect of the faces and figures of this wall of brave men, this sentiment so nobly expressed. Many of the faces are portraits, but in working for truthfulness of detail no iota of pictorial effect has been sacrificed by the artist.

Its exhibit was immediately followed by Mr. Gibb's election to Membership of the Royal Scottish Academy. Between 1881 and 1888 Mr. Gibb produced other two military works, 'Letters from Home' (1883) and 'Schoolmates' (1884).

His next large Crimean canvas, shown in 1889, was a happy celebration of the gallant charge of the 42nd Highlanders, on the heights of Alma. Here we have a free pictorial rendering of the stirring account given by Kinglake of the part the "Black Watch" took in the fight, when Sir Colin Campbell, whose portrait is in the picture, sent it to "roll up" by a flank movement a Muscovite column. "Now, men," said this gallant old warrior, "the army will watch us. Make me proud of the Highland Brigade," and Kinglake adds: "The great heart of the battalion bounded proudly to his touch."

Having celebrated two of the great battles of the Crimea, Mr. Gibb turned his attention to another notable fight in the same campaign—Inkerman—and enlarging his view he has in this, his latest work, commemorated a brilliant episode in the history, not of a Highland

regiment, but of the Guards. The story of the action in which the Guards figured so conspicuously may be shortly recounted. They had been sent forward to the support of the 41st and 49th Regiments, who were battling on the Kitspur heights against overwhelming odds. A party numbering one hundred and twenty men with the colours got left in the Sandbag battery, where

they were gradually being encircled by a strong force of the enemy. Realising their perilous position, this band of heroes, with the colours carried high as a rallying centre, cut their way through the Russian lines. With true artistic instinct, Mr. Gibb has selected for representation the moment when the Guards, back veritably from the 'Jaws of Death,' have reached the British lines. At the head of the procession, in a long, dark top-coat and bear-

skin, is Lieut. H. W. Verschoyle, bearing proudly aloft the tattered flag; he is well supported by two colour sergeants, and following is a crowd of jubilant men, cheering and tossing their hats on the points of their bayonets. On the right, upon rising ground, welcoming the Guards, is the Duke of Cambridge and his Staff, and not far off soldiers hail the advance. Painted by Mr. Gibb, with accumulated experience and matured powers, 'Saving the Colours,' as the picture is named, may be regarded perhaps as the most artistically complete of his Crimean series—composition, colour and dramatic effect being all most commendable. Mr. Gibb worked intermittently at 'Saving the Colours' for four years; and it may further emphasize the pains this artist takes to attain historical accuracy of detail, and appropriate effect, when it is mentioned that for several months of 1894 he had a large special studio erected on the lower slopes of the Pentlands, five miles from Edinburgh, and to which he conveyed his models, chiefly requisitioned from the garrison, and painted them in the open air.

Since this picture was painted, Mr. Gibb has been appointed Keeper of the Scottish National Gallery. But that does not mean that his career as an artist is closed. On the contrary, the position—the duties being light—will give him more opportunity to create and execute other military pictures, upon which his heart is set. He is now in the very prime of his powers, thoroughly in love with the branch of Art which he has already so successfully exploited; and it is betraying no secrets to say that he has at present on his easel more than one picture dealing with the humane and pathetic side of war, as well as with its patriotic aspects.

W. MATTHEWS GILBERT.



*The Sea King.* Diploma Picture by Robert Gibb, R.S.A.

By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Scottish Academy.

## RECENT EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

THE Society of Portrait Painters is to be congratulated upon the manner in which it is able to maintain the interest of its periodical exhibitions, and to keep up the really high level of performance which has from the first been characteristic of them. There was certainly no falling off in the importance of the exhibits which were brought together in the Grafton Galleries lately for its sixth show. One of the chief attractions was the group of canvases by

Sir John Millais, which were hung in the large room. These were mostly portraits of members of his family, and of them the most remarkable and characteristic in its technical qualities was the half-length of 'Lady Millais,' a masterly piece of work in the artist's strongest manner. His pictures of 'The Earl of Shaftesbury' and 'Mrs. George Stibbard' also made a welcome reappearance. Other features of the show were provided by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, who contributed his 'Phyllis, Daughter of E. A. Waterlow, Esq.'; by Mr. Whistler, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Alma Tadema, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, Mr. Wil-

liam Stott, of Oldham, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Rothenstein, and Mr. G. F. Watts, whose single contribution was a head of Sir John Millais in early middle life. The chief foreign exhibitors were M. Helleu, who sent a large pastel of a young girl in a white dress seated on a white sofa; M. J. E. Blanche, who exhibited his huge group 'Thaulow and Family'; and M. Gustave Courtois, whose 'Girl in Red' was fascinating in type and not lacking in dainty technical qualities. Among the remaining works were many that assisted considerably in maintaining the excellent average of the exhibition; and it is worthy of record that the proportion of really unacceptable pictures

was small enough to detract but little from the generally high quality of the show.

At the French Gallery an especially fine collection of some eighty pictures by modern Dutch artists was put on view at the beginning of last month. This well-lighted gallery never looked better than with these selected examples of the best modern Art of our time. It

has been said that the Dutch painters of to-day, as a body, are the only true exponents of the best art of painting now practised in Europe, and this collection of a considerable number of masterpieces goes far to justify the assertion. Of James Maris there were several examples — among them 'Amsterdam,' a splendid picture, and 'The Bridge,' one of his most successful *tours de force*; by A. Mauve, 'Changing Pastures,' and 'On The Dunes,' both excellently dignified and accomplished; by W. Maris, two large, freely handled landscapes, 'Milking Time,' and 'Cattle in The Meadows'; by Josef Israels, a large composi-

tion, 'The Sewing School,' and a less effective picture, 'In Expectation'; and by Van Mastenbroek, an expansive and finely designed and painted 'Wharf at Rotterdam.' In this connection may be mentioned the great demand there has been recently for the paintings and drawings by Mauve. Last month a good example by this artist fetched, at auction in Amsterdam, over one thousand pounds, and American amateurs are acquiring them whenever possible.

Mr. Percy Dixon, a capable landscape-painter, showed lately at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery a group of 'South



*Lady Millais.* By Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.  
(Society of Portrait Painters, Grafton Gallery.)

'African Studies,' which was interesting both on account of its subject matter and because the manner in which the drawings themselves were handled was worthy of praise. The artist had limited himself to recording the aspect of South African scenery during the winter months, and in so doing had been able to secure atmospheric and colour effects of great variety and charm.

Mr. Francis James has been holding, at the Dutch Gallery, another exhibition of his delightful drawings of flowers and landscapes. He brought together for the occasion over a hundred productions. They were in some respects different from those which he has shown before, as they were intentionally minute, and had more obvious regard for detail than he is accustomed to use in his studies from nature. Yet in them all there was perceptible no loss of breadth; they were, without exception, sound in method and irreproachable in style. Indeed, one of the greatest charms of the exhibition was its air of absolute technical discretion.

A very different class of art was, about the same time, illustrated at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery by a small series of drawings produced jointly by Mr. Fred Hall and Mr. Leghe Suthers. Their work showed a reversion to the methods of bygone years; it was a combination of outline drawing with colour applied in flat washes. The effect arrived at by these means was excellent; and as the drawings were also admirable in their realisation of character, the small collection was, as a whole, distinctly memorable.

Messrs. Colnaghi have brought together at their gallery in Pall Mall East nearly a hundred stipple engravings after pictures of the English School. Most of these examples of a now moribund art are to be assigned to the end of the eighteenth century; and they are generally of very fine quality, and in the best of condition. More than a third of the collection is made up of works by Bartolozzi, but most of the masters in this branch of Art are represented.

The winter exhibition of the New English Art Club, which was opened in the middle of November, was, like its predecessors under the same management, remarkable on account of the serious intention perceptible in the majority of the works shown and on account of the high average of achievement throughout the entire collection. Some fresh departures were, however, to be noted. Mr. Wilson Steer, for instance, exhibited 'A Nude' which was in many respects unlike any of his previous productions. It was learned in style, searching in technique, and fine in drawing, depending to an extent unusual in his work upon absolute realisation rather than

clever suggestion. Mr. Anning Bell's 'Portrait of Mrs. Walter Raleigh' was also new, in the sense that it showed a novel application of the decorative principles which always influence him in his pictorial efforts; and Professor Brown, in his 'Autumn Afternoon,' proved more definitely than he ever has before, how strongly the best principle of impressionism has taken hold of him. Mr. Rothenstein gave less evidence of changing opinion in his 'Study for a Portrait,' but touched the highest level of colour sensitiveness to which he has as yet attained. We print an illustration of this clever picture. The best of the landscapes were those by Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Brabazon, Mr. Steer, Mr. Moffat Lindner, and by Mr. Francis Bate, who contributed watercolours only.



*Study for a Portrait. By W. Rothenstein.  
(New English Art Club.)*

of that Department. Parliament has sanctioned the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the work and administration of the Circulation Department of South Kensington. It is to be hoped that this Committee in the course of its inquiry will consult the Provincial Museums that have received loans from South Kensington, and who can best attest the advantages and deficiencies of the organization. This is of importance, since certain daily papers and one of the Art magazines have set themselves up as censors of the Department, obviously without accurate knowledge of its operations. If their advice were followed the circulation system would be seriously crippled in its operations. The writers of these articles have so narrow a conception of the spirit of design that they suggest that Art students and artificers should have, as examples for their work, objects belonging only to the branch of industry most practised in their district. Jewellery, they say, should be lent to Birmingham, lace to Nottingham, cutlery to Sheffield, and so on. The result would be that all originality would be banished. Heretofore, the South Kensington Museum, which is envied by the whole Continent and chiefly by France, has always readily acceded to the request of any museum for special objects relating to the particular industry of the town, to be included in the annual loan, and the knowledge which they have placed at the service of provincial curators in making their selection has been of the highest value. It would be a pity if inexperienced outside influence should so limit the objects of industrial Art to be supplied to each place to its own particular industry, and thus destroy the cosmopolitanism of Art to the student.

## NEW ART PUBLICATIONS AND REVIEWS.

THE Hermitage, the famous gallery attached to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, wherein the famous Catherine found a refuge from the cares and duties of government, has been illustrated by a magnificent series of reproductions by the Berlin Photographic Company of London. Eighty-four well-known works have been rendered in photogravure; of these twenty-three are after Rembrandt, Van Dyck and Rubens ten each, with others by Botticelli, Frans Hals, Leonardo, Watteau, and Lancret. The Director and Curator unite in giving details and historical notes to each picture, and the plates are large enough to be framed or retained in the portfolio.

Messrs. Hanfstaengl, of Munich and London, have published various large plates for separate sale from our own National Gallery. The best are probably those after Moroni's 'Tailor,' 'Il Tagliapanni,' and 'An Old Woman,' after Rembrandt. These plates do not exhibit any evidence of retouching, and the work is so perfect that the closest examination is necessary to discover the method of reproduction. We print a small block of the 'Tailor,' by Moroni (1520-1578), prepared by Messrs. Hanfstaengl for this page; but, of course, their plate is many times larger.—'The Spinning Wheel,' by Frank Bindley, is the title of a pretty small plate just issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.

Although as yet unillustrated in any but a modest degree, the second series of "TABLE TALK," by "Shirley," will certainly some day blossom into an édition de luxe. Nothing more delightful has ever been published in descriptions and stories, and "Summers and Winters

at Balmawhapple" (Blackwood) is assuredly a classic. The friend of Thackeray, of Froude, and of Dr. John Brown has received a full share of their literary heritage, and in "Shirley" we salute a great master of style. His "Queen Mary's Holdfast" and "Lisette's Dream" are completely beautiful, and afford many a subject for an artist's imagination and pencil.

"HAMPTON COURT," by W. H. Hutton, B.D. (Nimmo), is brilliantly illustrated by Herbert Railton; the subjects chosen being, however, unnecessarily scrappy. —Mr. E. J. Sullivan's illustrations to the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" and "THE RIVALS" (Macmillan) are drawn with a delicate pencil, and the figures are designed with an elegance unsurpassed in modern work. —"THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS," by A. J. Foster, M.A. (Virtue), has the advantage of being written with complete local knowledge of a district very interesting to all English readers.

Mr. Phil May, having been promoted to a chair in *Punch*, may be looked on as having entirely "arrived." His new "GUTTER-

SNIPES" (Leadenhall Press) contains over fifty drawings of London children of the raggedest sort, drawn with great *verve* and originality, not a line or dot too little or too much. Mr. May is a consummate artist, and these drawings are as clever as anything he has done.

Editions of standard novels at cheap prices have become common, but the illustrations, when attempted at all, have been rather poor. Messrs. Service and Paton have found it possible for half-a-crown to issue a series of Thackeray's, Kingsley's, Brontë's, and other novels,



*The Tailor.* By G. B. Moroni.  
In the National Gallery.

accompanied by excellent illustrations. Those of Mr. Chris. Hammond, illustrating "HENRY ESMOND," are remarkably well drawn, that of Lady Castlewood and Esmond, which we reproduce, being one of a series, many of which are equally good.—The little volume on the "ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS," by Mr. Pennell (Fisher Unwin), although not containing illustrations, comes under our heading, and it is recommended warmly to all. The majority of the chapters appeared in THE ART JOURNAL last year, but several important additions have been made.—"SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN AND TIMES," by Mr. and Mrs. Snowden Ward (Dawbarn and Ward), would serve as a memento of, or a modern guide-book to, Stratford - on - Avon. The illustrations are from special photographs well reproduced and printed, and the letter-press, without aiming at being scholarly, is charming in its unpretentiousness. It is curious to remark that, alone amongst English illustrated books, the full-page blocks are turned inwards and not with titles to the outer edge of the book. This is the American plan, but the advantages over the European style are not obvious.



*Chris Hammond  
9/96*

"And this Mr. Esmond" she said  
"is where I see you; and this to  
this that you have brought me."  
From "Henry Esmond." (Service and Paton.)

It would appear almost unnecessary at this time of day to say any more in recommendation of Liberty Silks and Cashmeres. The two pamphlets, with illustrations in tints, recently published (Liberty), draw attention to the history of the revival of the British silk trade, and to the honourable position taken by Messrs. Liberty for many years in its development. Many of the silks are woven in India in a grey state, then dyed, and printed in England by hand. The designs and tints are always harmonious, and the new branch at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, Paris, has carried the taste for these beautiful fabrics into the heart of fashion-land in France.

Weird in its descriptions, strange in its illustrations, "TIMBUCKOO THE MYSTERIOUS" (Heinemann), is a volume demanding and justifying the most serious attention. M. Felix Dubois, whose lively text is translated by Miss D. White, went recently to the Niger to explore the river and discover the secrets of Timbuctoo; and at that mysterious city he rests long enough to be able to tell its story in words that read like romance.



*F. Stanké*  
The Market-Place, Timbuctoo.  
(W. Heinemann.)



*Corot (1796-1875). From an unpublished Photograph.*

## “COROT.”

**H**E had been born to an inheritance  
Of sympathy with nature—claiming kin  
With field and forest. In his soul's advance  
Such sympathy could win  
Its living rapture. He would clap his hands  
At sight of golden sunsets, or the cry  
Of cuckoo from the solitary lands.  
He loved to lie  
Among the grasses, gazing at the sky,  
With kid or sheep demurely straying by.  
He loved to watch the sundown's parting fire  
Gild many a city roof and misty spire ;  
Or from these human haunts would steal away  
To woodlands old and grey,  
Where the broad light that broods  
O'er quiet fields and sylvan solitudes,  
Was like a message from the good God's lips,—  
Where sunrise was a flush of angel-wings,  
A flash of angel-hands,  
And night like some great bird that slowly dips  
Its pinions over dim mysterious lands.  
He saw but vestments of the infinite  
In earth's most common things,—  
In cloud and beast and flower and changeful day.  
The simplest scenes of nature had a might  
That prompted him to bow and pray

With awe and pure delight ;  
And he could find with every frequent look  
Some beauty never known before,  
Some glory never seen of yore,  
In marshy meadowland or willowed brook.

Therefore because he learned that art is born  
To be the nursling of eternity,  
He learned with this to scorn  
The aims of sordid barter—steadfastly  
Shunning to see his lifelong purpose sold  
For perishable gold,  
Though fit reward could bring him joy untold.  
And being childlike, to his life was given  
Rich recompense of heaven ;  
And being pure, his eye from day to day  
Met God around its way,—  
So that his spirit as a saint's was bold,  
And as a child's was gay.

Thus did he pass towards that place  
Where God is seen unshadowed, face to face ;  
Bearing his love of field and sky and tree  
To ripen endlessly  
In pastures where the river of life flows free.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

## A NORTHERN ART PATRON.

### II.—THE BRITISH PORTRAITS.

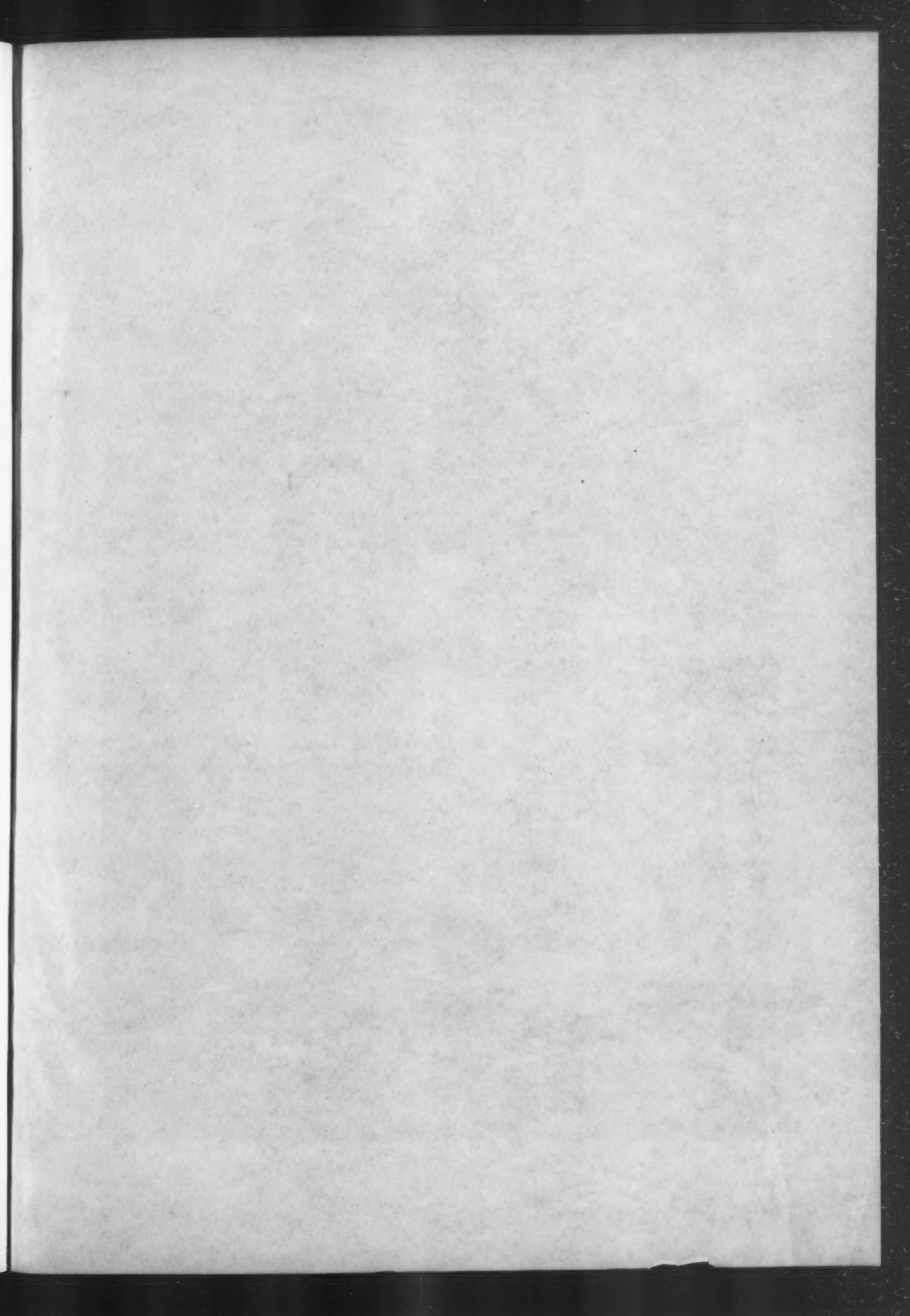
AS has been seen by my previous paper,\* Mr. Arthur Sanderson has spared no expense to render his house a worthy casket for his Art treasures. These are too numerous and fine to be treated exhaustively in the pages of a magazine, and it will be better to endeavour to do something like justice to a few than to attempt a summary description of them all. The present paper will therefore be devoted exclusively to a few of his finest examples of portraits by British artists. It is now generally recognised, not only in this country, but on the Continent, that the British school has taken the initiative in nearly all the developments of modern art. In portrait, in landscape, and in familiar scenes of modern life (or *genre*) the first step has been taken upon this side of the Channel. For original force and wide influence in the progress of painting during the last two centuries, there are indeed no names to compare in their several branches with Hogarth and Wilkie, with Turner and Constable, with Reynolds and Gainsborough. Professor Muther, in his recent "History of Modern Painting," insists upon this fact again and again. "The English," he says in his first chapter, "are the progressive party in the history of modern art; the French and the Germans are the conservatives;" and this view he maintains throughout his three portly volumes, even unto the end. The truth of this view is nowhere more manifest than in portrait painting. Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn (and not least Raeburn), infused new life into it, not only restoring its old vitality, but inspiring it

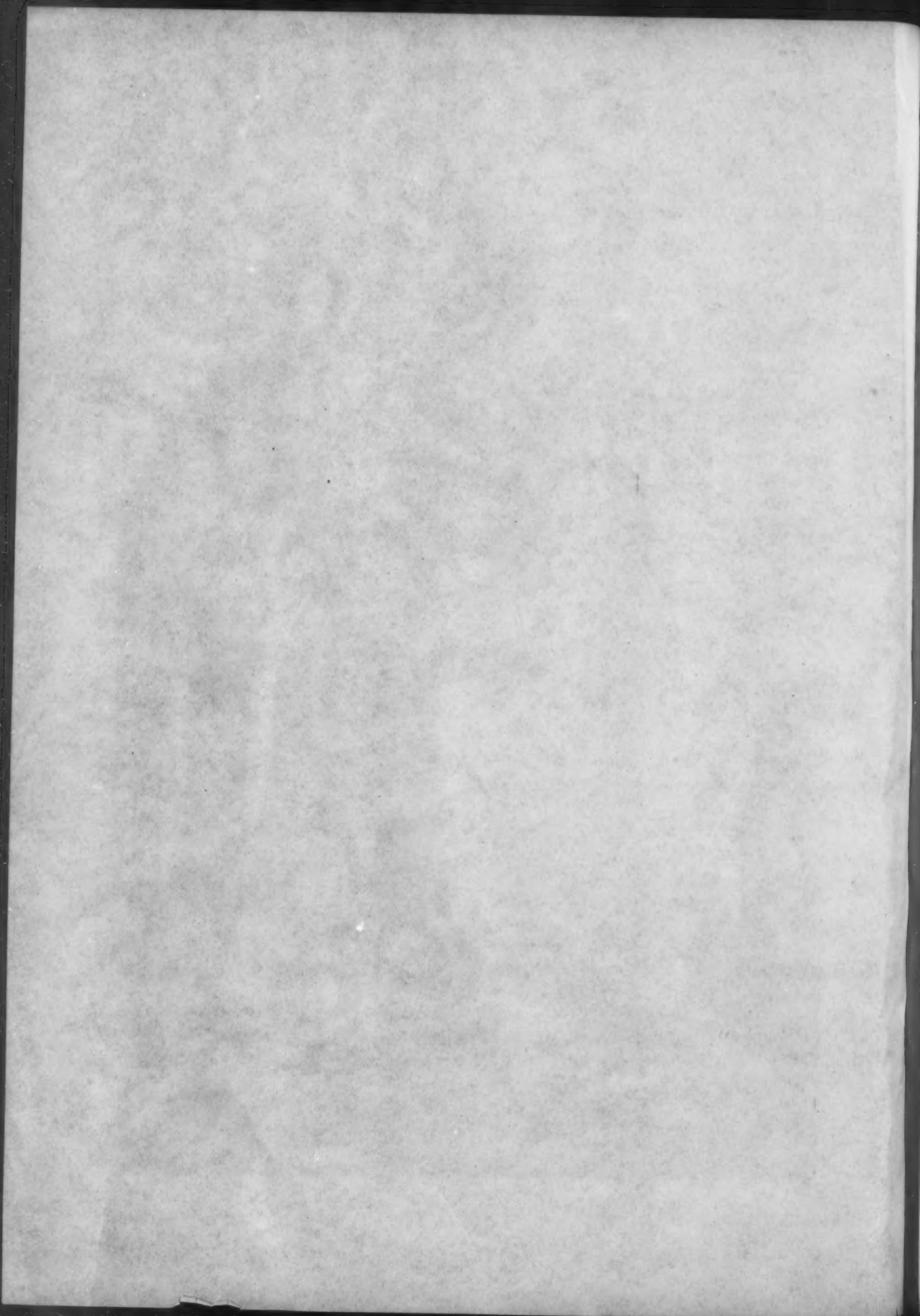
with a new soul. Now, of all these painters, Mr. Sanderson has fine examples; by Sir Joshua Reynolds he possesses a richly coloured and finely preserved portrait of a lady, and also one of those charming pictures of childhood ('fancy pictures,' as they were called) which he loved so much to paint in those calmer years when the great rush for his portraits had partly subsided. The latter belongs to the class of Muscipula and Robinetta, and is known, I am told, by the name of 'The Smiling Girl.' It has unfortunately suffered, like so many of Sir Joshua's works, by his employment of unsafe pigments or vehicles, and is much seamed with cracks. It nevertheless retains its pristine charm of expression, and that rich, warm, golden tone which declares at once that it is by the hand of this great colourist. It is also free from that exaggerated whimsicality of expression, that humorous development of the Correggiesque, which gives an impish and affected air to some of his pictures of childhood. The portrait of Lady Harcourt is, as I have said, in much finer condition. Her face, if not lovely, is pleasant, as she sits in her "shady grove," her face lifted upward as though



*Mrs. Hay.  
By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.*

in meditation, and her attitude is graceful, her complexion beautiful, and the execution throughout masterly. The lady was Mary, Countess Harcourt, the daughter of the Rev. William Danby, D.D., and she married, first, Thomas Lockhart, of Craig House, in Scotland, and secondly (in 1778), William, Third Earl Harcourt, Colonel of the 16th Regiment of Dragoons, K.C.B., and Field Marshal. She and her husband





The Art Journal, London, J.S. Virtue & Co. Ltd.



Engraved by G.B. Bonot

Stained by David Law

## UOFRM

Souvenir d'Italie.

From the Painting in the possession of G.N. Stevens Esq.

Мэри

were on terms of close intimacy with the Royal Family, and she was selected to attend the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV., on her wedding journey to England. The picture was painted in 1781, and was engraved in mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds.

If the Mrs. Fitzherbert, by Gainsborough, is not so large as the Lady Harcourt, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is more fascinating, and as an example of Gainsborough's happiest inspiration and finest skill it would be difficult to find its superior. It is well known, at least to connoisseurs, this lovely half-length of the charming woman who for so long held sway over the unstable affections of her husband, George IV. It is his miniature, doubtless, which she wears at her breast, and it needs nothing but this portrait to understand the secrets of her fascination. This picture has also been engraved

In charm of pose  
and delicacy of  
expression it is  
a masterpiece.  
Nor is it less a  
masterpiece of  
colour and exec-  
ution, being ex-  
quisite in its  
pearly tones and  
in complete har-  
mony through-  
out. The perfect  
finish, so broad and yet so subtle, of the face,  
the neck, and the  
arms, is scarcely  
more to be ad-  
mired than the  
magnificent  
sketching of the  
curls and the  
dress with its  
gauzy bertha,  
which are put in  
with a few mas-  
terly strokes of  
warm and cool  
greys playing to-  
gether in a deli-  
cate concert of  
subdued colour.  
Intelligence,  
charm, refine-  
ment breathe  
from the canvas,  
which, whether  
we regard it as  
a portrait or a  
work of Art, is  
a typical exam-  
ple of this great  
artist at his best.

Not, perhaps, quite so high among the Romneys of the world as this among the Gainsboroughs, but yet as typical and almost as delightful, though in a different way, is the full-face portrait of Mrs. Hamilton, seated in the open air, in white dress, and mob-cap, and long curls trailing on her shoulders. Here again the painting is masterly, the colour pure, delicate, and sweet, and the drapery painted with that slight

and lovely dexterity which is always a mark of a fine Romney—and often redeems an inferior one. Except when his fancy played with the witch-like beauty of Lady Hamilton, Romney was one of the simplest and most natural of portrait painters. This picture of a lady of the same name, but evidently not of the same nature, is the most unsophisticated of likenesses. There is nothing in it which suggests the slightest importation of alien style or sentiment, whether drawn from the artist's fancy or his desire to please. It is "convincing," as the modern phrase has it. So, notwithstanding its simplicity (or rather perhaps on account of it), it is interesting to us although we never knew this lady, and makes us wish for her acquaintance. Let it be added that it seems in perfect preservation, as pure in every touch as when it left the painter's easel.

The simplicity and naturalness of Romney are never more evident than in his portraits of children. If he does not preserve for us so much of their arch tricks and bewitching ways as Sir Joshua, and seldom reaches the exquisite, if sometimes slightly artificial, grace of Gainsborough, he paints them always without affectation or self-consciousness. In Mr. Sanderson's charming group of 'The Three Children of Captain Little,' he has (somewhat unusually) introduced an incident which engages the attention of the two girls and the dog, and gives a serious dramatic interest to the composition—or, at least, to part of it, for the manly and graceful boy in the claret coat, and the book (or portfolio) in his hand, stands unmoved by the object of the others' attention. What this is it is difficult to say. It appears to be something in the scarf or dress of one of the girls, on which their eyes are riveted with pleasure, while the King Charles spaniel stands on his hind legs in a chair and awaits further developments with anxiety. I should not be surprised if it were a fallen fledgling found and carefully protected by the sister on the right; but this we shall never know.



*The Countess Harcourt.*  
*By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*



*The Princess Amelia.*  
By John Hoppner, R.A.



*Mrs. Fitzherbert.*  
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

In fancy and vivacity, in personal fascination of style and colour, Sir H. Raeburn cannot vie with either Reynolds or Gainsborough, but in seizing of character, in sincerity, in power of presentation, and in solid and masterly execution, he is in the first rank of portrait-painters. His colour also, if not so fascinating, is as fine, in some respects perhaps finer, and is equally his own. As in the case of Romney, his *forte* is his simplicity. No one ever addressed himself to the task of faithfully rendering his sitter's personal appearance and character with more seriousness and success than Raeburn. His men and women stand before us on his canvases as they appeared in real life, generally Scottish men and women (for he worked principally in his native country), robust in frame, full of life and energy—healthy alike in mind and body. We have

two fine examples of his work in the National Gallery in London, but there is probably no place in the world where he can be seen to such advantage as in the National

Gallery at Edinburgh. There we have his portraits of Mrs Hamilton of Kaimes, of Dr Alexander Adam, of Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry, and others, including Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff with her beautiful bust, and her sweet face with its fringe of hair over the forehead. This fringe, parted in the middle, and descending half-curled to the eyebrows, seems to have been greatly in vogue in Raeburn's time. We see it in both the female portraits by Raeburn which Mr. Sanderson is fortunate enough to possess. In the one we produce, the seated figure of Mrs. Hay, we have a typical example of Raeburn's art, marked by even a graver simplicity than usual. There are no rings on the fingers, no bracelets on the beautiful arms, not so much as a small brooch on the simple but elegant black dress that she wears. Yet she is as dignified as a Queen.



*Mrs. Hamilton.*  
By George Romney.

No one knew better than Raeburn how to express the native grandeur of a fine figure, inhabited by a noble soul. As we look at this lady we cannot doubt that she

possessed both. The other portrait of a lady, painted also by Raeburn, which hangs on the opposite wall of the dining-room, is a half-length, and in no way inferior to the larger picture. The face is not, perhaps, so handsome, but it is more vivacious, and the figure is treated in a manner that strongly recalls the famous Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff. Yet another Raeburn, and as fine as either of the others, is the full-length portrait of General Hay in scarlet uniform, which hangs in the grand staircase. It is full of character and dignity and very fine in colour.

Although the reputation of Hoppner as a portrait-painter has much increased of late years, and his works (in consequence, no doubt, of the growing scarcity of portraits by the greater masters), now fetch very high



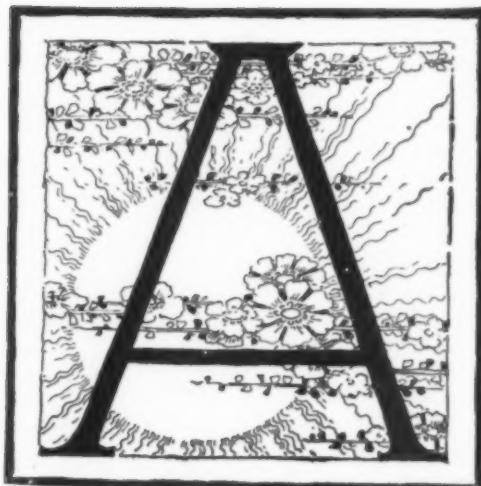
*The Three Children of Captain Little.*  
By George Romney.

prices, it is only in his best works that he can bear comparison with Reynolds or even with Lawrence, his great rival in life. Nevertheless, he is often a very charming painter, and there is grace, sweetness, and vivacity in his half-length portrait of the youthful Princess Amelia, with her curly, light hair, her fresh complexion, and her happy face. So far, therefore, as this collection, at present, extends (and it is impossible to say how many important additions may be made to it, sooner or later), it contains very fine examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Gainsborough, of Romney, of Sir Henry Raeburn, and of Hoppner—among British Portrait Painters.

Mr. Sanderson's British pictures of other kinds must be left for another article.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## A NEW COLOUR PRINTING.



plause the most difficult trick of the conjurer, or the most subtle feat the acrobat displays; only fellow professionals realise the full dexterity of the performance. Consequently, before attempting to describe a singularly ingenious method of colour-printing for fabrics, one must be sure that the simple principles of ordinary print-

ing in colours are understood. As a rule, every colour you see on a placard or a cretonne, on a cheap wallpaper or the most elaborate chromo-lithograph, requires a separate impression to produce it. For instance, were the Union Jack the subject in question, the reds would be printed in one impression, the blue in the next. Nor would either be an effective pattern until its complementary printing was added. This, which is true of single designs in two colours, is as true of the most complex picture in chromo-lithography that necessitates forty or fifty printings; but whereas in our example the blue and red of the English flag are nowhere superimposed, in most pictorial work, the colours are not merely printed over each other, but the shades that result cannot be obtained in any other way, by the processes hitherto employed in Europe.

For printing in colours is far more complex than the average person supposes; neither in lithography nor wood-block printing, as usually practised, can you obtain any graduation of the tint, except by using another shade which demands another printing. Of course it is possible and usual to use the pigment in stippled dots, coarser or finer, close or wide apart; but, as a rule, if you want an unbroken effect, you must add another printing in another pigment for every fresh shade desired.



Crettonne in about One Hundred Colours.

shades were required. It is true that in wall-papers, the clean white paper enters beneath a great cylinder and emerges with a large number of colours, apparently the result of one printing. But closer inspection shows that the large cylinder is provided with a number of smaller rollers, which each in turn contributes the particular pigment with which it is charged. Thus the number of pigments possible is limited to the number of rollers the machine can employ.

Another matter of great practical importance also confronts the colour printer. This is what is known, technically, as "registering." In other words, it means that each colour should fall precisely in its right place, neither infringing upon its neighbour, or leaving an open joint between. So subtle are the differences that affect "registration" of colour, that in printing large sheets, a moist humid day will at times stop the whole work. Because the expansion of the sheet, if printed upon in that condition, would fail to correspond with other impressions taken during normal weather. For with the exception of wall

paper, in which the colours are rarely in very minutely accurate juxtaposition and never super-imposed, every separate impression of colour requires a certain time to dry before a successive printing is applied.

So much description is essential to make evident the really valuable points in this new process we are

To print not twenty or forty colours at once, but close upon two hundred, seems absolutely impracticable, yet the process we are considering here is doing this quite as a matter of course, nor would it find any more difficulty if two thousand, or two hundred thousand and

to discuss. Otherwise one might not realise the importance of the absolutely unrestricted range of colours available, nor of the value of the mathematically exact "registration" which it supplies.

For this process requires no wood blocks cut to the shapes of the pattern, nor lithographic stones with each detail drawn for its particular colour. The pigment itself is built up into a mosaic picture, or pattern as it may be; and therefore every impression of the fabric upon it yields a replica of the whole surface, with each tessera of the mosaic in its corresponding colour. If you imagine the ordinary tessellated pavement made of blocks of pigment instead of stone or pottery, you will see that a wet cloth pressed upon it would be stained in a pattern corresponding to the colours of the original. The simile is not quite an accurate parallel, because in mosaic work—whether Salviati panels or rough pavement—there is usually some plastic substance to make each piece adhere to its neighbour, as well as to the background, which gives an outline to each spot of colour. In the mosaic of pigment for this printing, each coloured pasty mass is squeezed close to its neighbour by mechanical pressure or else by being applied in a molten state. So that while the imaginary pavement of pigments, would yield a pattern showing "joints" between the tesserae, here pigments are not separated by any line, but impinge upon each other in an unbroken level mass.

To give a brief account of a visit paid recently to the works of this new industry, in the Lower Road, Deptford, will be possibly the most rapid method of describing the process. Here the first step is, of course, the preparation of suitable designs. In these no colour used must melt into another, but every gradation must be obtained by successive planes of uniform colour, each lighter or darker than its neighbour as the designer wills.

Next, the design has no outline; it must be conceived as colour—not as a pen sketch—filled in with pigment. Therefore, in spite of the stained-glass like principles which govern it, it has neither the hindrance nor the help of outline, such as the leading employed in vitrail pictures requires, but must express itself solely by masses, not by lines. The design duly arranged after this manner, is traced upon talc—each colour in it is matched and represented on the talc, not by a wash of pigment the same shade, but by a number corresponding to that of the tint required. So that afterwards, so far as those employed in preparing the mosaic of pigment are concerned, it is merely a question of figures; pigment No. 40 comes next to No. 263, or whatever the numbers may happen to be—the operators neither know, nor need know, what particular shade the figures denote. Thus, the matching of



Crettonne.



Crettonne.

colours is not left to the unskilled workwomen, but is the work of the chemist and colourist of the staff. Nor would it be easy to proceed in any other way, because the pigments, stored in huge cakes, or cooling in great moulds like poisonous-looking sweet-stuffs, do not, as a rule, even suggest the colour which ultimately results. This vivid green may have shown a pale straw-colour; that muddy brown may produce a gorgeous crimson; but as they are merely so many items as on a numbered list so far as the workers are concerned, it is of no consequence how they appear.

It need scarcely be said that the pigment is prepared on the premises; far-reaching rooms are devoted solely to rows of copper vessels, each in a steam-jacket, duly numbered and reserved for the particular tint allotted to it. This department alone is so huge that in itself it shows the dimensions to which the projectors at first believed the industry would expand. Here, as in other nineteenth-century industries, one is struck with the faith required to lay out so much money to develop the complex machinery for a new process without seeing profitable results anywhere within immediate reach. But the years of preparation and patient labour have been quietly leading up to a business, which is already showing signs of outgrowing, before long, the enormous premises in which it is housed.

tessera—if we may keep to the simile for a minute longer—is out of all proportion to its surface measurement. At least, this is the case where the actual pattern is concerned. The ground colour, of course, is quite likely to be employed in much larger pieces. The mosaic preparation of wood known as "Tunbridge Ware," offers a truer analogy, but possibly the process of its manufacture is not familiar to most people.

The operators stand before a long continuous bench; before each is an ingenious machine with a thin knife suspended from an iron arm.

This knife moves hither and thither at the will of its occupant as easily as a boy manipulates a fret-saw; a certain quantity of neutral colour pigment is pressed against an upright rim of wood at the edge of the bench. Working from this the operator adds masses of colour, lays the transparent talc-tracery above it, transfers the outline of the portion bearing the same number as that which identifies the pigment, and with the knife closely follows the outline, discarding the superfluous pigment, which is of the consistency of stiff putty. Where the desired spot of colour is quite surrounded by another shade, as, for instance, the centre of an O, the circle (or whatever form it may be) is cut away, the pigment remelted in a little ladle, and poured into the cavity.



*Building up the Blocks.*



*Velvet Table-Cover.*

To describe in words the building up of the great blocks of pigment is not easy. To say that they are mosaics of colour is true enough, but the depth of each



*Velvet Table-Cover.*

If only one operator were engaged in translating a huge design—possibly 18 feet by 6 feet, and never less than a yard square—it is evident that many months might be



required to complete it. Consequently the design is broken up into fragments, each of which is allotted to one worker—and these are in due course fitted together. If the design includes a symmetrical repetition, only half, or it may be only a quarter, is thus built up in the full thickness of five inches.

But the solid mass of mosaic is not printed from its original thickness. It is first cut into layers, usually a quarter of the original bulk, and applied to the great drum of the printing machine shown in our illustration. These pieces are planned to complete exactly the circumference, so that an endless pattern is impressed upon the moistened fabric which passes through it, at a speed varying from forty to sixty yards a minute. If the design has a single repeat or is a square with symmetrical repetition of the forms, the layers are turned over and placed together before being put on the machine. Thus for square table-covers like the one illustrated, some six are placed on the roller at the same time, each detached by sufficient neutral pigment to allow a working margin.

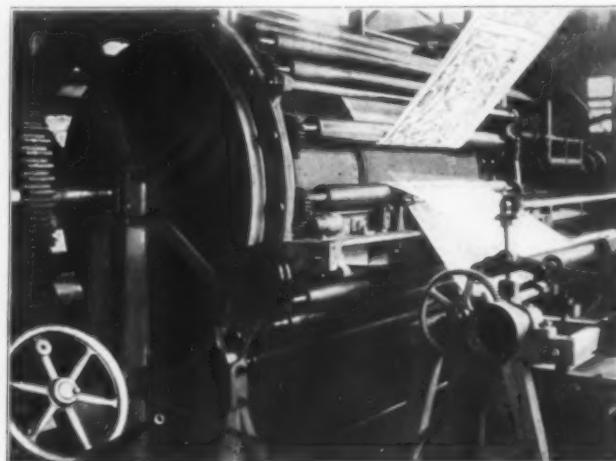
This wonderful printing does not merely mean a film of colour on the surface of the material, but dyes the fabric right through, so that even on the backs of thick piled mohairs, a material not unlike Astrachan fur, you can see the pattern almost as clearly as on the surface. The pigments vary from black through every possible range of colour to pure white, which is merely the ground colour of the fabric, as all the raw material is, to all intents and purposes, pure white.

Upon silks the most dainty effects are possible, and judging from the pieces already working, the gorgeously patterned silks with huge masses of flowers now so popular, can be printed superbly by this process.

So, too, can silk pluses, and velvets, and a mohair even in the form of rugs. As Mr. W. G. White, to whose ingenuity the whole invention may be credited, shows you some of the work already done, huge portières in imitation of painted tapestry, prayer-rugs in gorgeous colours for savage markets, cretonnes with gigantic patterns, table covers, cushion squares in all sorts of materials, you think that it beats anything hitherto attempted. The cost you find is moderate com-

pared with the results; only the best materials are employed, and the cheap cretonne of the ticketed shop need fear no rival. But for high-class material the margin between production and sale is good enough to satisfy both the maker and the retail trader, and yet not sufficiently heavy to frighten the public. A table-cover of mohair or cretonne sells for about the equivalent price of pieces of the same quality with a very limited pattern, produced by other processes. The Deptford Colour Printing Syndicate, who have lately taken over the works, include several men well known in other fields, so that energy and good taste may be relied upon to make this new English industry creditable and profitable. It is pleasant to realise that so notable an advance in printing is—English, and that the Continent is sending over orders for its products.

GLEESON WHITE.



*The Printing Machine.*



*A Running Panther.*  
From a new Bronze by J. M. Swan, A.R.A.



*The Poet.*  
By Tito Lessi.

## AN ITALIAN MEISSONIER.

TITO LESSI.

In the course of studying and analysing the talent of a painter whose works one admires, it is not unfrequently found that the artist's early teachers or masters have not left on him the slightest trace of their influence.

Their lessons and precepts seem to have been received only in the light of good advice and guiding counsel, but they have failed to inculcate into their pupil's mind either their manner of seeing or of doing.

To many this may appear almost anomalous, but it explains itself when one remembers how the natural instinct and strong temperament of certain children drive them, as it were, inevitably towards a certain goal in life. A child naturally requires in his tender years education and guidance, but when the age comes for his natural aspirations to assert themselves, then his instinct awa-

vens and shoots forth, often choosing its own direction, to overtake if not to pass ahead of the one who perhaps always wished to show the way.

Such was the talent of Tito Lessi, for it seems instinctively to have sought visions and conceptions entirely different from those of his early teachers.

A glance at his work is sufficient to show that, far from being influenced by the great Italian masters whom at first he studied, he was led by his natural aspirations towards another ideal, of less grandeur perhaps, but one nevertheless lofty enough to have inspired "Meissonier" himself.

If the great French painter was not actually his master, he was so virtually, for in each of Tito Lessi's works, one finds those remarkable effects of light, the delicacy of touch, the regularity of drawing and



*The Convent Musician.*  
By Tito Lessi

love of representing the smallest objects, which certainly must place him as forward in that school of painting where precision, conscientiousness and honesty are the supreme points of excellency.

He appears to be more a disciple of the Flemish or Dutch than of the Italian painters; a descendant of Terburg, Teniers, or Peter de Hoog, rather than of Raphael, or Michael Angelo.

Tito Lessi was born in Florence in 1858 and came from an artistic family—his father being a mosaic-worker, and amongst his uncles several were painters. His parents seem to have destined him for a literary career, but his own instinct and temperament soon made him renounce everything that did not tend towards making him an artist. Instead



*Cards in the Open.*  
By Tito Lessi.

of discouraging his son's tendencies, his father gave him help and advice, and placed him at the National Academy of Florence to begin studying Art. With the exception of Antonio Ciseri, under whom he worked some years later, Tito Lessi had no other masters than the great painters of Italy, whose *chef's d'œuvre* were of such easy access to him both for study and inspiration.

He worked for a time under one of his uncles, but only to learn architecture and perspective, of which he afterwards made great

and successful use in his pictures.

His early career was nevertheless fraught with the ordinary troubles and difficulties, and for a long time he had to paint small drawings as a means of



*The Book-Lovers.*  
By Tito Lessi.

*A Reading at Piron's.*  
By Tito Less.



subsistence. It was only when he went to Paris in 1880, that he really began to sell his works and achieve distinction.

From 1881 to 1885, he sent regularly to the annual exhibitions, but chiefly water-colours and nothing of any importance. The first big picture which brought him into notice was 'The Will'; a nobleman, in an eighteenth-century costume, seated at a table dictating his will to his lawyer. Then came 'The Cross-examination,' a scene in a law court, the faces being depicted with remarkable accuracy; 'The Reader at the Window' (which we illustrate), a picture recalling Meissonier perhaps a little too much, both in subject and effect, but nevertheless of an individual and superb scheme of colour; 'The Burgomasters,' purchased by the Tsar of Russia; and finally a splendid work representing 'Milton visiting Galileo' which eventually ranked him as a first-rate painter and placed him *hors concours* at the Salon by obtaining a second-class medal.

In this picture, of which we print a reproduction, he has united the finest effects of light, of composition, and of drawing. The attitude and expression of the figures are thoroughly life-like, each object is a picture in itself, and every detail is transcribed with extreme fine-

ness and delicacy. The workmanship is full of truth and sincerity, the effects of light and atmosphere are rendered with almost perfection; and these qualities, added to faultless drawing and a technique at the same time vigorous and supple, have made this picture entirely



*The Reader at the Window.*  
By Tito Lessi.

'Musician' (also here illustrated), 'Gil Blas at the Bishop of Granada's,' a subject full of wit and painted with

all the artist's most delicate qualities; 'A Reading at Piron's,' and others; which all helped to insure success, and gave the painter a definite rank of excellence.

'A Reading at Piron's' we reproduce in large size as a study of character and of detail. The reader of the manuscript at a humorous passage smiles visibly over the page almost in front of his face, while the expression is echoed in the amused concentration of



*A Visit of Milton to the House of Galileo at Florence.*  
By Tito Lessi.

the two listeners. The books on the table, on the chair, and on the shelves are marvellous in their perfect fidelity to the reality.

Throughout Tito Lessi's work there is a constant evidence of his love for the sincere and the truthful; each

worthy of being called a *chef d'œuvre*.

In 1893 came 'The Entrance of the Prince,' an exquisite work which created something of a sensation. The picture changed title several times, being successively called 'The Levee of the Dauphin,' 'The Exit of the Prince,' 'The Little Prince;' and 'The Entrance of the Prince' ('La Rentrée du Prince') was its final name.

Then followed 'The Book-Lovers' (which we reproduce)—charming in composition and wonderfully true in perspective. Its bold composition and the exquisitely studied attitudes of the different figures brought this picture into great prominence. 'The Poet,' and 'Cards in the Open,' are examples reproduced.

Amongst his other works are 'The Convent

picture has been the object of special study, of careful thought and elaborate working out, and, nevertheless, each seems to contain the plenitude of his qualities.

It may be a phase of Art different from that to which the more modern schools have made us accustomed, but it is one nevertheless which many painters should have at least passed through, and many others, perhaps, do well to return to, if only for a time; for it essentially breathes that sincere conviction and thorough conscientiousness without which no really excellent work can ever be produced.

There would not be much harm if many painters of the newer schools were more imbued with the ideas of the older ones, for they, after all, were the ideas of those masters in the Art whose works, irrespective of period or

nation, have deserved the epithet of immortal. Too many painters, unfortunately, are so apt to disregard that important item "Drawing," which Ingres was wont to call "the integrity of painting." One would like to see more truth and sincerity in their works, and to find that even if they do desire to create sensation, such desire should be the outcome of sincere thought and conviction, rather than simply a wish to startle the public.

Of Tito Lessi it can safely be said that he was an ardent worker and a conscientious artist, who gradually attained the first rank amongst his contemporaries, some of his productions being of such excellence as to guarantee his being numbered amongst the famous painters of his time.

G. B. B.

## HOLBEIN'S PORCH.



*One of the Talbot Dogs on top of the Porch.  
From a Drawing by G. Fidler.  
(No. 1.)*

WORK of Art like this fragment of architecture at Wilton, Wilts, known as Holbein's Porch, may of itself justly claim the right to a place in this Journal, being an excellent example of the Renaissance decoration, and an early adaptation from the result of Raphael's study of the freshly-discovered antiques in the Septizonia and Thermae of Titus.

When acknowledged to be the design of his contemporary, the illustrious portrait painter, and further, the solitary example

now to be seen of such special work, it acquires a peculiar interest, an interest not a little added to by its having escaped that plague of architecture—the restorer. Indeed, from an artist's point of view, it is now quite at its best—the rich light tints of stone and echoes of added colour, in and about the shadows, coming fresh against the dark foliage background.

Though out of place in its present position, it has better opportunity of remaining unmolested than if still serving the purpose for which it was intended. It was removed to the end of a walk in the gardens owing to some alterations made to the house in this century.

The size of the porch may be gauged by the entrance-way, which measures eight feet

in height. This is repeated on either side. Round the three outer doorways the design No. 3 comes. It is cut in low relief, and shows considerable colour—a rich red ground, the ornament being a yellow gold, which is probably only the ground for gilding that has worn off. In the corners a wreath of fruit and flowers encircles a small wyvern on a blue background. Below the double fluted pillars with capitals shown in No. 4, the design No. 5 is repeated with slight variation on the base. Above the capitals, and just below the projecting mouldings that divide the upper and lower portions of the porch, is a broad band design of intersecting circles, painted on a flat surface in light blue and yellow, lined and touched with darker blue and red (No. 6).

The spaces between the cut design about the doors and the pillars and in other spaces also show slightly, but sufficient to suggest the idea that the whole surface was painted and gilded.

In the upper portion the double pillars are repeated



*Side View of Holbein's Porch.  
From a Drawing by G. Fidler.*



*Design around  
the Three Outer  
Doorways.  
(No. 3.)*



*Capitals of Pillars.  
Described on previous page. (No. 4.)*



*Painted Design of Circles.  
Described on previous page.  
(No. 6.)*

but with rich acanthus capitals. The Pembroke coat-of-arms, which in the front is varied in design from the others, have on either side a circular niche containing a bust, each of separate design (Nos. 11 and 13)—male and female, in the costume of the time. The vigorous heraldic design (No. 1), with the various Talbot dogs and wyverns that form a novel finish to the top, excites an interest in the man who would be entrusted to carve these several details. The interior of this has, in addition to its vaulted and ribbed ceiling, brackets and other details in bold relief. Attached to this portion is the remaining part, lighted by glazed doors and windows. No. 8 is one of two oddly cut but interesting figures, placed on either side the now closed inner entrance-way. This is white, with burnished gold ornament.

Standing on such historic ground, the time of the erection can be very nearly approached. The dissolution of the monastery of St. Edith having taken place in 1539 leaves little time before the designer's death. Henry VIII., shortly after the dissolution, granted the Abbey and its rich possessions to Sir William Herbert.

We know that the dawn of 1539 found Holbein a Court painter in very high favour, presenting and receiving New Year gifts with the King. The artist's offering is stated,—“By Hans Holbyn, a table of the picture of the Prince's Grace,” and Henry's return, “A gilt cruse with cover,” yet it would seem, from the small number of portraits by Holbein known to have been painted after this time, and the Court payments being less, that some other work had intervened.

The following suggestion has been made, notwithstanding the new Queen's party influence was being felt; for would it not be possible to ascribe some considerable portion of the time that appears unoccupied to his consideration of this new house? Taking the accepted fact that the alterations of the Abbey were from designs by Holbein—did he superintend the work in person at Wilton? The receiver of the King's magnificent gift might surely, with ease, obtain his assistance. Owing

*Design on Base of Pillars.  
(No. 5.)*

to the agency of fire, however, and a succession of alterations, the principal design seems to have lost its association with Holbein, the Porch alone being noticed. The comments on it by Aubrey are interesting; he says Inigo Jones considered this porch to be a specimen of “as good architecture as any in England,” and further, the first Earl of Pembroke erected the mansion at Wilton, and that it was constructed with materials furnished by the ruins of the Castle of Old Sarum. Again, to quote Walpole—“of Holbein's architecture nothing now remains standing but the beautiful Porch at the Earl of Pembroke's.” Whether Holbein honoured Wilton by his presence or no, it is most probable that he made highly finished drawings for the subject in question, and the several details introduced prove it to have been specially designed for the Pembroke family. Of course, a considerable period would be absorbed in erecting so large an edifice, and it would be yet unfinished when, as it is supposed, the plague claimed Holbein in his strength.

Our interest in these stones, wrought to a rare proportion by genius, is intensely heightened when imagination, well sustained by fact, recalls some few of those who have passed to and from the great hall of the mansion. We can form an idea of the appearance of the porch or gateway to the vast assembly that approached it in the month of July, 1551, when the boy-king visited the spot that has been named and lost and won by Briton, Roman, Dane, Saxon and Norman.

A cavalcade of four thousand horsemen accompanied Edward. Probably of these many would have known Holbein by sight; doubtless some personal friends, who would with the King look with special interest at the work as they arrayed themselves before the Porch—then most likely ablaze with gold and colour, almost rivalling the brave gallants and fair ladies that were to pass its threefold entrance. From Merrick's antiquities we find: “The Queenes Majesty returning from Bris-towe on her Progresse, Anno XVI. of her Majestyes Raigne, the 3rd day of September being Friday, her Highnesse was received by the same Earle (Henry, second Earl of Pembroke), accompanied with many of



*Coat-of-arms in the Front.  
(No. 7.)*



*One of two Figures on each side  
the Inner Entrance way. (No. 8.)*

his honourable and worshipfull friends, on a fayre, large, and playne hill, about five miles from Wilton, having a good band of men in all their livery coates, well horsed; who being placed in one ranke, in order one from another about seaven foot, and about fifteene foot from the highway, occupied a great way; and another ranke of the Earl's Gentlemen servants about a stone's cast behinde their masters stood on horsebacke in like order. And when the Queenes Ma-jesty had ridden beyond the furthermost of the Earles men, those that began the ranke, by three and three, rode another way homeward on the side of a hill, and in like order the rest followed, and lastly the Gentlemen's servants; so that the Queenes Grace stayed on the southern hill untill all were past, looking and viewing them as they past by; and when her Ma-jesty entered in att the outer gate of Wilton House a peale of ordnance was discharged on Roulingtoun; and without the inner gate the Countesse with divers Ladyes and Gentle-men, meekly receiv-ed her High-nesse. This outer court was beset on

bothe sides the way with the Earles men as thicke as could be standing one by another, through which lane her Grace passed in her chariott, and lighted at the inner gate." "Her Highnesse lay at Wilton House that Friday night, the Saturday and Sunday nights following; and on Monday after dinner her Grace removed to Salisbury, during all which tyme her Majesty was boethe merry and pleasant." With a glance at the lock of hair yet preserved at Wilton that Gloriana gave with her own fair hands to him who Fuller declares "was so essential to the English court that it

seemed maimed without his company," we note Aubrey's statement: "He lived much in these parts, and his most masterly touches of his pastoralls he wrote here upon the spot where they were conceived. 'Twas about these purlieus that the muses were wont to appeare to Sir Philip Sidney, and where he wrote down their dictates in his table-book, though on horseback. I remember some old relations of mine and other old men hereabout that have seen Sir Philip doe thus."

Taking a bit of Sidney's word painting of this Wiltshire Valley, it serves, with little change, for the present time—"Trulie a place for pleasantnesse, not unfit to flatter solitarienesse, which according to the nature of the countrie being diversified betweene hilles and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleare, another more darksome, it seemes a pleasant picture of nature with lonely lightsomnesse and artificial shadowes."

"There were hilles which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; medowes, enameld with all sortes of ey-



Holbein's Porch—Front View.  
From a Drawing by G. Fidler.

pleasing flowres; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cherefull disposition of many well-tuned birds; ech pasture stored with sheepe feeding with sober securitie, while the pretie lambs with bleating oratorie craved the dams comfort; here a shepheard's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice's musick." "A Laund, each side whereof was so bordered both with high timber-trees, and copses of farre more

humble growth, that it might easilie bring a solitarie mind to looke for no other companions than the wild burgesses of the forest."

But here, to glean from Aubrey, other arts shared with "ye muses" this busy brief life—and "tilting was much used at Wilton in the time of William, Earle of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sidney. At the solemnisation of the great wedding of Henry, the second Earle of Pembroke, to one of the co-heiresses of the Earle of Shrewsbury, there was an extraordinary shew; at which time a great many of the nobility and gentry exercised, and they had shields of pasteboard, with their devices and emblems, which were very pretty and ingenious. There are some of them hanging in some houses at Wilton to this day, but I did not remember many more. Most, or all of them, had relation to marriage. I believe most of them were contrived by Sir Philip Sydney."

Aubrey's mention of the revenue of this Earl is "thirty thousand pounds per annum, and, as the revenue was great, so the greatnesse of his retinue and hospitality

was answerable. One hundred and twenty family uprising and down-lying, whereof you may take out six or seven, and all the rest servants and retayners."

Then with—

"The gentlest shepherd that liv'd that day,  
And most resembling both  
in shape and spirit,  
Her brother dear,"

passes the youthful Philip Massinger. The monarch who "did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer," and deeper interest still—Van Dyke,—and yet again \* one more, among a company "from Mortlake, in the County of Surrey, unto the Court at Wilton, and there presenting before His Majesty one play in the 2nd of December last, by way of His Majesty's reward," came and stood at the gate

"With heigh, ho, the wind  
and the rain."

G. FIDLER.

\* The Office Book of the Treasurer of the Chamber, in the patent referred to, gives the names of the company:—Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspere, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John Hemings, Henry Condell, William Ely, Robert Armyer, Richard Cowley.



Holbein's Porch—Interior of First Part, looking out.  
From a Drawing by G. Fidler.

Henry Condell, William Ely, Robert Armyer, Richard Cowley.



Bust, in the Front.  
(No. 11.)



Bust, in the Front.  
(No. 13.)

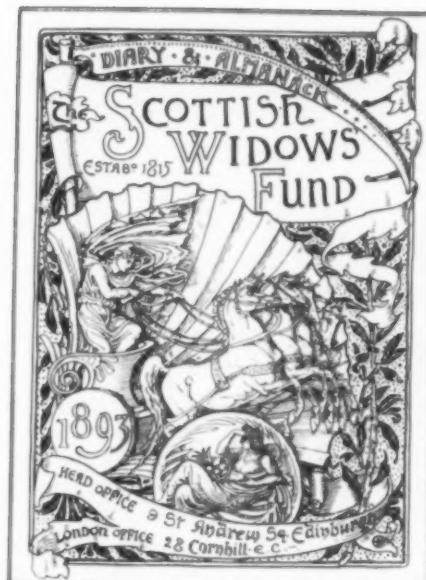
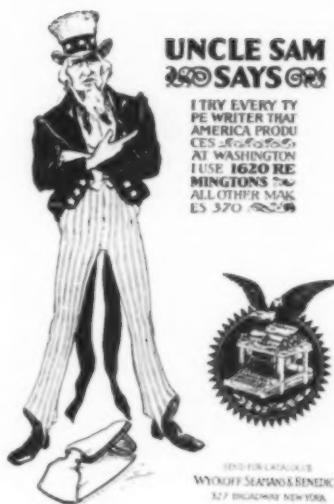
Holbein's Porch—The Inner Entrance-way.  
From a Drawing by G. Fidler.

Stanhope A. Forbes

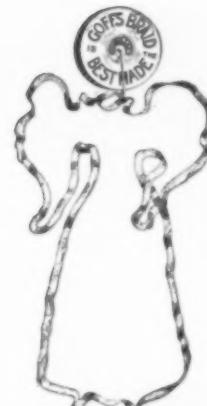
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.  
BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.,  
*In the Collection of George McCallum, Esq.*







Designed by Walter Crane.



Will not chafe the shoes like Mohair.  
Will not hold the dirt like Velveteen.  
Denimakers say 4 pence White or Blue Cloth—  
8 pence dark blue, per yard, send sample and 8cts for 5yd. ready  
spool, or 6cts for 1 1/4yd. (black) spool, 10cts  
for 1 1/4yd. (white) spool.

D. GOFF & SONS, Pawtucket, R. I.

## ART IN ADVERTISING.

HOW far is Art in advertising possible—that is the question. We have heard within the last few years a good deal about the artistic possibilities of the Poster; and there appear to be faddists ready to pay big prices for proofs “before letters” (a not quite unnecessary provision, seeing the usual character of the lettering); but that proves nothing: there are persons who will give fancy prices for anything scarce—why not, since we collect Chelsea china? It is not beauty which the collector seeks all the world over.

In many a Poster there is art; but few, indeed, of them are, as we see them on the hoardings, satisfactory works of art. It is not that the artist is incapable of producing artistic advertisement: given the right man, inventive, resourceful, accustomed to design under conditions, that is a comparatively simple problem; but in proportion as he satisfies himself he fails, alas! to please his patron. That, at all events, is the experience of some of us, who have tried in good faith to design advertisements which shall at least distress no one. It remains yet to be seen whether advertisement is compatible with art, whether the idea of the advertiser is to be reconciled with any true ideal of art. The position is at least a tenable one, that the bluster, swagger, self-assertion, calculated to attract popular attention, are in flat con-

tradiction to the modesty and reticence of art worth the name.

Apparent exceptions here and there do not count for much. That individual advertisers may have sympathy with art, may even be keener about it than about advertising, does not go to show that the aims of art and advertising are identical, but only to prove that there are exceptions to the rule—for it is the rule—that advertisers don't want art; and, what is more, won't have it.

There is one particular direction in which we might look, with some confidence, for proof that art is at least reconcilable with advertising, namely, in the announcements of those who have an interest in making known their own taste, whose business is of a more or less artistic nature—or they would fain have us think so. But such confidence is not always justified. The fact is, the tradesman is so in the habit of bowing to his customers that he cannot get out of the way of it. A colour-printer, for example, may pretend to art; but when it comes to the production of, say, a presentation almanack, his annual advertisement, or of a circular saying how admirably he is qualified to execute work “in the



Designed by Franz Stuck.

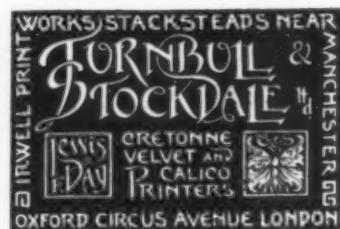
ESSEX AND COMPANY,  
WESTMINSTER WALL  
PAPERS IN 116 VICTORIA  
STREET, WESTMINSTER  
AND AT ESSEX MILLS  
BATTERSEA, LONDON

Designed by C. F. A. Voysey.



1897.

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Designed by Lewis F. Day.

highest style of art," he has seldom the courage to do just the best he can—or his artist can; more often he lets go the opportunity of showing what he could do, if only there were demand for it: he cannot break himself of the habit of considering the kind of thing his customers will prefer; and so he does the commonplace thing, calculated, as he thinks, to please the greatest number. A man should have the courage of his convictions; but the convictions of the business man do not often go much farther than a belief in the mediocrity of popular taste, and confidence in the success of what has already succeeded.

This is carried even to the extent of following over-closely in the steps of rival advertisers—witness the undoubted relationship between the two designs from Stoke at the foot of this page.

Advertisement would be more tasteful were it not for fixed ideas on the subject, which are as unreasonable as they are antagonistic to art. Your prosperous brewer, or your big biscuit-maker, is scarcely to be persuaded that a bird's-eye view of his premises is not an object of deep interest to the world at large. His idea of design is to surround this by a series of other views of equally interesting character. He would have them all as large as can be, and as full of detail; he would like you to show what is round the corner also; but in no case must you give anything like the effect of a building, for that would be to hide something in shadow.

Does the advertiser for a moment imagine that anyone cares to see the place where the "Tonic Appetiser" is concocted, stored, distributed; or wants to see the portrait of its proprietor, and all the medals he has gained? It might be interesting to see the processes by which certain things are produced; it was not, for instance, a bad idea to illustrate the Overland Route by which a certain tea is supposed to come; but it takes a pamphlet to do that. Some few very tasteful pamphlets have been of late years distributed as advertisements; but it is seldom realised that there may be wisdom in making an advertisement such as

one would care to keep, as, for example, Mr. Crane's Calendar for the Scottish Widows' Fund, with a design for each month of the year, of which the cover is shown on the previous page.

Among the advertisements illustrated, many of which belong to a period long before the boozing of the Poster, are not a few which go far to show art in advertisements, if they are not always strictly speaking works of art. The designs of Messrs. Walter Crane, W. H. Lonsdale, W. S. Black, H. S. Marks and others, advertise at least the fact that one might expect from the firms responsible for them something better in design than the average commercial product. This is just wherein they are exceptional. When it comes to advertising, one trade is as a rule as bad as another. If any class of advertiser is more to be relied upon for reticence than another, it is the Insurance Company, more especially when it happens to be north of the Tweed; but in the main good taste must be set down to the individual. The majority, whatever their trade, are not to be persuaded that the very end of advertising is defeated by attempting to picture too much; they do not see that the way to attract attention to a thing is to isolate it. Their very words they cram so closely together as to scare one from attempting to read them. They have, too, a superstitious belief in big lettering; the bigger the letter the more legible the wording, they think; and their eyes do not tell them that a shadow which is nearer in tone to the letters than to the ground, clogs them and confuses the effect.

The fatal prejudice in favour of the smooth and snug appears happily to be on the wane; it begins to dawn upon the world that what was called finish does not mean refinement, and perhaps even that finish of any kind is not the thing to seek for in so ephemeral an affair

as advertisement. Art we may get in advertisement; but we are not likely to get it so long as we insist upon finish. The German design overleaf would have been more effective had it been more simply done. The result has always been happiest when an artist has been



Designed by H. S. Marks.



Designed by Duez.



160 New Bond St., London



Designed by Hy. Ryland.



Designed by W. S. Black.



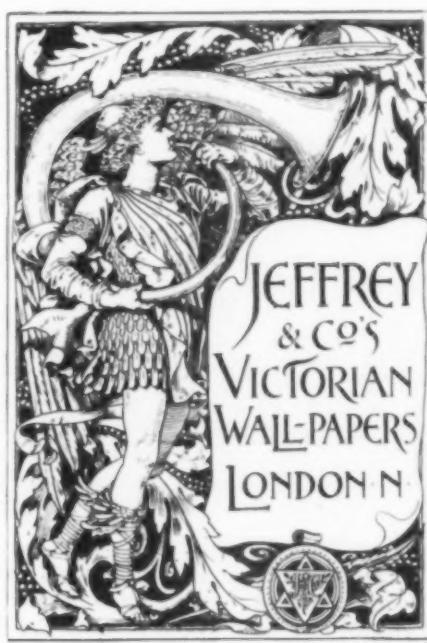
allowed to do the thing straight off. Were that more commonly done, were more faith placed in him, the saving in preliminary sketches and false finish would more than pay the higher price of competent art; and there might arise a school of designers who would be to genre-painters what scene-painters are to landscapists. The work of such men would be nothing if not spontaneous, bold, direct. They would need to be masters of effect; but they would be justified in using expedients which might justly be called tricks in a picture. It would not be difficult to name illustrators better qualified for such work than for what they are now doing.

Those whose business it is to design advertisements are hampered by conditions (they scarce dare call their soul, their own) under which good work is hopeless. "But," said an employer to an artist who objected that the scheme suggested to him was vulgar, "but you would do us a vulgar design, I suppose, if we wanted it?" and he was aghast when told by the draughtsman that, consciously, he would not.

The dead level of art in the advertisement columns (would it were confined to them!) is not surprising; rather one may wonder at the happy thoughts which occasionally occur to the designer. It is curious, however, how seldom the thing advertised is turned to decorative use. It is introduced, of course, commonly enough; but it is nearly always by way of picture, not a suggestion of merchandise, as in the case of the electro-plate on our first page, but a sample of the thing to be sold—and it is astonishing what very poor samples are sometimes shown. This is the very crudest form of display. Fancy goes a step farther when we are shown the thing in use:—not only the lightning conductor, but the chimney it protects; not only the piano, but the flirtation over it;

our easel, and its convenience as contrasted with the other man's, which is always toppling over; "old bleach" linen, and the bride in ecstasy before it; the jolly tar, indulging in a pipe of tobacco. Sometimes it is not the thing which is shown, but its efficacy, use, or effect:—the strong arm, built up on phosphates; the prize infant, fed upon biscuit or grasping greedily at the bottle of patent food; the wonderful head of hair, brought on by "our world-renowned restorer," the distressing ache, to be instantly relieved by the one and only plaster; beauty afflicted with a cold in the head, indulging in "one only inhalation" of the panacea: the packet of custard powder, produced by the *chef*, exulting, when the eggs are all scrambled on the floor. So the physician is presumed to be prescribing a patent medicine, counsel giving legal opinion on comestibles, and cabinet ministers discussing the last new brand of tea. Imagination goes to greater lengths. Butlers gravely hand whisky in conspicuously labelled bottles; nabobs are not above forking pickles from the jar; Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury lay down a carpet together, or grasp hands over a glass of ale; the Prince of Wales regales himself at lunch with fish sauce as it comes from the grocer's, and has a tin of cheap biscuits at his elbow as he sips his wine at dessert; Britannia herself is put on to paint the lily blue, by way of advertising at once the colourmaker's pigments and his taste. It was a bolder flight still to imagine an angel from heaven bringing the boon of an electropathic belt. After that we are not surprised to learn that what the wild waves are saying is only: "Try our pills." There is just a doubt as to the wisdom of the vendor in so persistently overstating his case: it came upon us as a relief when a maker told us what his soap would not do.

Considering the frequency with

AN UNIQUE  
FASHION PAPER

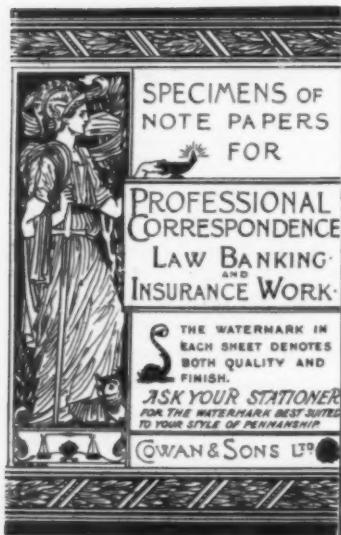
Designed by Walter Crane.



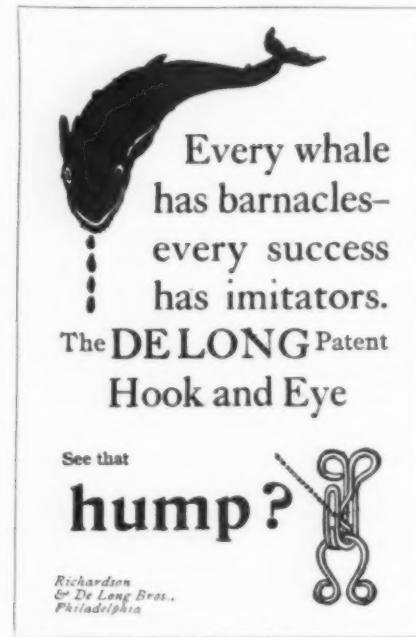
Designed by W. H. Lonsdale.

which trade-marks occur in advertisements, it is rather strange how seldom they are turned to artistic use; but then it is not every trade-mark that lends itself to design.

less pointedly put. The world perhaps, as well as the advertiser, would be losers if it were not told; but a whole catalogue of complaints in largest type only mud-



*Designed by W. S. Black.*



*Designed by W. H. Lonsdale.*



Anything like play upon it (as in the familiar case of the "Monkey Brand"), or upon the name of the maker of a thing, is rare: advertisers appear to be of a deadly serious turn of mind. That it is possible to be playful without missing the point of the advertisement, is shown in the American advertisement of braid on the first page.

The aim of advertisement is, first to attract attention, and then to hold it. The main thing is to compel folk to associate your name with what you have to sell. If a man were sent to buy thread, and the shopman asked him whose he wanted, he would say, "Oh, So-and-So's," having so often seen that name in connection with cotton, that it was coupled with it in his mind. In the same way, many persons would unhesitatingly order this man's mustard, that man's candles, and another's garden seeds, not because he believed them to be the best, but because, by dint of advertisement, their names had been branded into his memory in connection with those particular wares.

If I were Jones, and wished to puff my gingerbread, I should announce with all possible emphasis, "JONES'S GINGERBREAD," and only in subsidiary fashion add the words, "sold by all pastry-cooks," or perhaps "all respectable pastrycooks," implying that those who did not keep it were of very small account indeed. Half the ingenuity of advertising, and of advertisement design, consists in determining the relative value of this or that piece of information, and placing it accordingly. Who runs should be able to read the name of the Patentee and her indispensable Syrup; its magical effect upon the infant stomach may well be

dles the more important statement. In nine announcements out of ten there is much information that might well have been reduced to the smallest type, even if it had not better have been left out.

It is a race in the advertisement pages as to who shall print largest; so much so, that an advertisement in more delicate type than the rest attracts attention by its very modesty: it has almost the effect of a gap in the column; and you look to see what it means.

Of the designs relying almost entirely upon lettering, given above, the most brutal, it must be owned, tells its tale most plainly; but the American firm which gives especial emphasis to "Uncle Sam," on the first page, does not by any means miss the mark.

In the case of pictorial advertisements, the difficulty is in reconciling the picture with the wording. It is only by rarest chance, as in the advertiser's advertisement on page 51, that the wording actually belongs to the picture. As a rule, the artist who takes the lettering into account is practically compelled to treat his subject accordingly. The mere addition of lettering to a picture designed without reference to it, discounts its effect.

It is a common practice to buy pictures from the walls of an exhibition and turn them to use as advertisements. That is to degrade them. It is no coming down

on the part of the artist, whatever his standing, to design an advertisement; but to allow a good picture to be turned ruthlessly into what is, artistically speaking, a bad advertisement, is to submit to something like an indignity. The better the picture the less it is suitable to



advertisement: good pictures do not shout, and advertisement, when all is said, means shouting. It resolves itself very much into a question as to who shall shout loudest, and so drown the voice of his competitors. Art in advertising is possible, just as it is possible to cry one's wares musically. Supposing the accompaniment of the trumpet and the big drum necessary to attract the

crowd, we yet might have music. But when all the world is shouting, that, it seems, is not enough; the bold advertiser is to be satisfied by nothing more melodious than the steam whistle. To have heard the showman shriek his whereabouts in that fiendish way, is to know that Art is in his case out of the question.

LEWIS F. DAY.

## BASTIEN LEPAGE IN LONDON.

I THOUGHT I should ever remember all about Jules Bastien Lepage. We saw him so constantly when he was staying in London. At the time, everything he said about painting and painters, about himself, his hopes, his aspirations, was so vivid that I thought the impression was indelible, and the mind's eye could always evoke our friend; but pictures of the past fade, and now, though we can never forget the man, yet what there is to tell is a mere handful—just the knot of violets we place on a long-closed grave . . .

For remembrance . . .

We met one summer's afternoon in June, 1880, at the Grosvenor Gallery.

Mr. Watts introduced him to us. Jules Bastien Lepage had come to London very sore-hearted about his reputation as a great painter. He had a consciousness of power, and an "unconscious consciousness" of greatness. But in France his 'Jeanne d'Arc' was not recognised at its true worth, and this cast him down. He deserved the Medal of Honour, and it was denied; he was attacked right and left, and did not understand that the very attacks and discussions were a tribute to his worth; so he was glad to come to London, where the tide of appreciation ran high, and acquaintances only awaited the opportunity of becoming his friends.

Bastien Lepage indeed was so delighted with his reception, and so much interested in London, its atmospheric effects, and the types of people he saw, that he returned the following summer, and planned to come

often and paint London scenes, London streets and parks, and people. He also counted very much on having orders for portraits.

We undertook, therefore, to show him London—not the sights, but just those corners, those bits of London most characteristic or most picturesque.

We often went, my brother and I, and "St. Sébastien," as we then playfully called him, on the Thames steam-boats, landing some way below London Bridge, and threading our way back on foot.

I remember on one of our excursions passing under a low, dark archway, not far from the Thames, the walls green and oily with damp ooze, and the ground soft with mud and hopeless débris. Leaning against some crumbling planks was a wretched object, a besotted man, tall, yet shortened by the stoop of degradation, clothed in raggedness, the embodiment of all ugliness. Bastien Lepage entreated me to stop. "There!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically—"there is the object of my search. I must paint that man just as he is, for he represents London—one side of London. Oh, it is English! English! What a discovery! Since you lend me your studio, let us take the man back to your house. I will paint a grand picture of him, and you shall make a study. I will return here for my background."

"Never!" I cried, hurrying away. "Admit such a being into our house! Paint one so repulsive, whom you would then call 'London,' for you say he is typical of London, and you would



*Jules Bastien Lepage. By himself.  
In the possession of Mrs. H. M. Stanley.*

perpetuate him on canvas! No; patriotism forbids!" I cried, laughing, as I drew our reluctant friend away from the poor wretch, who eyed us suspiciously.

The object of our search now was a London shoebblack. Bastien Lepage considered him a "*type très Anglais*."

"Have you ever observed," he asked me, "how London has its particular note of colour—just as we have ours in Paris? With you the characteristic note is red. You cannot look down a street but you see a strong bit of red somewhere. The wheels of a cab, a post-box, the letters on a shop, the uniform of a soldier, the touch of red in the streets would suffice to show me I am in England. Now in Paris you find blue predominates. The blouse, the coat, the flower-seller's apron, the shutters—everywhere there is some blue."

Curiously enough, I have since heard that here in England there is a far less ready market for those French pictures in which the cool blue and grey tones predominate. There are two classes of paintings by Corot, for example—those with cold grey shadows, and those with warmer, yellower shadows. The latter have an easy sale here, the former are more appreciated in France.

Another "tone" experiment of Bastien Lepage was on the Embankment one warm summer afternoon. "In England there is an absence of strong light effects. Your sun shines, but its light comes as through a veil. Now see. I will drop these pieces of paper on the ground,"—and he scattered the pieces of a letter. "Now walk back, and notice how very white the paper appears, how it gleams. Nothing in the sky or on the ground is as white. In Paris it would not tell out in that way. It is only in England you would see that effect."

During one of these excursions, we discovered a timber yard on Prince's wharf, Lambeth, facing the Temple gardens. On our right rose St. Paul, and a crowd of buildings, Blackfriars Bridge, a bright band of green from the plane trees along the Embankment, a long row of dark

barges, rafts, and here and there a gay little boat with the inevitable touch of red. We encamped in this yard, walled in with sweet-scented pine planks. Bastien Lepage seated himself at a slender easel with a fair size rectangular canvas, and rapidly indicated in charcoal dome, steeples, turrets, bridge and water-line; in an incredibly short time it was all there. This was the first time I had seen him at work. I can remember now the delight of seeing with what decision and precision he put on his colours, each in its proper place with its proper value; it was so easy and beautiful. Referring to a note in my journal at the time, I had put down, "We spent the morning in the timber yard; C— read aloud. I watched St. Sébastien painting, I think I saw every touch; this is only the third day and the picture is finished. Bastien Lepage is very pleasant and friendly in his simple, unaffected way. His manners are perhaps a little rough. When I say rough, I mean rather an absence of the easy French grace, which is often banal, but always charming. He is steady, grave, with very little sense of fun; indeed I doubt whether he has any at all. He is leaving England much disappointed at having had no orders for portraits."

His picture of the Thames would have been finished even sooner had his easel not been twice overthrown by sudden puffs of wind, and the painting suffered by falling on the saw-dust. Bastien Lepage was always loud in inveighing against easels and can-

vases; the latter, he said, were not stout enough, and the frames he always ordered to be strengthened by an extra strip of wood across; as for the easels, they were made in such a way they must go over. At Damvilliers, where he lived, he painted, in 1882, the superb picture '*Pas Mèche*', reproduced opposite. There he painted on a novel form of easel, probably of his own invention. A stout piece of wood, with three notches for raising or lowering the canvas upon, he would drive like a stake into the ground. On this he poised his canvas. Driven



*A London Shoebblack.* Sketch by Jules Bastien Lepage.  
In the possession of Mrs. H. M. Stanley.



"*Pas Miche*." By Jules Bastien Lepage.  
In the Collection of H. G. Turner, Esq., Stockleigh House.

into the frame at each top corner was a nail to which he tied a stout string or piece of whip-cord; this string was then pulled tight on each side and pegged into the ground. If he wanted to raise his canvas and his landscape, he dug a hole to stand in. No wind could blow this easel over, as I found by experience, and when you left for the day, you could throw the wooden support into a ditch, or cover it with grass and leaves, to find it on the morrow.

In 1882, during his last visit to London, he painted in my little studio the portrait of Monsieur Coquelin, a shoebblack (almost life-size), and a London flower-girl. We found the shoebblack in Cheapside and lured him to Richmond Terrace.

He turned out a restless, troublesome little fellow, and was quite unconscious of the honour done him. Bastien Lepage expected long hours and very great quiet from his models. This the shoebblack found irksome, and it was with the greatest difficulty we prevailed on him to return, though he was munificently paid and feasted.

I remember that it was whilst painting this boy, Bastien Lepage told me he meant some day to paint, or try to paint, a picture according to a new method, in order that he might get a special quality of pigment. He even tried it here and there on this picture of the shoebblack. His idea was to lay on the colour rather more than an eighth of an inch thick, and when it was quite dry he would shave off the surface, and thereby obtain beneath a delightful quality of surface.

I made a rough sketch of the boy at the same time, and was much surprised to see how very near Bastien Lepage stood to his model, who was not even raised on a platform. The boy was only six feet from the canvas. Bastien Lepage walked backwards and forwards a great deal, using very long brushes, which he held at the extreme end. He said that the nearer the feet came to the bottom of the canvas the greater was the impression of reality, the more living was the figure.

Bastien Lepage advised me never to copy at the National Gallery; he disapproved of any copying but from nature. "The only cure," he said, "for painters of imagination is a long course of landscape. *Le paysage c'est leur salut.*" He also laid great stress on still-life studies. "The greatest painters," he said, "got their strength, and kept their strength, by painting still-life—*Nature morte.*"

He insisted on my painting some old leather books on a highly-polished table. He laid a flower on the books. "This study will teach you more than you would learn by painting a subject picture. You must get the delicate reflection of the books and flower on the polished wood. It is beautiful, healthy work."

We sometimes used to chide him playfully for never thinking or talking of anything but painting. "Do you not care to read? Are you indifferent to poetry, to literature, to science, to politics?" "I have no time," he would invariably reply. "Why, I hardly have time for my painting, the days are so short. You people of England care for too many things. You expend your energies, often without result, because you interest yourselves in far too many things."

Bastien Lepage certainly concentrated his energies. He came to our house before nine, and painted every day till the light dimmed, allowing himself one hour's interval after luncheon. I think he grudged that hour's rest, but a dull internal pain after eating made him anxious. He drank a great deal of milk, and specially liked strawberries, which we gave him at every meal. After luncheon he would fence with my brother; he thought the violent exercise might dispel the secret gnawing pain.

He painted M. Coquelin twice. The first time he was dissatisfied, and he said the portrait painter should always commence by making rather a caricature of his sitter—*une charge*—because it was only in that way you caught the character of a face; all that was exaggerated could afterwards be toned down. In the first portrait of M. Coquelin the caricature was too accentuated, and as it persisted, notwithstanding his attempts to efface it, he did another; but I have no doubt this tendency deterred many ladies from being painted by him, though his portrait of Sara Bernhardt might certainly have reconciled them.

Another peculiarity of our friend was his attention to dress. He delighted in new smart clothes, and ordered from the most fashionable London tailor numerous summer suits of delicate grey and fawn shades, and he would come to his work in these new and beautiful coats, with new neckties, just as he might appear at a garden party. We used to joke him about his love of luxury. "Yes, I confess it," he would say, "I like everything about me to be beautiful, artistic, luxurious, if you will." "Should I ever make a fortune, I will have the very finest studio in all Paris, and it shall be filled with all that is most beautiful; that would be my pleasure, my delight. A fortune would also mean freedom, for then I could paint to please myself, I would know what independence means."

After the shoebblack, we decided that a London flower-girl would be a *type Anglais*. She was found near Charing Cross; a tall, graceful girl, with sloping shoulders, wrapped in a thin weather-stained shawl, her hair tangled over the eyes, and drawn back in a knot at the back; a flat round basket, in which "button-holes" were bedded out in moss, was balanced on her left hand. Bastien Lepage was most enthusiastic over this painting. He vowed he would return in '83 to paint a group of London flower-girls. "For I have done nothing yet to be compared with what I can do—what I shall do!"

"Can you not put more sentiment in your work?" I asked. "There are only two great emotions, and you have never approached them; I mean love and death." "Oh, I don't put literature into painting, like you English; I am satisfied to represent nature just as I see her." The next morning he said, rather pathetically, "Why did you ask me to put more into my paintings? Do you think me incapable of putting sentiment into my work? surely I have put a certain sentiment into my 'Joan of Arc'! is there no sentiment in her face? If you knew how I torture myself over my work, how I suffer and despair; if you realised how great I am capable of being, and yet I am so feeble and small—*je ne fais que bégayer*. But you are all alike, not one of you can understand." I was so struck by his troubled vehemence that I wrote down what he said in my journal, otherwise I should not now be able to give his words quite faithfully.

He returned to my criticism over and over again, as though I had hurt him deeply. "Think no more about it," I said at last. "Ah! but when friends say upsetting things, it is useless afterwards to say, 'Think no more of what I said,'" he replied bitterly.

Not long after this, he said quite suddenly one morning, "I am going to paint a picture which shall satisfy you sentimental English with all your *sensiblerie*. I will paint a Village Tryst—Lover's Meeting; even the sky shall be sentimental." And the outcome of this was one of his finest, certainly one of his tenderest pictures—*'L'Amour au Village.'*

Bastien Lepage's nature was very deep and intense, but I believe when he died he had not given the measure of

his great capacity. At first he was taken up with the technical side of his art, his chief preoccupation was the servile copying of what he saw; but gradually, as he gained the mastery over his brush, he learnt how to make Nature serve him, and he realised that the message he had to give was other than a mere faithful reproduction of Nature. I am convinced, had he lived, Jules Bastien Lepage would have produced many more great master pieces; and when Death reared up and would not be denied, his anguish was for the story left untold, the work left incomplete. "It is all finished," he last wrote to me. "I can do nothing more. *La machine est arrêtée.*" Even in 1882 he had foreshadowings of the end. Two or three days before leaving us, he said, "I will return next year; but—who knows?—I may never return. I should like to leave you a souvenir. Say, what shall I paint for you to remember me by?" "Take a looking-glass, and leave me a sketch of yourself," I answered. He consented, and made the rapid



*A London Flower-Girl.* Sketch by Jules Bastien Lepage.  
In the possession of Mrs. H. M. Stanley.

sketch of himself in oils, reproduced on the first page. As he looked at himself, he said, "When I feel these pains and see my face I shiver; I have a nameless dread. I have so much to do yet—oh, so much to do!" "Do you fear Death?" I asked. He only replied, "I have not your consolations. My work is my only consolation. I only care to live for my work's sake; without it I have no meaning. I should not care to live if I could not paint."

Our last meeting was early in 1883, in Paris. Bastien Lepage seemed to us ill and out of spirits. He had just been painting the room where Gambetta had died at Ville d'Avray. He told me that he got chilled to the bone painting in a cold, uninhabited house. He was longing to leave Paris, to go to his home at Damvilliers. "Once there I shall be all right. I shall warm myself, and I shall paint all day." "Not *dans le plein air,*" I hoped. He smiled. "I am always better at home." That was the last time I saw Jules Bastien Lepage. . . .

DOROTHY STANLEY.

## THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

'THE POOR ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR.' BY J. R. REID.

'SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.' BY STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A.

THE two pictures from Mr. McCulloch's collection which we herewith reproduce are of particular interest, because they rather markedly present the characteristics which distinguish a large section of the modern British School. Their attributes are those that we have become accustomed to regard as inevitable in the work of nearly all our younger artists of the better sort, and their qualities of observation and expression are obviously in keeping with the tendencies which have of late made themselves felt in our Art practice. Of style in the old sense they have nothing. There is no suggestion in them of any intention, on the part of either artist, to induce the public to be satisfied with abstractions, or with technical adaptations based only remotely upon nature. They make their appeal by absolute realism, by fidelity to facts that are accessible for comparison, and by attention to details that can be verified by every observer. This is without doubt, the secret of their success; they please because they deal with what is familiar, and make no great demand upon the imagination.

In the case of Mr. J. R. Reid's 'The Poor are the Friends of the Poor,' the realism is made more convincing by the story which the picture tells. Although the main motive of the artist has been to reproduce, in a manner entirely faithful, the aspect of a little bit of every-day scenery of

the kind that presents itself to every rambler in our country districts, he has, by a touch of pathetic suggestion, given an additional interest to his work. The incident which provides him with his title is a subordinate one perhaps, and certainly is of small importance when compared with the greater responsibilities imposed upon the artist by his landscape subject; but even the gentle chord of sympathy which he strikes is able to arrest the attention of a vast number of people to whom the beauty of simple nature appeals but faintly. His kindly villagers, relieving from their scanty store the necessities of the weary wayfarers, are of value in the composition because they impart to it a hint of dramatic action and explain the symbolism of the landscape.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'Soldiers and Sailors' has an intention of another sort. It is a study of manners and customs, a painted comment on modern ethics, the assertion of which is made with a frankness that leaves nothing for further inquiry. Its keynote is literalism, its motive to present with all imaginable exactness something which he actually saw. And what he proposed to himself to do, he has distinctly succeeded in doing. He has given us an absolute reflection from life in the group of the Salvation "Soldiers" surrounded by the Cornish Sailors, which fills his canvas, a group that in his walks abroad he

doubtless studied again and again in the streets and on the quays at Newlyn. It cannot be said that he has any long story to tell, or at all events none that leaves room for much speculation ; what has occupied him most has

clearly been the desire to reproduce varieties of personal type and character, and to express the effect upon different individuals of a certain limited range of emotions. All this, and something more, his picture gives us.

## LORD LEIGHTON'S PICTURES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION, 1897

**T**HREE is one unexpected quality about the collection of the works of Lord Leighton at Burlington House—the quality of variety. For so many years preceding his death he had seemed to incline towards one particular class of subject, and one definite manner of expression, that all were fairly justified in assuming that a collected exhibition of his pictures would fail more or less, because the material composing it would be throughout of nearly the same pattern and character. This assumption, however, must be modified by every one who examines the collection the Academy has brought together as a memorial of the late President. The paintings exhibited cover a period of nearly fifty years, and they reveal the fact that the artist, despite the strength of his personal opinion on Art questions, was by no means accustomed to confine himself to the class of production by which many people know him ; and was seemingly subject to all the variations of conviction that lead other workers into experiment and changes of method.

In Lord Leighton's case these variations certainly seem to have resulted rather from a careful process of thinking out than from any suddenly conceived desire to digress into courses that appealed to him merely because they were novel. He changed, when he did change, systematically and

gradually, developing slowly his ideas, rather than rushing suddenly in a fresh direction only to return in a short time more or less disillusioned and disappointed. When his work is examined chronologically, and is considered through the medium of an exhibition as detailed as that arranged at Burlington House, the progression of his ideas and the manner of the changes that came over his point of view are quite easily understood.

He was, it appears, always a lover of detail, and inclined to insist, possibly too much, upon accessories. But in his earliest pictures he proves himself to have had a preference for much stronger colour and far deeper tone than he was accustomed to use later on in his life. Between the 'Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence,' painted in 1855, or the scene from Romeo and Juliet, painted in 1858, and the 'Daphnephoria,' painted in 1876, there is a very strongly marked technical difference, a distinction which shows how definite was the effect of the intervening twenty years upon his artistic aim ; and there is a divergence almost as strongly marked, though it is of another character, between the



Sketch by Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

'Daphnephoria' and the canvases which, at the end of another twenty years, closed the record of his life's work. His greatest achievements, the productions by which we remember him most agreeably, are those of

John Reid



THE POOR ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR.

BY JOHN R. REID.

In the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.





Cimabue's *Madonna* carried through Florence. By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.  
From the picture in the possession of Her Majesty.

his middle period. Between 1870 and 1880 were painted the 'Summer Moon,' the 'Egyptian Slinger,' the 'Music Lesson,' the superb portrait of 'Sir Richard Burton,' the 'Antique Juggling Girl,' 'Winding the Skein,' and the 'Sister's Kiss,' which, with the 'Daphnephoria,' certainly summarise all that is best in his art. The later pictures which would be in agreement with these are the 'Flaming June,' and the 'Clytie,' in which he reverted to the sounder principles of his earlier practice, and threw aside the love of over-elaboration which was growing upon him more and more with each successive year.

#### THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

Hardly anything better calculated to illustrate the particular charm attaching to the sketches of a clever artist could be imagined than the collection of drawings with which two of the rooms of The Fine Art Society have been occupied during some time past. These studies, the preliminary notes made by Lord Leighton for nearly all the pictures which he painted during the many years of his working life, are fascinating because they reveal, as nothing else ever could, exactly what was the course that he planned out for himself in Art. They explain, almost with the clearness of words, how his intentions took form, how his ideas grew and ripened, how he kept watch upon himself and hesitated to undertake anything save what he had tested and also what he had ex-



*Sketch by Lord Leighton, P.R.A.  
The Fine Art Society.*

mined by every means in his power. They show, too, with what an amount of industry he laboured, and with what incessant attention to detail he built up everything he produced. His art was certainly not a matter of the moment, the outcome of a series of happy inspirations; it was rather the result of a kind of scientific research, in which what was finally completed grew, by a process of careful cultivation, from a germ at first scarcely recognisable. In these sketches the evolution of particular pictures may be traced often through the work of many years. Every possible aspect of the subjects was set down and compared; and when the composition and action were decided upon the appearance of each group was noted, after the manner of a sculptor, from all sides, so that no doubt might remain as to the best

point of view from which to paint it. Even then nothing was settled but the point of view, every detail was studied in further drawings. The figures, the draperies, details of architecture and landscape in the backgrounds, small accessory objects, all were got by heart before the actual work on the canvas commenced. How elaborate most of these drawings are is well seen in such studies as are given here—drawings of draperies for the pictures of 'Captive Andromache,' and 'The Return of Persephone.' They are but examples of many hundreds which, at Lord Leighton's death, were found in his studio.

#### THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

THE artistic advisers of the London County Council, whose position is, as one may say, a sort of judgment upon the powers that be in Art-teaching (or should one say the powers that were before County Councils came into existence?) have undertaken, at last, to show how Art should be taught, and have opened a Central School of Arts and Crafts (the name is significant) at 316, Regent Street, just opposite the Polytechnic. It will be extremely interesting to see in what their teaching differs from that already practised in schools of Art and Polytechnics generally. If it only shows them how to do better what they have already been doing, or trying to do, it will have justified itself, but it is rather a daring experiment.

The class-rooms at Regent Street are well lighted and well equipped, and there is no lack of confidence and enthusiasm in the teachers. Technical classes have been started under the tuition of men more or less expert in the technique of their subject.

From these classes the amateur is rigidly excluded. That is right enough. But it is surely the greatest possible mistake to shut out from them also all but those *actually* engaged in the particular branch of the industry taught. "Distribution of labour" has, in great part, to account for the present unsatisfactory condition of things; and if, for example, trades like silversmithing are to be brought into line with the artistic movement of the day, the first thing to be done is to break down the trade barriers dividing them into half-a-dozen sections, each of which knows nothing of what the other is about.

The real need among workmen (though they may not know it), is that they should understand something more about their handicraft than pertains to the small section of it to which they are confined in the factory. The London County Council seems to stand too painfully in awe of the trades unions to do the good work it might do with the funds at its disposal.

L. F. D.

## COLLECTIONS AT THE ROYAL WATER COLOUR SOCIETY AND MESSRS. AGNEW.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours has just closed a winter exhibition of rather particular interest. An unusual amount of work of the class that is supposed to be specially desired for the winter shows at the gallery happened to have been forthcoming, and consequently the collection brought together on this occasion succeeded in presenting a very pleasant aspect of variety. It was agreeable to find the habitual solemnity of the "Old Society" exhibitions relieved by the presence, among the more laborious examples of minute elaboration, of a quite considerable number of drawings which were frankly tentative and experimental. These slighter efforts had the fascination of speculation, the charm which always belongs to half-development. For instance, in such a set of sketches as was contributed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the working of the artist's mind could be followed and appreciated with far more satisfaction than is ever to be derived from examination of the completed picture in which the freshness and simplicity of the early inspiration must necessarily become obscured to a considerable extent by the mere technical overlaying. His pencil sketches for 'The Sirens,' his designs for metal work and tapestries, his 'Sketch in Gold,' were all delightful revelations of his methods of study. Mr. Walter Crane's pen drawings, too, for Spenser's

"Faerie Queene" had a greater interest than usually attaches to his pictorial productions, because in them fitness for a particular purpose clearly appeared. In Mr. Stacy Marks's sketches of birds, the sense of character, which only the direct study of nature can give, was

strongly evident; and in Mr. Napier Hemy's seascapes, in Mr. David Murray's 'On the Dee at Maryculter,' in Mr. R. W. Allan's Scotch landscapes, and in the pencil notes of rustic subjects by Mr. Arthur Hopkins the same attention to nature was agreeably felt. Mr. Alma-Tadema's "*Nobody asked you, Sir,*" she said, here illustrated, is a sketch only in the sense that it is less elaborate in execution, and less conscious in its surface finish, than his pictures. It has all his wonderful qualities of texture suggestion, and even more than his usual success in colour realisation. Indeed, it gains appreciably by its comparative slightness; the attraction of its spontaneity and freshness of touch more than compensates for the absence of occasion to wonder, in examining it, at the extraordinary patience of the artist. Professor Herkomer's portrait study of 'Hwfa Môn, the present Archdruid of Wales,' in the robes and crown designed by the artist, was soundly handled and harmonious in colour; and Mr. Weguelin's 'Danae' had distinctive quality as an instance of direct statement controlled by good judgment. The figure was, however, not altogether happy in pose and drawing.

Messrs. Agnew held, at their gallery in Old Bond Street, a short time ago, a second exhibition of "Masterpieces of the English School" for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The collection, like the one which had preceded it, included nothing which was not of the most admirable quality. It comprised twenty canvases, among which were examples of several of the greatest masters who flourished in this country during the



"*Nobody asked you, Sir,*" she said.  
By L. Alma Tadema, R.A.

hundred years that ended in the middle of the present century. Gainsborough was represented by portraits of 'Lady Sheffield,' 'Giovanna Bacelli,' 'Lady Eden,' and 'The Ladies Erne and Dillon'; Reynolds by portraits of 'The Duchess of Marlborough' and 'The Countess Talbot'; Turner by his 'Approach to Venice' and 'Mortlake Terrace'; Hoppner by 'The Sisters' and a portrait of

'Emma Laura Whitbread'; Hogarth, Raeburn, Lawrence, and Romney also by portraits; Bonington by 'The Grand Canal, Venice'; R. Wilson by 'Cicero's Villa'; Opie by 'Courtship in the Park'; Constable by a superb 'Salisbury Cathedral'; and Morland and J. Crome respectively by 'Sunset in Leicestershire,' and 'Blacksmith's Shop, near Higham.'

## MR. G. F. WATTS AT THE NEW GALLERY.

**T**HE collection of pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts at the New Gallery is one over which it would scarcely be possible to become too enthusiastic. It is of extraordinary value in these days of flippant personalities, because it shows us, in a manner impossible to misunderstand, what a magnificent level of achievement is within the reach of an artist who has the strength to keep himself aloof from the struggles of competing schools, and to work out in his own way the details of his practice. The great characteristic of the whole of this collection is its definite air of devotion to a noble aim. No hint of carelessness in effort or thought, no touch of uncertainty or hesitation can be perceived either in the general atmosphere of the show or in any one of the hundred and sixty canvases of which it is composed. Everything is conspicuously the deliberate creation of a master whose one dominating idea has been unceasingly to strive for the advancement and purifying of his art. For this reason Mr. Watts's reputation is extended and added to by every gathering together of his works. The juxtaposition of the productions of his life makes no revelations of technical trickery and gives no hint of monotony; from beginning to end the series seems to be continuous and progressive. Hardly any other artist of our times would, indeed, stand so well a test of sincerity in purpose and methods which is in the highest degree exacting.

In the selection of the pictures with which the rooms of the New Gallery are filled, a good deal of judgment has been exercised. The figure compositions and portraits are nearly equal in number, and the total is made up by the inclusion of nearly a score of his landscapes and imaginative studies of aerial effects. Most of the more important figure pictures appear, seventeen of

them being those which Mr. Watts has set apart as his intended bequest to the nation; and among the portraits are many by which his reputation as a master in this branch of Art practice has been most securely built up.

The chief of the larger canvases are 'The Court of Death'; the version of 'Love and Death' painted in 1887; the exquisite 'Love and Life'; 'Hope,' the most dainty of all his imaginings; 'Paolo and Francesca'; 'Orpheus and Eurydice'; 'Time, Death, and Judgment'; 'Time and Oblivion'; 'Mammon'; the two versions of 'Fata Morgana,' the finer lent by Mr. George McCulloch, and the other by the Corporation of Leicester; 'The Spirit of Christianity'; the superb conception 'Chaos' (illustrated below), summing the whole of Mr. Watts' symbolic art; 'The Childhood of Jupiter,' and 'Charity'; while among the smaller pictures are 'Diana and Endymion'; 'Europa'; 'Ariadne in Naxos'; 'Olympus on Ida'; 'Prayer,' lent by the Corporation of Manchester; 'The Rain, it raineth every Day'; and among the nudes his 'Psyche'; 'The Genius of Greek Poetry' and 'Daphne.' The greater number of these were illustrated in our special Easter Number (1896) on Mr. Watts, by Mrs. Ady. The portraits are of all dates; the earliest are those of himself and his father, painted respectively in 1834 and 1836; and the latest is the half-length of 'Miss Josephine Butler,' finished this year. Many old favourites, as the 'Walter Crane,' the portrait of himself painted in 1864, 'Sir Edward Burne-Jones,' 'William Morris,' the two likenesses of Lord Tennyson, and the dignified, red-robed figure of Lord Leighton make welcome reappearance. Indeed, the fact that most of the canvases in the gallery have been seen before but adds to the interest of the exhibition.



Photo, F. Hollyer.

Chaos. By G. F. Watts, R.A.



*A Rainy Day.*  
By Fred. Walker, A.R.A. (Macmillan.)

## NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE employment of really excellent illustrations in all their best publications has become remarkable in the books recently sent out by the eminent firm of Macmillan and Co. This season these volumes vary in theme and character, as the following books from their press will show:—

FREDERICK WALKER was much loved and admired, and since "his sun went down while it was yet day," he has been universally mourned. To lovers of art and of individuality, the publication of the "*LIFE AND LETTERS*," by his brother-in-law, Mr. J. G. Marks, will therefore prove most welcome. Even the trivial details of his correspondence sometimes broaden out into historic significance, as in his strike against copying "other people's designs," occurring in his twenty-first year, the "other people" in this case being no other than Thackeray! The contrast of the design and Walker's version of it facing each other is very fine. The volume abounds in those thumbnail touches of humour with which an artist ever ornaments his correspondence, but its interest lies in the excellent reproduction of so many of the great works on which Frederick Walker's fame

rests. His first Academy picture ('The Lost Path') is here, in the text, while separate plates give us the three works ('Spring,' 'The Wayfarers,' 'Bathers'), which gave to the youthful artist a recognition and a reputation which is stronger to-day than when, in his twenty-sixth year, the last-named picture burst upon a surprised and gratified world. Needless that we should to-day speak of the qualities of Walker's art. Enough to say here that this volume very worthily supports his title to a fame almost unique in modern artistic annals. "*THE SCULPTURED TOMBS OF HELLAS*," by Dr. Percy Gardner, perhaps appeals more to the archaeologist than to the artist, yet to the latter the many reproductions of ancient sculptured forms present attractions of no slight value. We find much to admire even in the rudest of the pre-historic (?non-historic) carvings, while the grace of line and harmony of arrangement in many of the better works here illustrated form most interesting studies. We must be content to merely mention Mr. W. Simpson's work on "*THE BUDDHIST PRAYING WHEEL*" as a work of research into recondite phases of religious development. The book is fully



*Felix Moscheles.* From an oil sketch by Matthew Maris.  
From "*In Bohemia with Du Maurier*." (Fisher Unwin.)

illustrated with engravings of curious interest, and the author's personal contributions are not least in this. In "STAINED GLASS AS AN ART," Mr. Henry Holiday, besides expounding the limitations and the *rationale* of Art work in glass, indicates seriously the right of work in this medium to be a reflection of its own time, and of the thought of the artist expressed in his own best way. He is clear as to several prevalent errors, and illustrates his views by many excellent reproductions, mainly from his own work. The volume will certainly enhance Mr. Holiday's already great reputation.

**ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL.**—Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis, who deals with "UNKNOWN AUSTRIA," proceeds with chatty inconsequence to introduce us to ancient castles, quaint villas, ghosts, "types," and other local attractions, while decorating her story with a deft pencil. "ON THE BROADS" has Mr. Joseph Pennell for illustrator, and we have in thirty pictures many successful efforts to catch that elusive quality of beauty and pictur-esque ness presented by a level country abounding in water. Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd writes the narrative in a lively strain, and we get to know the members of the company and crew very well indeed. The "GRAY DAYS AND GOLD" of Mr. W. Winter now appears with illustrations. The book is only a hanger-on to the skirts of Art, for while many of the selected illustrations are of genuine merit, others present only hackneyed prints. Washington Irving's "ALHAMBRA," illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, is a most attractive book, and now that it is linked with such illustrations a renewed lease of popularity should be earned.

**ILLUSTRATED FICTION.**—The perennial "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS" has found an excellent illustrator in Mr. E. J. Sullivan, who has avoided giving a picture which does not correspond with the text. We fancy

many will marvel how easily people of an earlier generation took all the stories of smoking, drinking, and gambling, told here as matters of ordinary schoolboy experience. Who now would care to mark with a white stone a little boy's first big draught of brown stout? The stories of Jane Austen fit the pencil of Mr. Hugh Thomson in every point; and the new edition of "EMMA," the last of the series from Messrs. Macmillan, possesses an added charm through his admirable figures.

From Mr. Fisher Unwin come two books, one of special interest at present. "IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER," by Felix Moscheles, is a lively series of anecdotes of the creator of Trilby, relating many stories of the life of Art students in Paris and Antwerp at the middle of the century. Mr. Moscheles attended the Studio Gleyre with Mr. Whistler, the present President of the Royal Academy, and others of lesser fame, and his cheerful stories and audacious sketches make this volume remarkable. At Antwerp Mr. Moscheles was associated with Mr. Matthew Maris and Mr. Alma Tadema in the Art school, and at the time Maris made the vigorous oil sketch we reproduce on the previous page.—"SCHILLER'S LAY OF THE BELL," translated by A. G. Foster-Barham, is delicately illustrated in line drawings by W. Alison Phillips. The borders to each page, consisting of bells in motion and producing voluminous sounds, are particularly fine. The large drawings indicate a too-severe following of the older German line draughtsmen, but they give good promise for the future.

Lastly, we have an excellently illustrated *édition de luxe* of the recent Loan Collection of Pictures by W. J. Müller, at the City of Birmingham Art Gallery (W. H. Ward and Co.). This collection was very complete and Mr. Whitworth Wallis has done well to make a permanent record of the exhibition.



Sketch on the Tiber. By W. J. Müller. (W. H. Ward & Co.)



*A Tynecastle Workshop.*

## ART IN THE HOME.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS MOSTLY FROM DESIGNS BY THE WRITER.

THE home spirit never was better expressed than in the words, "This is my rest; here will I dwell, for I have desired it." This utterance, though applying specially to a heart-to-heart bond, is interesting for our purpose to refer to, because at the place to which these words carry our thoughts, there shone the perfection of beauty. There is a mutually helpful relationship between homeliness and beauty. Homely Art is not necessarily limited to what is lowly or simple, but is as wide as the means and tastes of the families of mankind. We recollect seeing a home of a single apartment in a slum off Drury Lane, the occupants of which were driven from Lancashire because of a cotton famine. By cheerful distempered walls and the display over the fireplace of a few family treasures and woodcuts, there was created a spot of interest and brightness amidst the most abject dreariness. But, at the other extreme of social life, we find a sincere love of home among Art treasures, which to many would cause but weariness and care. With the means a family possesses, the home, if due thought be given to it, becomes the expression of the mind of the occupants.

The instinct of the beautiful is not confined to any class. We have seen a barefooted child in Scotland lost in wonder at the sight of the falling snow, and heard her exclaim, "Isn't it bonnie?" and the love of flowers among the poor is apparent to all who know them. Happily this instinct is being cared for by our boards of education and various societies, and, as it has been shown during the last quarter of a century, what Art education has done for those who have been able to pay for it, we may hope that the mission of Art to the less favoured, will do much to brighten their lives and homes, and lead many into artistic occupations.

Before we commit ourselves to the beautifying of our homes, it is important that we have the conviction that

Art is a moralist, and that its gentle and beautifying touch is disdained if a fitting preparation be not made for her. A seer, who wanted to make a sure and lightsome path through the complex and far-reaching field of architecture, lighted his Seven Lamps. So Art seeks that her ministry in our homes may be exercised in conditions that are honourable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.



*A Drawing-room with Double Window.*

To be at once practical, let us ask, Are our homes perfectly healthful? Has all that can possibly be done been accomplished, as far as means and terms of occupancy permit, to secure perfect lighting, ventilation, and drainage? The two latter considerations are matters in which scientists and men of experience can best help us, and we pass them to note a few points about lighting. The most important constructive feature of an apartment is the window. It should always, when possible, face towards the sun at some time of the day, for with sunlight there enter health and colour. If the main window cannot be placed to catch any sunlight, a subordinate light might be obtained from a sunny quarter. The daylight from one side or end of a room is always best for light and shadow effect. A sense of cheerfulness is obtained by carrying the window as near the ceiling as the design will admit, and the sill should be high enough to give the impression that the room is enclosed, and also to give some shadow. Astragals and leaded-glass help the enclosed effect, but all due allowance should be made for exceptional conditions, such as panelled spaces for clear glass, through which to view beautiful or interesting objects without. Windows are always attractive, but they are avoided as places for rest or reading because of the chill from the surface of the glass, and too frequently also from bad-fitting work. That the light may be enjoyed, an inside screen of glass is very desirable, placed a few inches from the outer glass; this, made to open as may be required for cleaning and ventilation, can be constructed in a light, artistic, and inexpensive manner. In a drawing-room in a town house in which there were two windows on one side of the room, one small, and the other a large bay, which was near the fireplace gable, and likely to be freely used, the windows, though commanding an open view in front, were overlooked by opposite corner houses. To obtain warmth and privacy, inner screens of slightly-tinted glass were arranged, and the room having something of a Persian character in its design, a conventional gloire - de Dijon rose was spread over the glass of the large window to give a summer effect, and a spring treatment

of the almond-tree in blossom was introduced into the small one.

Notwithstanding all that has been written against curtains for windows, common-sense and comfort have much to say in their favour as a means of regulating the admission of light, and for warmth in the case of the ordinary window, and also for helping greatly the decorative effect.

Sun screens, through which partial light is desired, always require careful study because of the colour quality which passes through them. A neutral glow in harmony with the general tint of the room, but of a cooler tone, is always the best.

The recent advances in artificial lighting by electricity and gas methods have greatly widened the interest in the artistic effect of our interiors. The greater brilliancy of the new lights requires the breaking up of the rays, or partial

screening, and many tasteful contrivances are available. The most beautifully lighted room we have seen, is one in which pictures show to great advantage. In the centre of the room, quite near the ceiling, there is a group of 32 and 16 candle-power lights, which have their rays broken by having to shine through bunches of grapes of the clearest glass; and out from the walls about 3 feet there hang 16 candle-power lights opposite the principal groups on the walls, and these have reflectors which throw a powerful glow on the walls and entirely screen the eyes from the point of light.

A room in which the lights and shadows are pleasant by day, may be easily injured by the positions given to the artificial lights.

As a rule the wall bracket method is not good, for the walls on which these are placed are at best only half lighted, and pictures suffer by having the side light thrown on them.

Being still on the threshold of our subject, another question we should ask before thinking of the beautiful is, Are we prepared to have honest work at a price by which men can live, and of a kind that makes them better in the doing of it? This consideration is easily overlooked in the existing decorating and furnishing methods. Of late years these have branched out into two distinct paths:



*Mammon.*

By G. F. Watts, R.A.



*A Leasehold House. The Dining-room.*

one the path of the specialist, and the other that of the large concern without any distinct personality. With few exceptions those who sell are not the producers. What now concerns us is that the industries dealt with are prosecuted under much pressure, which means cheapening at every point, and the warping or extinction of the skilful and artistic spirit of the work. This is much to be deplored, not only because of the character of the work done, but also on account of the deadening of what improves the workman's character and ameliorates his condition.

"The labour we delight in,  
physics pain."

In this connection we give a peep into the carving department of an established centre of industry, where it is evident that the men are pursuing their work with good will. But our thoughts of the opposite condition are vividly suggested by Mr. Watts' picture of 'Mammon,' who sits with his money bags in his lap, while one foot rests on a man, from whom we will suppose has been crushed out the spirit of independence and joyful work, and the other on a woman, whom, for our purpose, we will take as representing the artistic instinct.

One occasionally meets with those who show clearly that they are not only expressing themselves in spending their means in beautiful things, but are exercising their stewardship towards the most essential portion of the community, who work with brain and hand.

The demand for cheapness, and the enormous expense involved in the conduct of large



Mantelpiece with Family Portraits.



A Leasehold House. The Drawing-room.

warehouses for the convenience of the public, present a great menace from our point of view. It needs to be stated also that workmen and those who aspire to be their leaders lay themselves open to severe condemnation when they seek to level all craftsmen to the same standard, for individual ability and art instinct have to struggle as against a deadly poison in this condition of things. Much zeal and effort have been shown by prominent men in decorative art to resist the merciless demands of commercialism, and we hear of socialism in this connection, but the words of the Carpenter of Nazareth, commonly rendered, "Do as you would be done by," is the solution of the difficulty.

Yet another question we must ask ourselves is: Is the scheme of design such as will give abiding satisfaction? Satisfaction is obtained in having one's taste expressed by personal selection and arrangement with or without the help of others; keeping strictly by what will give pleasure by association, or what will appeal to one as beautiful. In illustration of this point two interiors are shown. These are in a house on lease; the rooms are small and the ceilings low, and the question with the occupant was, What can be done without? The chimney-piece in both rooms was the only feature that any importance could attach to. In one case the mantel-piece was of Carrara marble, and it was retained. A decorative sketch happened to be among the treasures of the occupant, and it was made to do duty as a frieze, and at either end of it

were fixed two old carvings, found in a furniture-repairing shop, to make up the spaces. A belting of painted pine was placed as a base to these, and on the face of the chimney-breast were tacked three scraps of old tapestry bought in Venice in a ragged state for less than a sovereign. Brass mountings from the breast-bands of horses' harness and scraps picked up in various places, give interest and points of colour. In the other case the marble chimney-piece was in a dilapidated state, and parts were used for jambs. Two small enriched pilasters were got, and the other portions were simple joiner's work, a Tyne-castle-canvas frieze finishing the chimney-breast. The fenders in both cases are of pine covered with carpet, and sheathed inside with stair-tread edgings of brass.

In the artistic scheme of an apartment, *motif* is of primary importance, and some definite idea should inspire the main features of the room. Apart from its bare utility, it may be required for the display of pictures, interesting old furniture, or various objects. The walls and other parts should be as a setting for these. This seems too simple to be worth stating; but is it not too evident that this consideration is being constantly ignored, even in very important work? In cases in which there is no *motif* to start with, a congenial idea might be thought of and worked upon. For example, a dark, awkward attic in a large and tastefully-arranged house was required as a bedroom for two young ladies, and some good old English oak furniture was laid aside for it. It was ascertained that Tennyson was the favourite writer of the prospective occupants, and this, with the old furniture, was made the basis of the scheme. More light was introduced by opening a quaint window near the fireplace. The fireplace was in a very dark recess, but the recess was formed into an ingle nook, with book spaces and seats. The sloping roof flanks were painted in a strong touch with subjects from the "Idylls of the King." A picturesque effect was given by a screen of wood, partly open, which was made to break the draught from the door, and to aid in the construction of unobtrusive clothes' spaces.

In another case a lady wished her drawing-room to be quite different—and no wonder—from those in her neighbourhood; and there were to be no pictures of value. A wall decoration was worked out from an old Venetian tapestry, and tinted in grey golds and dreamy yellows. Old Persian tiles lined the fireplace, and clam shells, which were a device on the family arms, were freely introduced, to give sparkle and interest to the design. This room has been already mentioned, in connection with the screening of the windows, and is given as one of our first illustrations.

Another illustration, on the previous page, gives to the mantelpiece the chief interest. The owner wished to introduce into it the portraits of his father and mother. The room being large, the design was spread to allow the pictures being sufficiently separated for good effect. And

between them was a space which was adopted for the display of a few pieces of rare china, and bronzes. More on this subject of *motif* will be noted in our following articles.

The wood-work in an apartment is of importance artistically, but as this will be treated in connection with different rooms, we may here remark generally that woods of grey, brown, and neutral colour, such as oak and walnut, are better for carved work

than richly coloured woods like mahogany or satin wood, because the shadows in carving assimilate well with the general colour. The coolness of the shadow in richer woods is inharmonious.

The practice of staining woods in the direction of mellowing the natural colour is justifiable for good colour effect, providing the character of the wood is not lost.

With the foregoing preliminary notes we will conclude this article by remarking, first, that the colour of a well-arranged interior is what first impresses us; and next, that all good colour is a matter of relation, and sympathetic with its conditions, such as the purpose of the room, outlook, and quality of light. The recent low-toned wave of colour was a great advance on that which preceded it, but there was too often timidity and fustiness. Then the rebound towards purer tints followed, but these could only be seen at their best in bright apartments in artificial light.

The quality of the daylight at those times of the year when our homes are most required is greyish or neutral, and, therefore, the basis of all colour mixtures should be the opposite or complementary tint of yellow, corresponding to sunlight, but for assimilation of tone a perceptible amount of grey is necessary as well. Given warmth of tint and assimilation of tone, tint being the blend of colours, and tone the gradation between lightness and darkness, the next point is the idea of contrast. This, in a very elementary way of putting it, is two to one; that is, of the three primary colours take one, say red, and oppose to it a mixture of the other two, which gives green. With tint and tone restful harmonies of a wide range are obtainable, and by the judicious introduction among these of complementary colours, a more stimulating and pleasing scheme can be achieved. These remarks apply with special force in determining the distribution of colours between one room and another.

WM. SCOTT MORTON.

(To be continued.)



An Artistic Attic.

Frank Bramley

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.

In the Collection of George McCallum, Esq







*An Albanian Home.*  
By P. Joannowitz.

## THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.\*

'FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.' BY F. BRAMLEY, A.R.A. 'THE BANK OF ENGLAND.'  
BY W. LOGSDAIL, AND OTHERS.

A MONG the many pictures which, in Mr. McCulloch's collection, illustrate subjects taken from the life of to-day, the one which makes perhaps the strongest

\* Continued from page 58.

appeal to popular sympathies is Mr. Frank Bramley's 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' of which we print a large reproduction. It happens to present just the combination of qualities which is always at-



*Orpheus and Eurydice.*  
By Tom Graham.

tractive to the very large section of the public that responds most willingly to pathetic suggestion. The incident with which it deals, the funeral of a little child, is practically of universal interest; and the manner in which the pictorial motive is realised and made intelligible is excellently calculated to fix the attention of the observer. For one thing there is a definite agreement between the subject and the method of its interpretation, an agreement which is not merely confined to technicalities, but which makes itself felt as well in the whole atmosphere of the picture. The minor key which befits the subject is carried into the colour scheme and the tone arrangement. A gentle sadness, a pathetic reserve, pervade the whole canvas, and everything in it is subdued almost to a monotone of grey. No note of strong colour obtrudes, no suggestion of contrast between light and dark is used to accentuate the story. The entire effect is, on the contrary, kept studiously from being dramatic.

It is, perhaps, this absence of melodrama which is at first sight the most noticeable quality of Mr. Bramley's composition. He has simply taken a scene from the everyday life of the people with whom, by daily contact, he has become acquainted, and he has painted this scene with more attention to pure realism than to rules of pictorial effect. He has idealised nothing, and has striven not at all to complicate his simple motive by adding details designed to point a moral. He has depended solely upon the pathos of an incident which is common to every class of society, an incident which requires no explanation and needs nothing but gentle and serious treatment. The mood in which he has dealt with it is sincere and respectful; and although the personality of the various individuals in the painted group is in each case clearly defined, he has made no effort to attract popular notice by curious contrasts of types. He has been consistent and judicious, and his consistency is seen even in the manner in which he has connected the subject with its setting. The colour scheme in which he has worked is a quiet gradation of silvery tones ranging from ashy black to greyish white, and relieved only by the subdued yellows and greens of the flowers carried by the children and

wreathed round the coffin. Even the sky and sea take on the same grey tone, and are sad with a kind of autumnal melancholy, with that air of quiet mournfulness which marks the approach of the storm and stress of winter. Whether or not in such a work the artist satisfies the demands of those thinkers who plead that art has no concern with melancholy, and that its only function is to please by its gaiety and to attract by its bright expression of the lighter aspect of life, it is impossible to deny to Mr. Bramley the credit of having treated appropriately a subject that has appealed to him as paintable; and he is to be praised for the really artistic reserve that he has shown in a canvas that with less discretion might easily have been made insincere and unconvincing.

There is a curious contrast to this dominating sadness in the sparkle and bright artificiality of Professor Sorbi's 'Blind Man's Buff.' There is no suggestion in his work that life has a serious side. His world is a sunny place where youths and maidens, and even people who have arrived at years of discretion, disport themselves in the fullest enjoyment of the present. No sign of care or trouble mars their frank joy of life, they are concerned only with amusing themselves, and they throw themselves heart and soul into the work of getting as much pleasure as they can out of existence. Of course, the realistic presentation of things as they are has no place in such art as this, and with wisdom, therefore, the artist has made no attempt to attach his characters to a century in which everyone is willingly, or unwillingly, reduced to a condition of colourless sobriety. He reverts, instead, to a period when gaiety of manners was reflected in brilliancy of costume, when people wore bright colours and dressed themselves in garments of picturesque shape; and thereby he ensures for his canvases the chromatic variety and the quaint effect which he regards as essential for the proper



*Playmates.*  
By Miss M. L. Gow.

expression of his pictorial purpose. In 'Blind Man's Buff,' he by no means pretends to have any moral or educational mission to fulfil. He is concerned only with a kind of butterfly world, and his characters are as happily irresponsible as the winged things which have

no other thought than to sip their fill of sweets during the few brief hours of their careless existence.

If the human beings in Professor Sorbi's pictures are to be compared to butterflies, it is equally possible to regard those whom Mr. Logsdail paints as busy working bees. There is certainly a suggestion of the hum of a crowded hive in his representation of 'The Bank of England,' printed here as a separate plate. It is a view of a particular point where the teeming life of the greatest city in the world is to be studied in its most extraordinary aspect. Hardly any other spot in London could be found to express as fully the amazing activity of the metropolis. The ebb and flow of that stupendous flood of humanity which surges hourly through the streets of the City is shown in its wildest turmoil. The converging streams of traffic, which turn the open space dominated by the Bank, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House, into a dangerous whirlpool, are represented at their most perplexing pitch of congestion; and the canvas reproduces with indisputable fidelity the din and bustle of the scene. It is, pictorially, a wonderful achievement; for the artist, resisting every temptation to have recourse to merely suggestive generalisation, has been at pains to make his picture a collection of recognisable types. Faces, figures, animals, even the vehicles involved apparently in inextricable confusion, are realised exactly and are given their separate individuality and character. Yet the effect of the crowd as a whole is not lost. Everything keeps its right place in the design, and the whole arrangement is orderly and consistent. To have reduced into proper coherence and relation such an apparently excessive amount of material is an artistic triumph.

Something of the vivid reality of the picture is doubtless to be ascribed to the fact that Mr. Logsdail has chosen to render the effect of a summer sun upon the grimy City buildings. He has avoided the conventional gloom and mist which pervade painted London almost as constantly as they do the streets themselves. He has preferred a rarer aspect, the brilliant exception which proves the dismal rule, and for so doing he deserves hearty thanks. We need no canvas to remind us of the depressing twilight which is more often than not the bane of our waking hours; it is pleasanter to remember the fleeting moments when the sun shines, even in London, with almost Venetian brilliancy, and brings into our grey streets touches of unexpected colour, giving, despite the grime, opportunities to the painter who is seeking for something more than arrangements in smoke. So in his 'Bank of England' Mr. Logsdail has taken advantage of

an atmospheric condition which has made possible the grouping together of a crowd that sparkles with bright hues; and he has set as a background to feminine



*The Witch.*

By Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

summer dresses the sunlit portico of the Royal Exchange. He, beyond doubt, complicated his pictorial problem thereby, but by this very addition to his difficulties he has made his success more definite and unquestionable.

In London, too, has been found the motive for another picture which is to be reckoned among the attractions of Mr. McCulloch's collection. Mr. T. Graham's 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' for all its classicality of title, is but a study of the modern life of the metropolis, a little drama of the streets. The beguiling Orpheus is a musically-inclined youth, whose daily avocation is probably of an unpoetic nature, and the Eurydice whom he has fascinated evidently spends her days behind a counter, or in ministering to the wants of commonplace humanity in some cheap eating-house. Mr. Graham suggests that even in such lives there may be idyllic moments, and that there are occasions of compensation for hours of sordid labour. The suggestion is made daintily and with a surprising amount of poetic feeling; and the picture is not without a touch of pathos emphasised and accentuated by the commonplace of the subject. There is dignity, too, in the treatment, in the technical skill with which the scene is handled, and in the breadth and simplicity with which the night effect is realised. The river background, with the dimly-suggested bridges and buildings on the banks, and with many-coloured lights reflected in the dark water, is admirably reserved; and the manner in which the figures take their place in the pictorial scheme is well considered. The characterisation, too, and the contrast of expression in the faces of the East-End Orpheus and the eating-house Eurydice, are eminently

true without being exaggerated. He is, perhaps, too obviously cunning, too clearly convinced of his power to attract, she too weakly affectionate and demonstratively admiring; but, after all, they are both moderns, and classic absence of emotion would hardly have seemed appropriate to such a couple. Where is the Hades for which she is destined Mr. Graham leaves to the imagination; perhaps it is the dark river beside which her Orpheus is leading her, perhaps the dull life which she has forgotten for a brief space, but to which she must return only too soon. The story is all the better for being left uncompleted.

The change from the 'Orpheus and Eurydice' to Miss Gow's 'Playmates' is like a step into another world. Both are pictures of a moment, but to the first there is a serious side, while the other is but an accent in a life which is free from cares. The laughing girls in Miss Gow's fascinating little water-colour live in the lap of luxury. They know nothing of daily toil, and the struggle for existence has no terrors for them. They are delightful because their healthy enjoyment of the present is like a gleam of bright sunshine, clearing the sky and lighting up the whole face of nature. Art of this kind, though it has, perhaps, no deep intention, is eminently pleasant, because it exemplifies so well the Horatian maxim concerning the charm of occasional frivolity. It comes as a relief from too much seriousness.

A family group of another kind is seen in M. P. Joannowitz's 'Albanian Home.' There is nothing of luxury in the surroundings of this household, not much, indeed, of comfort as we understand it; yet there is no suggestion of squalor or poverty about the room in which the picturesque peasant family is gathered together. Everything is solid and substantial, arranged for use rather than show, and bearing the marks of respectable antiquity. The one touch of gaiety is in the dresses of the people themselves. The richly embroidered jackets of the men, the loose, flowing robes of the child and her attendant, enliven the scene with welcome variety, and give an effect of quaintness to the picture. The artist

has been happy in his rendering of character, and has drawn and arranged his groups with skill and good judgment, so that his work is to be praised for its completeness. It is sound, perhaps a little matter of fact, but it is thoroughly representative, in its qualities and manner, of the school to which it belongs, a school which depends for its success upon sincere workmanship rather than vivacity of touch or technical suggestion.

'The Witch,' by Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, illustrates a very different choice of pictorial material. Her subject is a modern one in the sense that by the costumes of the two characters who tell the story the present day is pointed out as the period in which the action of the picture takes place; but in sentiment the whole of the incident belongs essentially to the past. It returns, that is to say, to the darker ages when superstition and belief in occult influences were still powerful to influence the popular conviction. Really the picture is not to be taken seriously as a study of the manners of this century; it is rather a piece of imaginative invention in no way depending for its meaning upon any connection with the life around us. It is fanciful and quaint, and it gains in interest by the fact that it makes no pretence of being either didactic or literal. We can best regard it as a painted fiction, an illustration of a legend which has hardly any foundation in actual incident and yet interests us because of its improbability. In her treatment of the canvas the artist has not allowed her fancy to run riot. She has given to her work an air of conviction by serious attention to facts. Her witch is not a character from a Brocken revel, but a merely commonplace old woman; the girl whose attitude of alarm explains the title, is an ordinary country lass of sturdy proportions, but with a mind evidently less vigorous than her body; the wood in which the two have met is no haunted grove, but a pretty copse overgrown with wild flowers. The very simplicity of the whole thing seems to increase its meaning; where so much is familiar, what is left to be imagined acquires importance by contrast.

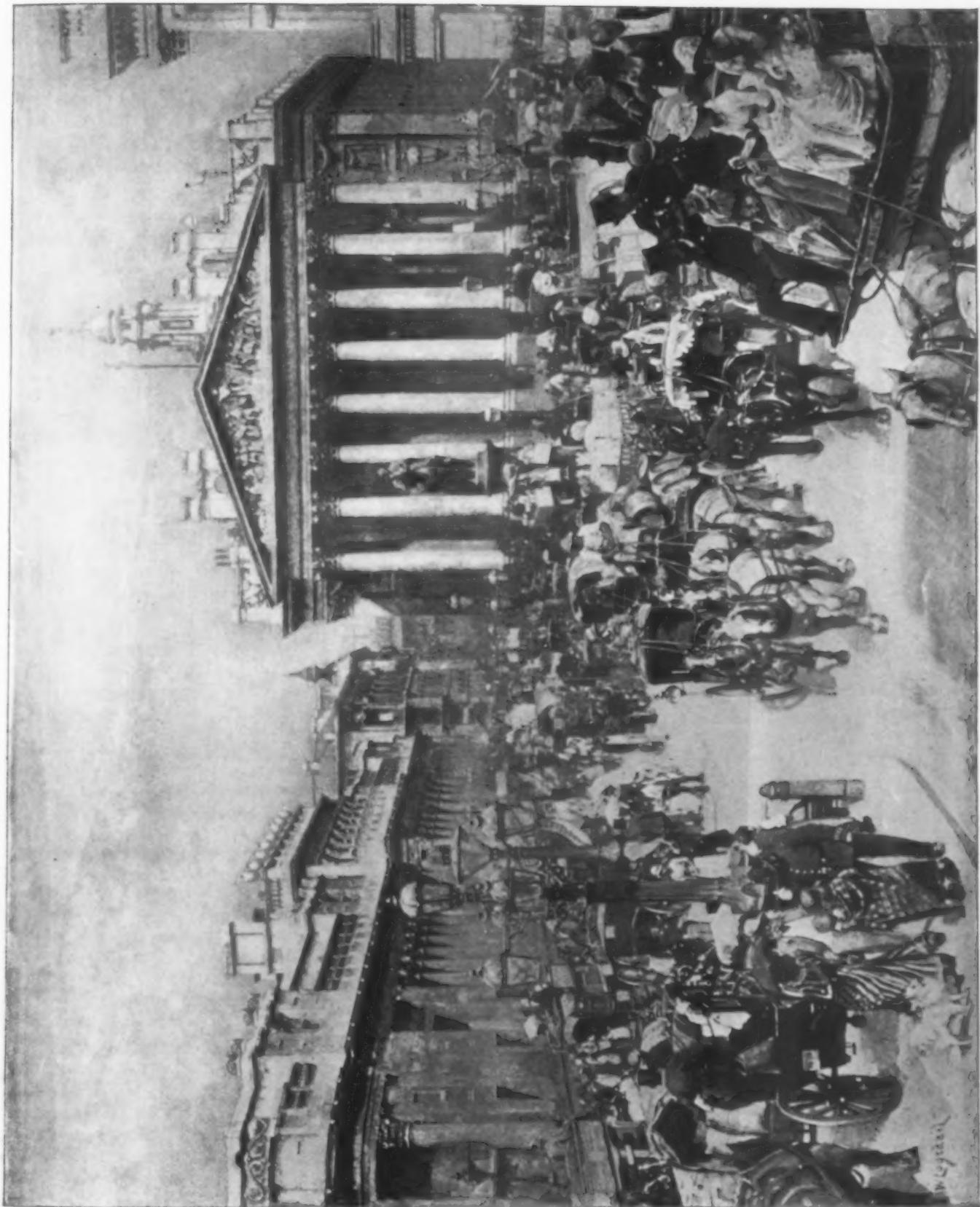
A. L. BALDRY.



*Blind Man's Buff.*  
By R. Sorbi.

*W. Longsdail.*

THE BANK OF ENGLAND,  
BY W. LONGSDAIL.  
*Institute Collection of George McCallum, Esq.*







*Loch Lenevean. From a Drawing by John MacWhirter, R.A.*

## GLEN AFFRIC.

WITH DRAWINGS BY JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

FAR away to the west of Beauly, in the very heart of Inverness-shire, lies a land of enchantment which for many years has been annually made known to multitudes of southern eyes by the facile brush of Mr. MacWhirter. All his delightful presentations of the varied charms of the silver birch in her native home come from distant Glen Affric.

Scotland owes more than can be measured in words to Sir Walter Scott for introducing her treasures of scenery to English admirers, for throwing the halo of romance over her glens and mountains, and for making two kindred peoples, previously suspicious, thoroughly understand and appreciate each other. But it was the southern part of the Highlands that the Wizard of the North knew best, and over that he cast his wand. The northern districts were then far less accessible than now, and, except along the tracks of coach, railway and steamer, or to sportsmen or experts in Highland exploration, remained for many years but little known. It was not till long after the Skye Railway passed within fifteen miles of its head, for instance, that the glories of Loch Maree achieved a reputation equal to that of the familiar Loch Lomond; and there are scores of lochs, glens, passes, mountains, and scenes not less beautiful than

1897.



*Waterfall, Glen Cannich. From a Drawing by John MacWhirter, R.A.*



*Affaric Waters.*

*From a Drawing by John MacWhirter, R.A.*

those that the pen of Scott celebrated, which are but scantily visited. The splendours of the Highlands are in this respect somewhat like artistic beauty; if it is recognised, it is run after and praised by all; if it has not been talked of, it remains neglected. But Scotland will never lack a succession of fresh interpreters. Such writers as William Black, such painters as Mr. MacWhirter, are educating us to new appreciations of the purest and most ideal loveliness.

One of these newer discoveries is Glen Affaric. I had heard long ago from an enthusiastic relative, a life-long student of the Highlands, that three of the finest districts in Scotland were Strath Glass, Strath Farrar, and Glen Affaric. But it was only last year that I at length accomplished the wonderful drive through the territory of The Chisholm.

The Falls of Kilmōrack are of course known, where the broad Beauly River (which takes higher up the name of Glas and Affaric), foams over a rocky weir between frowning cliffs of Old Red sandstone. From here the magnificent defile of the Dhuim (which you pronounce Dream), where the waters run through miles of precipices and detached masses of rock called Stacks, leads to the fairyland beyond. We must not delay over Eilean Aigas, a wooded and ferny isle, where the Lady of Shalott might herself have lived; nor Erchless Castle, the feudal home of the Chisholms; nor the holy well of St. Ignatius, which reminds us that this region is peopled chiefly by Roman Catholics, to whom the Reformation never penetrated; nor at Struy Lodge, dear to sportsmen, in its beautiful valley at the opening of Strath

Farrar, which has its own seductive drive to Loch Morar. It is further up to the west, at Invercannich, where we have risen, in the seventeen miles from Beauly, more than two hundred feet above the sea-level, that the most characteristic scenery begins. From Glen Cannich itself, which rises away to the north-west, Mr. MacWhirter has given us a charming waterfall picture. As we ascend to the south-west up Glen Affaric, broad Strath Glass continues to the south and becomes the centre of the Forest of Guisachan, another region of exquisite beauty, where the wild Highland life of a century ago has given place to civilisation and improvement in the generous hands of the two Lords Tweedmouth, father and son, from Berwickshire. Guisachan House and the model village of Tōmich are both conspicuous examples of what wealth and taste can add to natural attractions. One of Mr. MacWhirter's pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1895, illustrated a scene in this deer-forest. A Scots Fir, many centuries old, a relic of the great primæval woods of Scotland, stands up in the foreground, wearied with age, twisted by a thousand storms, and blasted with lightning. It speaks of the days when the untamed Chisholms lived by hunting and fishing, or raided the neighbouring clans. The heathery ground slopes off to the right into a deep wood-clad glen, with the majestic slopes of the hills in varied lines and tones of blue and purple beyond. To the left a few deer remind us of the prosperity and employment which the modern use of the Highlands, as the playground of Great Britain, have brought to the inhabitants of these wild and beautiful valleys.



*Loch Affric.  
From a Drawing by John MacWhirter, R.A.*

Turning away from Guisachan, the road up Glen Affric begins to ascend steeply behind Fasnakyle House and through the skirts of Fasnakyle Forest. This is the real home of the silver birch, and it is here that Mr. MacWhirter has made some of his most delightful pictures. Birches there are by thousands and tens of thousands, raising their graceful queenly heads in every variety of slender charm, young or old, slight or majestic, up and down the slopes. One of the characteristics of the region is that they stand separate, or in single groups of two and three, rearing their beautiful silver stems from a delicious carpet of moss, bracken, and sweet-scented mountain fern, which grows in masses all about, and scents the air. Every tree is a picture, with its garden-like foreground, and its distant glimpses of river, loch, and hill. It is difficult to say whether they are more attractive in spring, when they scatter their tender green lacework of leaflets on the brilliant blue of the sky, or in rich-toned autumn when they shine like veritable showers of gold arrested in mid-air.

Readers of Clough will remember a wonderful description of the latter effect in the "Bothie of Toberna-voirlich." Few visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1895 will have forgotten 'Beauty and the Beast,' where Mr. MacWhirter has contrasted to the airy, delicate, gracious birch, the old, thick, dead, stunted trunk, with broken boughs and blasted head, which seems to stand by in hopeless admiration. The drivers, who take the

keenest interest in Mr. MacWhirter's proceedings, never fail to point out this striking pair. And from the 1896 exhibition you will have carried away, from 'Golden October,' a living presentment of the glowing words of Clough.

In the present series of sketches we have an exquisite group from The Chisholm's Pass. All is grace and peace on these lovely lawns, but far below the river is heard thundering through its narrow defile over the Badger Falls.

The Chisholm's Pass is three miles long, and surpasses anything else I know in Scotland in its combination of the loveliest woodland glory with the sublime grandeur of the mountains. Above the feathery slopes of the woods far away soar the lofty crests of Scuir-na-La-paich (3401 feet) and Mam Soul (Mam Sodhail, 3862 feet, one of the highest peaks in Scotland), which thenceforth become dominant features in the landscape. In the middle of this pass, but far below the road, are the Dog Falls, of which Mr. MacWhirter has here given us a



*Above the Dog Falls, Glen Affric  
From a Drawing by John MacWhirter, R.A.*

sketch. Vast volumes of clear golden-brown water boil and burst through a deep narrow channel, walled by dark, steep cliffs, hung with Scots fir and birch.

There is another view of Affric Waters, higher up, where the stream is broader, the cliffs less high and frowning, and where the further landscape forms a wider background. The rush is still tremendous, especially on such a day as this, when there has been a spate, and all the great mountains up to Ben Attow himself (Ben Fhada, 3382 feet), have been pouring down their streams

to make the mighty sweep and swirl that we see before us. At the end of the Pass, to the varied splendours of which the pen of Scott himself would find it difficult to do full justice, almost bewildering the eye by the profusion of their richness, we emerge on the fascinating Loch Beneveian (Beinn-a-Mheadhoin), where we are more than 700 feet above the sea-level. It is three-and-a-half miles long, surrounded by mountains—its own mountain, of the same name, under which we pass, is 2003 feet high—woods, gem-like lawns, tree-clad promontories, and here and there little rocky headlands. Of this fair water, close along the margin of which the road passes, Mr. MacWhirter gives us a reminiscence.

Three miles further on, past clear brimming river and wooded banks, we come to the end of our pilgrimage, the unrivalled beauty of Loch Affaric itself. It is only of the same length as its sister, Loch Beneveian; but its loveliness is simply glorious. Its level is 744 feet above the sea.

As we approach it, we see that its nearer end is closed by a wooded promontory, on which stands the shooting lodge, a modern turreted house of stone and slate in the Scots style, probably unsurpassed in situation by any lodge in Scotland. As we pass through the grounds we shall probably see one or two Highland stalkers and ghillies about, lithe, spare, and active, models of speed and agility, in kilt or Harris tweed. We pass by a wooden bridge over the Affaric River to the left, and then the full marvel of the scene bursts upon us. In front, the

lovely mirror of water, reflecting every hue of hill and sky. To the right, Scuir-na-Lapaich and Mam Soul, towering with their backs over the loch, but bending their heads to the north. To the left, Carn-nar-Calman (2167 feet),

Carn - Glas -  
Lochdarach  
(2330), Carn-a-  
Choire-Chairbh  
(2827), and  
Scuir-nan-Ceathram  
(3614). But away to the  
far west are the  
romantic peaks  
of the Seven  
Sisters of Loch  
Alsh, or the  
mountains of  
Kintail, above  
Loch Duich and  
Loch Alsh, which you see  
when you look  
westwards from  
Skye.

These form the  
principal feature of the  
magnificent view from the  
heights above far Balmacarra,  
near Stromeferry. Thus  
from point to point is the  
beloved land of the Gael linked  
together, and we piece our  
bits of knowledge of it one  
to another and get some faint  
and dim notion of the inex-  
haustible interest of the  
whole.

Mr. MacWhirter's sketch of  
Loch Affaric is from the slopes  
of Scuir-na-Lapaich to the  
north, and looks towards the  
mountains with the difficult

Gaelic names which I have mentioned on the south, and towards Ben Attow and the peaks of Loch Alsh and Kintail to the far west.

I have long delighted in Mr. MacWhirter's pictures, and I feel it a distinguished privilege to describe, however briefly and imperfectly, the enchanting region to which he has devoted himself to the great advantage of all true lovers of British scenery.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR,  
Archdeacon of London.



*Coast Scene.*

By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

## A NORTHERN HOME.\*

### III.—THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPES.

DISTINGUISHED as it is in portrait-painting, the British School holds a still more commanding

scape the rival attractions of the classical and of the familiar (the Italian and the Dutch) swayed them alternately. Both of these movements had long passed their prime. It was distinctly a period of "decadence" in all arts, and in none more than that of landscape. But gradually this art took new life from nature, was indeed reborn in England. Gainsborough among oil painters, Paul Sandby among the water-colourists, may be said to have begun it, and their great contemporary, Richard Wilson, although he clung to the classical tradition, aided it. He strove to invest nature with the dignified poetry of Claude, but he painted his native Wales with real love and fidelity; he studied the mountains and vales for their own sakes, and depicted them with a skill and an exquisite sense of atmosphere and colour which were purely his own and have scarcely been excelled by any artist. His conventionality was that of style only, and the style was a noble one.

To one of our collector's examples of



*Gibraltar Watering-place.*

By Old Crome.

position in regard to modern landscape. It started at the middle of the eighteenth century with a double tradition. The tradition of the French and Italian classical schools, the schools of Claude, the Poussins and Salvator Rosa on the one hand, and that of the Flemish and Dutch familiar schools on the other. The latter were the most potent in the development of Landscape Art in England, which is the father of all later Art of this description. In the works of Rubens and Van Goyen, of Ruysdael and Hobbema, the true spirit of the new landscape was first shown, a spirit of simple fidelity inspired by affectionate familiarity with the local character of the artist's own land. When the artists of this country first turned their serious attention to Land-

\* Continued from page 37.



*The Sow and her Family.*

By James Ward, R.A.

this great master I have already referred in my first article, as a decorative feature of the morning-room, and as "a low-toned but very luminous view of the Falls of Tivoli worthily encased in a stately Georgian frame."

Another hangs on the staircase and is an excellent replica of one of his most famous pictures, "The Ruins of the Villa of Maecenas, at Tivoli," painted for Sir George Beaumont and presented by him to the National Gallery in 1826. On the opposite wall to this picture hangs another, which is a fine example of a much later master who in his earlier time was greatly influenced by Wilson. This was Henry Dawson of Nottingham, a landscape painter who, though following Wilson at first and Turner afterwards, was a man of much original genius and a fine colourist, as this golden stretch of English country sufficiently shows.

Of Turner, the collection possesses no example which rivals in importance the larger Wilson, but it has three very interesting pictures by this greatest of all landscape

painters. One of these is a beautiful early view of a moorland country, the sky of which is spanned by a rainbow. It belongs to a time when he was very reticent in his use of colour, and the rainbow has little of that prismatic brilliance which he afterwards realised so forcibly, as, for example, in one of his water-colour drawings of Arundel; but its soft arch of illuminated vapour is rendered with remarkable skill, and the whole picture is a luminous harmony of tender tones. In complete contrast to this is a slight but masterly sketch for his celebrated pictures of the burning of the Houses of Parliament, 16th of October, 1834. This was a subject which attracted him greatly, for we find he exhibited two pictures of it in 1835, one at the Royal Academy and the other at the British Institution, and followed them up with a 'Fire at the House of Lords,' at the latter gallery in 1836. The picture by Turner, 'Coast Scene,' which we reproduce as our headpiece, is probably the earliest of the three.



*Homeward Bound.*  
By J. S. Cotman.



*Dedham Mill.*  
By John Constable, R.A.

The subject is of a class with which he made some of his earliest successes at the Royal Academy. He commenced, indeed, with architectural subjects, which he treated with a skill which soon drew attention, but it was his pictures of the shore and the sea and fishermen that first betrayed the possession of distinctly original powers. This little picture may be regarded as the forerunner of the great 'Sun rising through Vapour—Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish' (1807), which Turner left to the nation on the condition that it and 'Dido building Carthage' should be hung between the great Bouillon Claudes. As a com-

ling landscape with its deep blue sky peeping through masses of curd-white cumulus, this faithful portrait of his father's mill at Dedham, with its poplars and other trees accurately drawn against the sky, with its barges and boats and river, and scarce less familiar figures, just as he had often seen them on a bright morning in his youth.

The "Norwich School," if not profusely, is yet strongly represented in this Edinburgh collection by noble examples of "Old" Crome and Cotman. Besides a small but interesting picture by Crome, he possesses another, which, if not the masterpiece, is at least one of



*Cottagers.*  
By Geo. Morland.

parison with this we also reproduce an early example of Constable, which is the freshest and most thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Sanderson's examples of this master. None who ever lived could have painted this picture except Constable, and he could only have done so in the fresh inspiration of his new manner; when, after having served what may be called his apprenticeship to Hobbema and Ruysdael, he struck out a bold line for himself, discarding absolutely all traditional methods of composition and technique, and determined to paint nature just as he saw her with colours that matched as nearly as possible her own; determining also to paint those effects which pleased him most, the noon sunlight and the shower, or the soft glitter of dew on the grass at morn, although he could find no examples in earlier Art to guide him. It was in such a frame of mind that he produced this spark-

the finest pictures ever painted by this thoroughly English artist. It is well known by its title of 'The Gibraltar Watering-place, Back River, Norwich' (and we print a small block of it). It would be difficult to find another composition in which so impressive an effect is produced out of such simple materials. A piece of water, fringed with trees, a grey sky, some rough palings running down to the water, and a rough water-gate reflected in it, these are practically the items by which the effect is produced, and out of these it is the reflection which counts for most. To paint like Hobbema was Crome's greatest desire, and he died with this master's well-loved name upon his lips. He did not know that he was a greater artist than even Hobbema, or that the 'Gibraltar Watering-place' was grander than anything produced by this excellent Dutchman. He was, however, conscious

of the dignity of his aim, if not convinced that he had attained it. "John, my boy," he said on his death-bed to his eldest son, "paint, but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it." As he recommended his son to do with a pigsty, he has done here with the palings of the 'Gibraltar Watering-place.' This picture was lent to the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery by Mr. W. Lewis, in the winter of 1889.

Not only dignity, but a splendid and solemn poetry, breathes from the magnificent sketch (for it is little more) in which John Sell Colman has drawn us a full-

sonal that one who knows them thoroughly is not easily deceived. The Morlands in this collection are unimpeachable, and comprise, in addition to these two larger works, two little ones of the finest quality, which are known by the *sobriquets* of the Reynolds and the Gainsborough Morlands from their similarity in style respectively to these artists. The subject of the "Gainsborough" Morland is 'Black-Eyed Susan.' Both the larger pictures, 'Cottagers,' and 'The Ale-house Door,' belong to what may be called his second period, when he had ceased to paint pictures of what was then styled "genteel"



*The Ale-house Door.*  
By Geo. Morland.

rigged ship, 'Homeward Bound,' scudding under light sail before the remnants of a gale. Her hull shows almost black against the ragged sunset, and the gulls skim over the darkening waves. Save Turner himself, or that Henry Dawson of whom I have spoken, I know no other artist who could inspire such a scene with such power and pathos.

Our prints also comprise two capital examples of Morland, another painter to whom it would be difficult to find a rival in his own special *genre*. No man's work has been so pirated, and the market is still full of spurious pictures passing under his celebrated name. At one time of his life he was kept by a dealer who used to have his works copied day by day as they progressed towards completion. In spite, however, of all this elaborate counterfeiting, Morland's touch and colour were so per-

society, and confined himself principally to scenes of peasant life, but before the ravages of excessive dissipation had impaired the quality of his work, work which, nevertheless, in spite of all, remained masterly to the last. Nothing can well exceed the naturalness and simplicity with which these two rustic scenes are placed upon the canvas.

'The Ale-house Door' presents a subject with which he was far too familiar; but it is only justice to Morland to say that he seldom or never allowed his low habits to encroach upon his innate sense of what was wholesome and graceful and pure. The charms of health and beauty retained their hold upon his art to the last, and he resisted the temptation (except on very rare occasions) to make it the reflector of grossness or immorality. Both these pictures are full of delight in the simplest of

pleasures, in the love of home and country, of children and animals. There are few heartier, healthier pictures of rural family life than that shown to us in the 'Cottagers.' It represents a domestic paradise, from which the artist had expelled himself by his own faults and follies. And that reminds me that his much-wronged wife was the

sister of James Ward, his only contemporary rival as a painter of animals. Of this admirable artist, whose reputation, high as it has risen, is still scarcely as high as it deserves to be, Mr. Sanderson possesses a good example in 'The Sow and her Family,' reproduced on a preceding page.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## ANGELICA KAUFFMANN AND JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BY MISS MARGARET DICKSEE.

LOOKING at Miss Dicksee's charming picture, we are carried back in thought to that world of powder and patches, of scarlet heels and high heads, of sacques and minuets, of pretty naughtinesses and terrible wickedness—that world of the last century which, despite its iniquities, holds a charm the present will never possess.

Here we are in the studio of the great portrait-painter, Sir Joshua (then Mr.) Reynolds. We can fix the very day, the 10th July, 1766, the month and year when Princess Caroline Matilde, poor unhappy lady, was wedded to Christian, King of Denmark. London is full to overflowing, but here in quiet little Leicester Square all is tranquil. One carriage only stands at the artist's door; it has brought the two ladies we see, a matron and a young girl. They have an introduction from my Lord Marquis of Exeter, one of the largest patrons and worst judges of Art in England; and Mr. Joshua, who dearly loves a lord, is hat-in-hand to my Lady Wentworth and her protégée the young artist, Angelica Kauffmann.

Poor Angelica! most unhappy of all unhappy women. Who can read her story without tender compassion for her blighted life and wasted hopes? This day, however, there is no trace of the shadow that is to fall upon the girl's young life. Her face, all sunny and smiling, turns towards the Maestro as he expounds the picture on the easel—a sunny, bright, girlish face; no shadow here of the shame and the sorrow in store for this young and gifted creature. It is more the face and air of "Miss Angel" that we have here, a little "mutin" face, obstinate rather, but tender and sweet, and with a certain coquetry in the air and manner.

Angelica was a coquette all her lifetime. She had lovers in her old age, while in her youth her path was strewn with the victims to her charms. That she wished to captivate Sir Joshua there can be no doubt; that she did so to a certain extent is equally certain. Sir Joshua, having weathered many a siege, was not likely to be caught by even Angelica's fascination and apparent simplicity. His mention of her in his private diaries shows, however, great kindness towards her, as well as some underlying and undoubtedly tender feeling, as when he says *Tiori*, as if to remind himself to send her a posy. There is no reason whatever to suppose he went beyond such trifling attentions, neither would it be likely that Angelica would have concealed it, had he ever made her a definite offer of marriage. She mentions him in her letters to her father continually: "He is one of my best, my kindest friends, and is never done praising me to everyone. As a proof of his admiration for me, he has asked me to sit for my picture to him, and in return I am to paint his."

Angelica's biographer, Rossi (no doubt informed by her friends), is persuaded that Reynolds held a deep

admiration for Angelica's talent and entertained for her a far more tender feeling than mere admiration. This opinion has been adopted by all German biographers, as well as novelists. They cling to the notion that Reynolds was refused by their countrywoman. Miss Thackeray, in her delightful story, makes the master go on his knees to a "Miss Angel," a girl young enough to be his daughter. But this is the license of a story-teller, and has no real substantiation in fact. Some German writers, notably Steinberg, accuse Reynolds of the meanness of being jealous of his girl rival. "Previous to her arrival in England," writes Steinberg, "Reynolds had been the oracle in matters of art, and finding himself now placed in a secondary position, he revenged himself by pouring words of false praise into her ear, which the simple girl, who did not know the world, took for gospel truth." He adds that, "The old fox, Joseph Kauffmann, her father, who knew well what a rival's praise meant, warned his child against Reynolds." This accusation is simply ridiculous, but a worse one was put forward by the same writer after the miserable *dénouement* of Angelica's miserable marriage with Horn. "*Le Manuel des curieux et des beaux-arts*," says Steinberg, "does not mention names, but asserts a conspiracy that was set on foot in London to bring the German girl to irreparable disaster, and from other sources there is not a shadow of doubt that the conspiracy was planned by Reynolds."

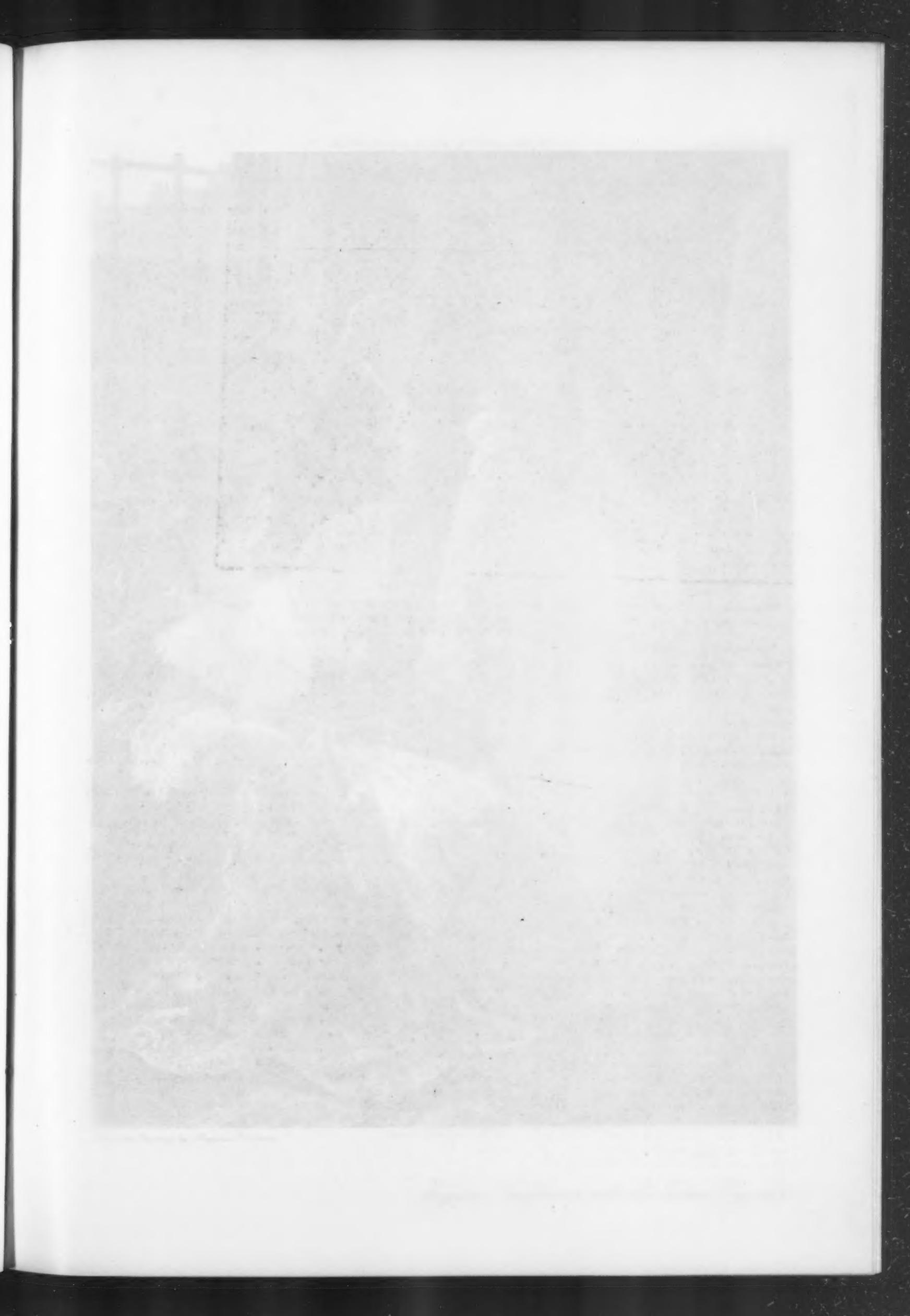
Putting aside altogether the high character borne by our great painter, which would in itself make such a plot impossible, the continuation of a close friendship between Angelica and Sir Joshua makes the whole story incredible. We find him all through heaping kindnesses and favours upon her, while from the time of her misfortune they seemed drawn closer together.

We have wandered a long way from our original starting point, and have only now to draw attention to the delicacy and charm of Miss Margaret Dicksee's production. To her it seems to have been a labour of love, for she, like all of us, loves Miss Thackeray's "Miss Angel."

We know the date when this visit to Reynolds' studio took place, from a letter to her father, dated July 12, 1766, wherein Angelica writes: "I have been to visit several studios, but there is none to compare with that of Mr. Reynolds'. He has a peculiar method; he has a *light pencil* (*penello volante*) which produces a wonderful effect in light and shade."

The other lady in the picture (she of the big hat and equally big fan) is Lady Wentworth, who was daughter to Ralph Milbanke and wife to Sir Butler Cavendish Wentworth.

FRANCES GERARD.



blessings, in the lives of home and country, of children and parents. There are few better, healthier pictures of real family life than that shown to us in the "Cottage." It represents a domestic paradise, from which the son had expelled himself by his own faults and follies. And that reminds me that he with whom we saw the

general James Ward, the only contemporary and very painter of fossils. In this admirable artist's whole reputation, though it is known, it still stands on high as a theorem to be. Mr. Newcome, however, gives a good example in "The Son and Family," reproduced on a preceding page.

Carrie Bonham-Carter.

## ANGELICA KAUFFMANN AND JOSHUA REYNOLDS

— IN ANOTHER RECENT DISCUSSION.

LOOKING AT Miss Dickie's charming picture, we are invited back to daylight to get a word of powder and paint, or snuff, here and there, marks of snuff and smokes of pipe, so lightened and simple worked into that picture of the flat country which drags its loquacity, holds a charm the greater still when painted. There we are in the studio of the great portrait-painter, who fancies them May Reynolds. We are for the very day, the 10th July, one the models and poor girls Princess Caroline Matilda, poor angel, like her, was wedded to Christian, King of Denmark. Joshua is full to overflowing, but here is quiet little talkative almost all in tranquillity. One marriage only stands at the altar—does it bring together the two old women, a widow and a young girl. They have no shadowing from old Lord Mansfield of Easter, one of the greatest patrician and royal judges of Art in England, and Mr. Joshua, who truly deserves that, is left so hard to say Lady Westmarch and her politeness the young artist, Angelica, softness.

Poor Angelica, most unhappy of all unhappy women, who can read her story without tender commiseration for her blighted life and waded hopes? This day, however, there is no shade of the shadow that is to fall upon the god's young man, her face all sunny and smiling, turns towards the master-as-for now to receive the picture on the easel, a sunny, bright, girlish face, no shadow here in the shade, like the shadow of love for the young and glided shadows, like the sun in the sky and the "May Angel." What we have here, is with "softness" here, oblivious of the past tender and always, and with a certain mystery in the smile alone.

Angelica goes to work at the studio, she and Joshua in her soft cap, the youth her path well drawn with the softest pencil. But she writes to say to him, "Sir Joshua, you are so kind, that I did not on so often extend a visit to you, the godlike, having jealousy, envy, & anger, as when we be caught by true Angelica's fascination, — a woman of simplicity. His mention of her as his person, as a woman, however, great affluence towards her, as a woman, interesting, and so unfriendly tender feeling, as when he says, "Her, as if he could himself be said her man. There is no reason whether to suppose, he went because such trifling attractions, neither worth it to likely that Angelica would have concealed it, had he ever made any definite offer of marriage. She mentioned it in her letters to her father continually: "He is a man, but my kindest friend, and is never done prating about everyone. As a proof of his admiration for me, he desired me to sit for my picture to him, and in return I am to paint him."

Angelica's biographer, Rossi (we doubt informed in her friends), is persuaded that Reynolds held a deep

affection for Angelica, whom he esteemed by far the best, most tender, feeling that representation. This opinion has been accepted and often repeated, as well as unnoticed. This adds to the notion that Reynolds was raised by these angelic muses. Now, Joshua, in his delightful use of shadow for needs of oil on his canvas to suit Miss Angel's art, goes through this imagination, and this is the lesson of a story book, and also his education in his art, which makes him finally something more. But, now, the question of why Joshua in his gift to us, of Reynolds' picture to us, the "May Angel," makes another of us, and nothing to say arrived to England, in the following October and November. The pale, slender Miss Angel was holding herself upright in a quiet, pale position, — prepared herself by gentle words of taking care, caution, when the bright girl was ill, and when the sun, being too much track'd, the cold wind. This was a bright, sweet-faced, the other, who knew well what a good a name would serve her, left, according to custom. This is nothing so simply, common, but a name, and cannot be given to the same writer, and the successive definitions of Reynolds' Angel, in 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, &c. &c. But, the name of the picture, "May Angel," does not seem to have been used, — and, however, Miss Angel set such a value on being the Queen of the roses, and her other pictures there are eight of them, — in the first, the goddesses were changed to Nymphs.

Putting aside questions also high, that they were for ever good friends, which would on itself make such a picture, — the contradiction of a close friendship between Angelica and the Joshua makes the whole story impossible. We find him going through writing & painting, and her, too, with her, who now has time of her infatuation, they seemed drawn closer together.

We have written a long July 21st, our original starting point, and hope only now to draw attention to the delicacy and charm of Miss Margaret Dickie's profession. To such a person to have been a labour of love for also, like all of us, poor Miss Dickie's "May Angel."

We know the date when this call to Reynolds' studio took place, from a letter to his father, dated July 14, 1781, wherein Angelica writes: — I have been to visit several studios, but there is none so complete with that of Mr. Reynolds'. He has a grand-like method; he has a light forest-green chintz, which contributes a wonderful effect to light and shade.

The other lady in the picture (use of the big hat and equally big size) is Lady Westmarch, who was daughter of Robert Milbanke and wife to Sir Butler Caveville-Westmarch.

Frances Gifford.



From the Painting by Margaret J. Dicksee.

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Hartung

Angelica Kauffmann and Sir Joshua Reynolds

M. 111



*The End of the Harvest.* By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.  
In the Collection of John Aitken, Esq., of Gartcraig.

## GEORGE PAUL CHALMERS, R.S.A.\*

"MILLAIS, Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Watts, of England, we know; Pettie, Orchardson, and Faed, of Scotland, we know; we also know MacWhirter, the Burrs, and the Grahams, but who is George Paul Chalmers?"

In the mouth of the dweller in London, such a question is quite intelligible and very suggestive. By approaching the most subtle of Scottish colourists from the South and from a distance, and looking towards the brooding, toiling artist from the crowded market of art, he is seen in perspective, and the personal charm he exercised is escaped. It thus becomes easier than when standing in the shadow of his still-expanding influence, to realise and to understand how narrowly limited has hitherto been the area of his reputation.

The still-vexed question between London and the so-called provinces, as to which is parochial and which cosmopolitan, it is not proposed here to determine. That outside the contracted confines of Chalmers' life there lies a greater world which did not know him, is a simple fact. Very

\* The illustrations in this article are selected from "George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and the Art of His Time," Edward Pinnington, the writer of the article, by arrangement with the owners of pictures and Messrs. T. & R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow, publishers of the volume.

likely there was loss upon both sides, but it was loss without reproach. Metropolitan sentiment and opinion no doubt amount, at times, to a serene and self-complaisant conviction that all that is really good in British Art and letters sooner or later finds its way to London, and this fiction is admittedly founded upon fact. London would never, for example, have looked for an art-movement culminating in a "school" under the atmospheric pall enveloping Glasgow. Its attention was attracted by the Neo-impressionist invasion of its galleries. Its prevailing belief being that the quality of anything determines whether its destiny shall be London or oblivion, the earlier artists of the North strengthened this faith. London did not seek them; they sought London. Chalmers was a prominent exception easily accounted for.

Identifying London with the "greater world," of which it is the centre, it has an insatiable desire for the companionship of genius and talent. Its power of absorption is, in truth, too great for its discrimination to be over-nice; and it cannot explore the remote and obscure for the sake of an occasional phenomenon. The usual "reed shaken with the wind" deters research. On the other hand,



*Gipsy.* By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.  
In the Collection of J. H. Lamb, Esq., Brechin.

London receives all worthy refugees from the "provincial" wilderness, makes them its own, pampers them, and heaps them round with unwonted luxury. It never



*Near Montrose.*  
By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.

asks if they left behind them any superiors, equals, or possible rivals. It might otherwise add to the treasures it gathers to itself. It might have secured Chalmers, McTaggart, and Hugh Cameron.

The purpose here had in view leads to the partial assortment of London artists according to nationality. If, to those mentioned at the opening of this paper, the names of Archer, the Lawsons of Cecil's family, George A. Lawson, the Farquharsons, David Murray, and Colin Hunter be added, and if the entire group be then eliminated from British Art, a blank appears which cannot easily be filled from the ranks of strictly English artists. There is no English Orchardson, no Pettie, no MacWhirter, and no Peter Graham. Whence did they come? We look back forty-three years to the class-roll of the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh. We there read again the now familiar names—Peter Graham, William Orchardson, John MacWhirter, George A. Lawson, Alex. Burr, John Burr, Thomas Graham, John Pettie, and with them William McTaggart, Hugh Cameron, and the

drew and painted the same models. For a few years they all lived in Edinburgh in the second-rate localities most suitable to the struggling artist. Then began the exodus towards the South which impoverished Edinburgh for the enrichment of London. Faed went when John Phillip was in the heyday of his fame, and in a few years the majority of Lauder's abler pupils of the early fifties were knocking at the doors of the exhibition galleries of London. Chalmers at times looked wistfully after them, but, with McTaggart and Cameron, held by home. London took what it got, made some of the Scots immigrants Royal Academicians, gave them honour and power, and never thought of their having comrades in the North.

So far as opinion can go, it was, in all probability, well for Art that Chalmers kept his destiny in his own hands, to the extent of allowing himself neither to be drugged by honours nor demoralised by publicity. He squandered no energy in fighting temptations of his own seeking; he accepted the alternative. He remained unrecognised by the greater world he rarely tried to enter. It did not discover him, and before the time came for him to assume a place in it, death took him. Not to have known him, accordingly, argues something other than his insignificance. Overlooking him means looking past a follower of the purest Art of, at least, the last half century. He neither sought obscurity nor coveted notoriety. He was biding his time, with the consequence that, in his own lifetime, his reputation bore no proportion to his power. He heard little more than the first note of the fame his genius would certainly have won, had he but lived until he had perfected his skill and reached the maturity of his artistic power; that motive sustained him; that hope cheered him. He enjoyed the appreciation of his home circle in Scotland, and he decided that the outside public must wait the utmost attainable refinement of his skill, the ripening of his genius. It should only see him at his best—in a future which never came. In such fashion, almost from day to day, the kingdom of art expands under the individual ken. "Pettie, we knew; Orchardson, we know;" let us now make the acquaintance of George Paul Chalmers.

Detaching him from the class in which he was an outstanding figure, the definition of his position and aim takes precedence of the explanation of his influence, and of his relation to both contemporary and more recent forms of art. The story of his life, at least in its earlier chapters, reads like a romance. It is an inspiring tale full of hope and encouragement, morally invigorating. From page to page it runs its fascinating course; from the midst of an heroic strife, it tells all men to be of good cheer, to be not like dumb driven cattle; but of the source of his Art it gives no hint.

He was born in Montrose, in 1833, of humble parentage, his father being a seaman who, in due time, became captain of a coasting vessel. There is no reason to suppose that young Chalmers inherited his special faculty. There was, again, nothing in Montrose to turn his thoughts to Art.

To him it was only a seaport town and a centre of the fishing industry. As, successively, errand boy to a surgeon, apprentice to a ship chandler, and finally as grocer, he saw little more than the shady side of life. He lived amongst subjects for the brush, but neither



*Rain in Sligachan, Skye.* By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.  
In the Collection of John Aitken, Esq., of Gartcosh.

Londoner's *pictor ignotus*, George Paul Chalmers. They were all pupils of Robert Scott Lauder. Probably a more brilliant and variously gifted band never studied together under one master. These men sat in the same class rooms, copied in the same galleries,

heard nor saw anything to suggest its use. The home atmosphere lost its warmth and sunshine when his father died, and his mother found a second husband in a jealous hypochondriac. In the shop he drew the portraits of customers instead of serving them, using pencil and parcel-paper for efforts which, at times, were startlingly successful.

At home he sketched and painted, in spite of rebuke and truculent antagonism. Even in church he drew faces and heads when he should have been following prayers and saying responses. In every relation of his early life he was, in the first place, an artist, and, in the second, what adverse fortune made him appear. He stood behind a counter, but he was never a shipchandler. He gathered odd scraps of information about drawing and

twenty, and the colour-sense of Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, must needs have been refined, if not strengthened, by studies under Möllinger and Yvon.

Chalmers never saw either Spain or Italy. His slight knowledge of the Continent was wholly confined to the North. At twenty-nine (1862), accompanied by Pettie and Tom Graham, he made a sketching tour in Brittany, in the course of which he saw no pictures and imbibed no influence. He was forty-one (1874) when, with Joseph Farquharson, he indulged in a hasty fortnight's tour to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and The Hague. Nothing he saw, or hurriedly glanced at, had any perceptible effect upon his practice. At the age specified, his style was too mature to be greatly



*The Legend.* By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.  
In the National Gallery of Scotland.

the use of brush and paint, but the primary question is, "What led him to think of either?" From the harassing incidents of a colourless life, bleak as a Highland deer forest in December, how arose the dream of beautiful colour, the attempted realisation of which ultimately fixed his place in the forefront of British colourists? In Art, the reply comes, was his special endowment—his gift—*Dei donum*. No other answer is possible; any other is utterly inadequate. In effect, furthermore, it leaves Chalmers' absolute originality above dispute.

Other colourists have been born under the leaden-coloured skies, and by the dull, gray seas of north-eastern Scotland, but none has been reared there. If Jamesone, of Aberdeen, be included, he studied with Vandyck under Rubens; Phillip never realised the opulence of his palette, and the potency of glowing colour in awakening beauty to life, until he had visited the galleries of Spain. Dyce was in Rome before he was

affected by external influences, and it must be noted that he had opportunities of studying Rembrandt from the beginning (1853) of his student life in Edinburgh, at the age of twenty.

His entire education, as an artist, may be detailed in a few sentences. In the early Montrose days he practised assiduously with pencil and brush, but without any instruction beyond a few lessons of extremely dubious value. The results of personal experiment virtually comprised his whole equipment when he entered the Trustees' Academy. While working under Robert Scott Lauder, he was studying Rembrandt, Velasquez, Veronese, Vandyck, Wilkie, Gainsborough, and Raeburn, in the National Gallery. Two years and a half of hard academic work brought the class-room term of his education to an end. In 1857 he went with McTaggart to the Manchester Exhibition, and, besides discovering Turner, for the first time realised the

transcendent power of the Masters, and the mightiness, the limitless sway of Art. Of any further education nothing is known, apart from those occasional opportunities of studying pictures which occur in every artist's life. We hear, for example, of his being deeply absorbed in a Gainsborough portrait in Montrose, of his kneeling enraptured before a flower-piece by Diaz, of his admiration of Turner, of his deference to Israels, and of his fascination by Corot; but no master either made him an artist or endowed him with love and mastery of colour.

As we know him, so he was born. He was original by reason either of isolation or of lack of opportunity to inquire into the methods of men thoroughly versed in the *mécanique* of painting, by reason of the completeness of his own endowment. His genius was of the controlling order, which forced the outlets of self-expression. His imagination was fecund, vivid, and strong, his fancy was exuberant, his feelings deep and tender, his mind receptive. What were the thoughts of other men to him, who could not give artistic form to a tithe of his new creations, so rapidly did they issue from his teeming brain, and in such multitudes through the chambers of his mind?

Insistence is laid upon this point not more for Chalmers' sake than for the correction of the analytical tendencies of criticism. There is no process more difficult and dangerous to a critic than the analysis of genius. There is no confusion more hopeless than that in which the distinction is lost sight of between artistic genius and technical skill. You may teach a student to draw, how to hold his pencil, palette, and brush, how to apply his pigments, but you cannot teach him . . . that; and that makes all the difference between a mechanic and an artist. You think to reduce Chalmers to his original elements, and find in him a fraction of Turner, a



*The Beach at Scheveningen. By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.  
In the Collection of Irvine Smith, Esq., Edinburgh.*



*Misereri Mei. By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.  
In the possession of Mr. Spence, Baltimore, U.S.A.*

strong infusion of Rembrandt, a filmy something which suggests Velasquez, a memory of Veronese, and a tiny echo of Rubens coming through Vandyck, with traces of Wilkie and Raeburn, but that which held them in combination escapes. You have not reached the man. The Masters may have ministered to him, and disclosed to his peering eye something of their several methods, but they do not make

him. The breath that was breathed into his nostrils when he became a living soul can be subjected to no analysis. It is easy to apply a test. Throw into a mould all the elements found by analysis in the making of Chalmers, and will he come forth? Try to analyse the changing tint of the clematis, and you encounter, in the chemistry of its blood, a secret which leads you in despair to give its blue to the heavens, its purple to the distant hills.

It is so with Chalmers, and not only with him but with Turner and the rest. They too had predecessors, and the rule applied to Chalmers applies either to them all or none. If to all, where shall enquiry stop? It can not consistently halt until it reaches that first undiscovered painter who was led by invisible means into the kingdom of Art, to whom there were no Old Masters, and who had no teacher but one. If we are thus compelled at last to recognise direct endowment, why not accept it at first? Shall we believe that the divine treasury is empty, or rather, on the other hand, that human research is mocked by divine inscrutability? It is time to put analysis aside, and to mingle criticism with reverence. All that we know is that Chalmers came possessed of many priceless gifts, and that, with royal profusion, he gave for our enrichment the interest of his talents, the fruits of the genius which was his portion.

He may now and again, by tint or turn of style, recall Rembrandt, Turner,

Raeburn, and others, but upon every work that left his easel is found the impress clear and plain, not of Rembrandt, Turner, or Raeburn, but of George Paul Chalmers. He digested acquired knowledge, mastered his masters, gathered strength from the assimilation of their teachings, enriched his own genius by grafting upon it so much of their styles as harmonised with his own, and increased his power of expression, but his own individuality is never submerged. His originality explains his influence; a plagiarist, an imitator, has none.

How little he acquired from external sources may be gathered from his history. Originally he was wholly self-taught, and the continuance of the process of self-teaching is shown by his unceasing and laborious endeavour, from the opening to the close of his brief career, to solve the more recondite problems of Art. With genius of a high order he combined an enormous capacity for work. To this faculty, when backed by unflagging industry and his rare power of application, nothing, humanly speaking, was impossible. With these masculine virtues, however, was combined a high-strung nervous organization. In the excited and feverish pursuit of his ideals he became variable and moody, lost self-command, rose suddenly to the highest pitch of elation, and dropped thence into the deepest depression. In his melancholy he was oppressed by a groundless but crushing sense of failure. It hung about him like a cloud, haunted him like a demon. As if baffled and beaten, he felt the stings of defeat and the bitterness of despair more keenly than if he had really sustained defeat, or had any reason to despair.

Aside from these feelings, Chalmers was lovable, a man whose nature was filled with brightness and sunshine, tender-hearted, and pure as a child. When the change set in, causes were never far to seek and find. They lurked about his studio, and centred in the unfinished canvas upon his easel. It might be a work in *genre*, a portrait, or a landscape; its chief interest consisted in its dim revelation of an unattained ideal.

Of his intellectual attitude towards an object always hovering within reach, but always eluding his grasp, it is impossible to speak in absolute terms. It is doubtful if Chalmers himself could always have explained his immediate aim. There is no doubt that he sometimes began to paint before his conception had taken, in his own mind, a form so definite as to permit of its transference to canvas. In such case, like one trying to narrate a dream of which memory holds only a formless part, Chalmers stumbled and hesitated, fell into obscure phrasing, lost himself amongst new ideas pressing for utterance, and at last laid his brush aside. He felt powerless, was filled

with doubt of himself, saw the only worthy aims in Art too far off for him to compass, and so sank into brooding melancholy. In alternate hope and despair he wrestled with his yet unpainted picture of 'The Glee Maiden,' in the last autumn of his life (1877); in similar mood he fought for three years with a portrait which ostensibly presented no exceptional difficulty; for fourteen years he hung over 'The Legend,' and finally left it unfinished. As it hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland, the latter picture hides the ruins of a score. They cover each other over, stratum upon stratum of paint. If they could only be separated and turned over, as one might turn over the leaves of a book, they would probably be found both to record the successive stages of Chalmers' development, and to disclose what manner of phantom it was that tantalised the enchanted painter.

Looking on from the outside it is not possible to offer any other than a commonplace and prosaic explanation. The strongest are always the most keenly conscious of weakness. The aim of the great painter is never reached. We see his work, and call it great. He only knows how far beyond the realisation was the conception, the thought, the vision he wished to enclose in paint. In the case of Chalmers, there is nothing in the whole range of his practice to lend colour to a supposition that he ever resigned himself to voluptuous imaginings of earthly beauty. His themes in *genre* are of the simplest—'Modesty,' 'Resignation,' 'Contentment,' and the like—very often single figures, and in his greatest work the subject consists of an old woman in a Highland interior, telling a tale to a group of children. That is

'The Legend.' We look in vain for either suggestive thought, thrilling emotion, or stirring incident. We may read into his landscapes whatever sentiment we please; call 'The End of the Harvest' profoundly pathetic, 'The Ford' solemn, and 'Rain in Sligachan' a sympathetic rendering of grieving nature; but his chief concern was not with these things. Whatever human feeling may be attached to Chalmers' works, he was first and foremost a painter, emphatically and always a devoted student of the fine art of painting. He lifted Art far above subject-matter. He did not care to narrate, imitate, teach, describe scenes, detail incidents, make commemorative records, or register the manners and costumes of his time. Subject was to him merely an incidental circumstance. His tenderest, most loving care was spent, now upon the silver nimbus round an aged head, now upon the aureole enringing golden-haired youth, and in no case does sentiment guide his brush. The ideal he aimed at, but never could approach—it receded as he advanced, went higher as he ascended



*The Cobbler.*

By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.

—was the perfecting of Art, and he followed and lost it amongst the mysterious combinations of light and colour. It affected him beyond the harmonies of music and the rhythm of verse. Art so pure ranges itself beside the poetry of the stylists, the music of wordless melodies.

In assorting Chalmers with painters of recognised power, his affinities are disclosed without reference to a comparative standard of quality and capacity. Once, when painting his first and largest version of 'Running Water,' he attempted to transfer his subject literally to his canvas, and part of the secret of his failure is revealed in the name of his work. Motion may be suggested, but it cannot be painted. In none of his finer landscapes did he try to preserve, in literal reality, the outward aspects of the scenes before him. He laid down upon canvas the thought inspired by nature. It is almost impossible to conceive a fragmentary impression. If so vivid and clear that its statement in the terms of art was possible, it could only be a coherent unit that retained the dominant element of the scene, the parts adjusting themselves to the whole, and the colours composing a perfect harmony. This is characteristic of all Chalmers' greater landscapes, and in placing him beside Corot the difference is emphasized between him and Sam Bough, Macculloch, Docharty, and Milne Donald among his own countrymen, and also between him and Parton, East, Parsons, Leader, and one whom he ranked with the great, the late Sir John Millais. In all the works painted in his more mature style, whether small canvases like 'A Quiet Pool' or more important paintings of which 'The End of the Harvest' is the type, the leading motif is the play of light and its transformation of colour. He makes it paint a brilliant heaven above a sombre earth, glory above weariness and sadness. In such manner—whether we will or no—he makes us feel not only the hand of a master-craftsman in the use of colour, but the presence of a human heart and soul in its combinations. The artist declares himself, but the man is not obscured.

Chalmers was cut off suddenly and mysteriously at the age of forty-five, but had he lived he could hardly have deviated from the course here indicated. It is virtually certain that he could not have travestied nature, by

inlaying pigments, after the manner of either niello in metal or the famous faience d'Oiron of ceramics. It is equally hard to imagine him forming such a conception of nature as to permit a resort to the opaque grays and greens of neo-impressionism.

In portraiture it is far more difficult to tell his ultimate aim than to indicate the position he actually reached. Let it be understood that, in no branch of Art is it here intended to compare Chalmers with the more prominent artists whose names are brought into contact with his. Relative merit is a question not at present up for decision. Corot, Millais, and Whistler are adduced solely by reason of their prominence. They supply a well-known standard, by his variance from which Chalmers' position may most readily be defined.

A wide survey of Chalmers' portraits shows that, to him, a portrait was a work of art in which the effigies of a living human being should be preserved. He realised that a speaking likeness might be badly rendered in an ineffably poor work of art, and that a portrait, replete with the most exquisite artistic charm, might be worthless as either the semblance of a man or the key to a character. Chalmers saw, in the combination of both, a form of portraiture above either. He may have seen dimly, for it is certain that in every portrait he undertook he found a fascinating instrument of torture.

In *genre* he had fuller freedom to reach after pictorial effect, and to work out the problems of pure Art. The latter all centred in light and colour. As in landscape he makes light reveal the bursting life of Spring and the riches of Autumn, so in *genre* he makes it disclose the myriad tints lurking in a face, in the white hair of age, or the auburn, chestnut, and golden yellow of youth. He found mysteries in the simplest and most commonplace subjects, and he gave his life to their solution. When surer of his practice, and with methods made perfect by studious and ceaseless experiment, he might have evolved a form of Art, at once more suggestive and informing to his artist-brothers, and of fuller, clearer meaning to mankind. We conclude that while at his best his accomplishment was great, the promise it held was of something infinitely greater.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.



*Running Water.* By George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.



*A Corner.* By *Henri Van de Velde.*

## "L'ART NOUVEAU" AT PARIS.

**I**N an exhibition of new productions in the Arts held last year at Paris, the following notification appeared: "L'Art Nouveau" is intended to gather from the artistic exhibitions all those which are no longer re-incarnations of the past, and offers, without preference of school, a centre of concentration for all works distinguished with a distinct personal perception. 'L'Art Nouveau' will strive to eliminate the 'ugly' and 'pretentious luxury' from all ordinary things, to impress the refinement of taste and the charms of simple beauty unto the smallest useful articles."

The principal objection we raise against "L'Art Nouveau" is precisely this programme, at least in the first part of it. One does not tend towards a decorative Renaissance in grouping scattered efforts; above all, in giving the public, without arrangement, the individual work of different artists. It must not be forgotten that this exhibition was not destined only for the *dilettante* knowing all the aesthetic ideas, and whose education in artistic things by study or taste had already prepared him to be able to express a personal opinion. No; in this matter, we must keep in mind what we call the mass, who do not make revolutions, but consecrate them, if they are skilfully prepared. This is what Morris, Walter Crane, Burne-Jones, Lewis Day, and others, have well understood; when they wished to give a new style in England, they united their efforts in a similar, if not uniform, renovation.

But in the Gallery of the Art Nouveau there was nothing similar among the paintings; the "pointillisme" of M. Van Rysselberghe placed close to the synthetical art of M. Serusier, appeared beside the colourism of M. Besnard. Amongst the "objets d'art," although very interesting, there were the same variety of ideas in the transformation of the plastic material. On the other hand, there was a great chance, seeing the want of unity in the works exposed, that their collection invoked the "ugly" and "pretentious luxury" which the promoters of the "New Art," with an honourable thought, so carefully wish to eliminate. And afterwards, another difficulty arises—the want

of style in Parisian buildings. Whilst in the interior modern progress in lighting has penetrated, the decoration has remained what it was a hundred years ago.

When M. Alphand, the celebrated director for the works of the city, wished to preserve to Paris its harmonious character, he decided that all houses should have a white frontage. During a number of years no architect obtained the authorization to paint the frontages in coloured ornamentations. Since that time this regulation has fairly fallen into disuse, and the little mansions, Moyen-âge, Flemish, Queen Anne, gingerbread, and chocolate cake, which in the new quarters follow one another with a pitiless want of harmony, in spite of the attacks to which he was subjected, are confirmatory that M. Alphand was not altogether wrong.

What will it be when M. Signac takes possession of one frontage, M. Henri Martin of another, and M. Lerolle has a third? If with that a certain realistic sculptor



*Salon* with *Frieze of Decorated Plush.*  
By P. A. Isaac.

finds himself with an ideal artist in stained glass, one will obtain an amalgam, of which the confectioner's boxes and the decorations of the Hôtel de Ville have had till now the privilege almost alone.

Speaking seriously, we regret not to have seen the idea of *ensemble* more developed, and if to that we are answered that it was very difficult to sacrifice such and such tendency of a school to other artistic conceptions quite opposite, we would add that one might have formed groups, of which the specimen apartment could have been a pretext. All these pictures, which followed one another, on the line of the Art Nouveau galleries, showed us nothing new. Novelty, in our idea, would have consisted in setting paintings in mural panels, or, for instance, above a sofa, harmonising with the furniture and forming part of the same. Door panels might also be used to receive paintings. In a word, it would be necessary that the detached piece should be subordinated to the place destined to be covered.

Now we come to "New Art" furniture. To a Parisian accustomed from time immemorial to the furniture of Henri II., Louis XV., or Louis XVI., the decoration applied to the rooms of the apartment might appear new, but for those who know the English style now *en vogue*, curiosity is certainly less. The wainscots in "imitation mahogany" have long since been employed in the libraries and smoking-rooms of London; and suchlike little corner cupboards closed with curtains in the lower part are much used in most houses at the West End. It seems that the decorators wished to profit by the teachings of English aestheticism, at the same time modifying it according to the individual temperament.

I think in this case they have done nothing but make heavy the lines of which *morbida* and lightness were the principal qualities. In M. Henri Van de Velde's smoking-room there were curves without any signification, and designs in draperies and carpets which render without charm the



Panels for Salon.  
By Albert Besnard.

designs of Mr. Walter Crane. As to the stained-glass window of M. Lemmen, it is the direct reproduction of the "granite" glass and the leaden frames ornamenting the bow-windows, as they are now made in London.

The dining-room in cedar-wood was the most successful and complete of the apartments. The general colouring "in orange" was happy and very pleasing. A table mounted on trestles gave variety to the usual furniture.

As to the side-boards. Since, besides the charm, it is necessary to look at the same time to the practicable side, they were too high. It could not be convenient for the servants to carve the dishes on them.

The chairs want comfort, and their tinsel decoration recalls with their arabesques the operatic "Orient." Besides, the curve of the stuffing has not the hospitality which one has the right to claim from "fin-de-siècle" arm-chairs. Here is something in which the upholsterer might, with profit, have asked for suggestions from his fellow-workmen on the other side of the Channel. They would certainly have told him, that for an arm-chair to be absolutely comfortable, it is necessary that the back legs should be slightly shorter than those of the front.

The most successful decoration in the tapestry section was certainly that of M. P. A. Isaac. In a circular salon he displayed eleven panels and a frieze in decorated plush. The subjects of the design were formed of different little branches obtained by successive acid discolourations. The attempt was most interesting, and the application of this process on frames of natural wood, which encircle the panels, completed very happily the works of M. Isaac.

To conclude, "L'Art Nouveau" will, perhaps, tend towards a renovation of the decorative style in France, and if, at the present moment, it does not give us an absolutely fresh idea of interesting efforts, in any case we must not refuse it credit for what it can essay in the future.



Smoking-room. By Henri Van de Velde.  
With Stained-glass Window by De Lemmen.



*Mr. David Tullis,  
Honorary Secretary.*



*Mr. Andrew J. Kirkpatrick,  
Chairman of the Council.*



*Mr. Patrick S. Dunn,  
Honorary Treasurer.*

## THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts was established in 1860, the declared purpose of its founders being to promote the cause of Art, and an interest in Art matters generally, in Glasgow and throughout the West of Scotland. To this purpose the members of the Institute have rigorously held, and the strenuous efforts of the Institute to fulfil its mission have been rewarded by a most gratifying measure of success. From the first, its annual exhibitions were never exclusively provincial. Efforts were made to procure canvases from England and abroad, and a striking feature of every exhibition has been the collection of loan pictures by distinguished artists, borrowed from noted collectors. In this way, the public taste has been educated into a knowledge of what is good in Art, and young students put in the right direction from the examples set before them of the achievements of master hands. In the fostering encouragement of what many now call the Glasgow School, the Institute has played no mean part.

Her Majesty, in recognition of the loyal and disinterested services of the Institute, has authorised it to be henceforward known as "The Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts," and the thirty-sixth Exhibition now open, is the first that has been held under its new title of honour. The members of the Royal Glasgow Institute, numbering nearly 800, are drawn from all sections of the community. Of course, all the best-known artists in the West of Scotland belong to it—although their membership does not entitle them to any special exhibition privileges—but the majority of the

membership is composed of professional and business men who take an interest in Art, and testify practically to their interest by their support of the Institute and its aims. The management is in the hands of a Council, made up of lay and artist members, and not a little of the vitality and enterprise the Institute has shown is due to the composition of this board, and the unselfish zeal with which each member, lay or artistic, devotes himself to the cause.

In 1880, the Institute entered into occupancy of handsome galleries, specially built for them, in Sauchiehall Street. The main fault to be found with these are that they are now too small. More satisfactory results to both artists and the public would be secured if the space at the disposal of the Hanging Committee were larger. Perhaps time will bring this about. We reproduce the portraits of the Chairman of Council, Mr. Andrew J. Kirkpatrick; the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Patrick S. Dunn; the Honorary Secretary, Mr. David Tullis, and the Acting Secretary, Mr. Robert Walker. Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Dunn, and Mr. Tullis are familiar figures in Art circles in Scotland, and their energy and enthusiasm, working sometimes in the face of much discouragement, have done much to build up the Institute on a secure basis.

On February 5th a special banquet was given in the galleries to mark the occasion of the word "Royal" being employed for the first time on the Catalogue. A representative company, on the invitation of the Council, assembled to wish prosperity to the Royal Glasgow Institute.



*Mr. Robert Walker,  
Acting Secretary.*



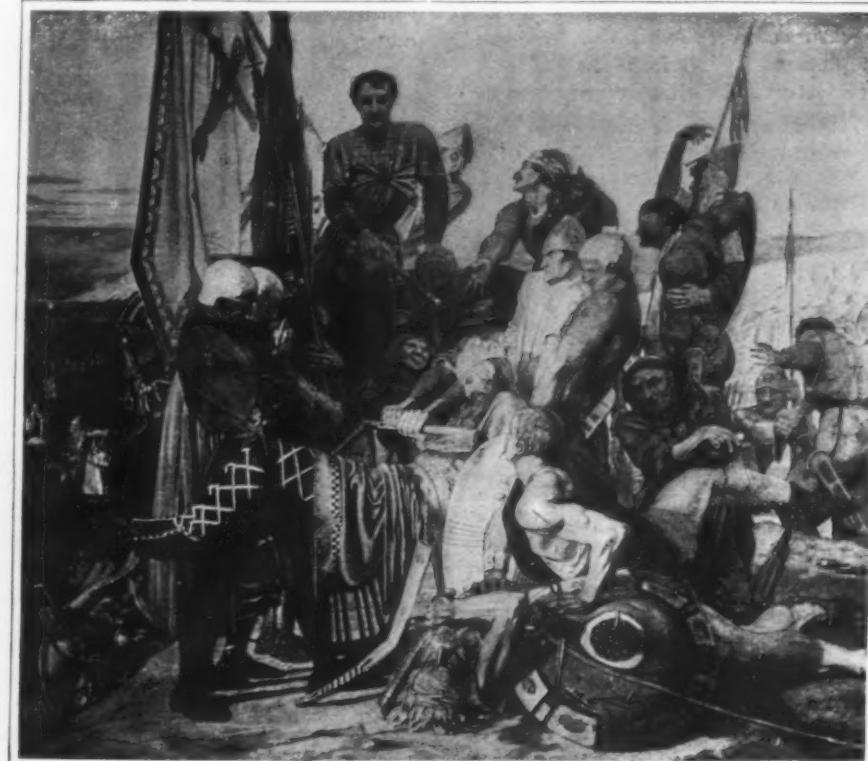
*Holyhead Mountain.*  
By Leslie Thomson.

## THE FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

IT is more than thirty years since any collected exhibition of the works of Ford Madox Brown has been held in London. About a hundred of his pictures and studies were, in 1865, shown at a gallery in Piccadilly, but between that year and the date of his death, only occasional opportunities were afforded us of seeing, singly and at long intervals, examples of his curiously individual production. Therefore, the exhibition of something like a complete summary of his life's work, which was at the end of January opened at the Grafton Galleries, is doubly welcome, because it not only serves as a record of a great artistic aim, but is to many an introduction to a mysterious personality. It shows Ford Madox Brown as an artist of singularly devoted aims, a worker whose intentions were always sincere, and methods thoroughly consistent. It makes evident, too, the strength of his belief in the principles of pre-Raphaelitism, an artistic creed of which he was in a sense the founder and chief supporter, and one from which he can scarcely be said to have departed at any period of his career. Fortunately the show includes nearly

all the memorable canvases that he produced: the important composition 'Work,' now the property of the Manchester Corporation; 'Juan and Haidee,' recently bequeathed to and accepted by the French Government for the Louvre; 'Cordelia's Portion,' which is perhaps one of the most attractive in colour and manner of treatment of all his paintings; 'The Last of England'; 'Cromwell on his Farm'; 'Wilhelmus Conquestator'; 'Wickliffe on his Trial'; and the somewhat involved 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.' We illustrate the 'William the Conqueror finding the Body of Harold,' a very representative work of the painter. Several of the designs and preliminary studies for the series of wall paintings in

the Manchester Town Hall also appear, and complete the record of his decorative labours, which commences in this exhibition with the large cartoon of 'The Spirit of Justice,' executed for the Westminster Cartoon Competition in 1845, and is carried through from year to year by a long series of drawings for stained glass, designs for pottery and furniture, and the like. Of his landscape attempts, perhaps the most characteristic instance is the



*William the Conqueror finding the Body of Harold.*  
By Ford Madox Brown.

'English Autumn Afternoon,' with its amazing minuteness of detail and elaboration; and of his skill in portraiture, the best evidence is given by the bust portrait of himself as he was some twenty years ago.

The six artists who combined last year to give an interesting display of their work at the Dudley Gallery have just repeated the experiment in the same room. Their pictures agree excellently, and consequently the show as a whole possessed a pleasant atmosphere of sympathetic intention. Some of the strongest canvases were contributed by Mr. Peppercorn, whose upright composition, 'The Pool' (here illustrated), was worthy of attention as one of his finest designs, while in 'The Cornfield' he showed even more than his usual sense of atmospheric values. Mr. Leslie Thomson draws landscape with rare power, and arranges colour with real feeling for harmonious relation. The most successful, because the most exacting, of his pictures was the 'Holyhead Mountain' (also illustrated), with its suggestion of space and its fine quality of aerial perspective. His 'Early Summer,' too, was excellent in colour and delightful in its treatment of sunlight. Mr. Hope McLachlan was, as usual, sombre and dignified; Mr. Waterlow fanciful and dainty; and Mr. R. W. Allan carried out skilfully his habitual convention.

Another memorial exhibition worthy of note was that arranged by the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, in honour of several of its members, lately deceased. Rather more than three hundred drawings were brought together to illustrate the life work of seven artists, of whom three painted figures, three landscape, and one military subjects and animal life. The most notable of these artists was Lord Leighton—who was, however, represented quite inadequately by only two drapery studies on brown paper, and a drawing on wood of 'The Death of the First-born.' A much more ample display was made of the dainty

fancies of Mr. E. K. Johnson, who inclined in everything he produced to a particular grace of arrangement and freshness of colour. He was concerned for the greater part of his career with the treatment of delicate combinations of tints and with line compositions of a dis-

tinctly attractive type. Generally he chose to paint pretty feminine figures, occupied with nothing more serious than the picturesque trivialities of the moment, sunning themselves in quaint old-fashioned gardens, gathering flowers in shady nooks, or amusing themselves with girlish pastimes. He was scarcely a realist, and dealt hardly at all with the sterner facts of life; his preference was almost always for a kind of idealised domesticity. Yet there were occasions on which he digressed into something more dramatic, and of this sturdier side of his art hardly any better example could be found than 'A Fanatic,' an illustration of an episode in the Civil War. There is strong character in this drawing, with its suggestion of passion and strife; and it is executed in a manner especially able. Technically, it marks quite the highest level of his performance.

*The Pool.*  
By A. D. Peppercorn.



The work of an older school was represented in the drawings of Mr. G. A. Fripp and Mr. A. D. Fripp. Both were artists whose sympathies belonged essentially to the past, and they preferred adherence to the traditions of their youth to any effort to bring their performances into accord with later changes in artistic practice. The same belief in tradition guided M. R. Beavis. With the exception of his military sketches his works have a distinctly old-fashioned air, an over-insistence upon style at the expense of truth to Nature. In the case of Mr. Du Maurier, who was also seen to fair advantage in the exhibition, a particular technical manner, rather than any personal

belief in the custom of a certain school, was to be noted. But he scarcely appeared at his best as a water-colour painter, his power was essentially that of a line draughtsman and student of character; in colour he lost something of his refinement and not a little of his distinction and he certainly failed to give to his figures quite the same individuality as they invariably possessed in his black and white work. Of the intelligent use of colour hardly any better ex-

amples were to be found in the show than the drawings by Mr. A. W. Hunt. His sense of atmosphere and of the effects of landscape as expressed by colour was always admirable; and how excellent he could be as a draughtsman as well, the exquisite drawing of the rock

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*The Last Berth of the "Crazy Jane."* By A. W. Hunt.

In the Collection of Humphrey Roberts, Esq.



forms in 'Cumberland Fells' and 'Glen Loch,' proved beyond dispute.

A much more adequate exposition of Mr. Hunt's subtle art was afforded by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, which exhibited, from the middle of January to the end of February, a collection of a hundred and thirty-eight of his drawings. These covered practically the whole of his life, and included many of his most remarkable attempts in the water-colour medium. As a whole the show was to be reckoned a very valuable testimony to the great gifts of an artist who held a position of quite justifiable prominence. Hardly anything in it was unworthy of attention, and many of the drawings were of peculiar value and charm. The large 'Windsor Castle,' for instance, was full of dignity and fine feeling for design; and the 'Whitby Harbour—*The Crazy Jane* in her last Berth,' was a delightful study of the gentle colour gradation of a misty evening, as well as a fine interpretation of light and shade masses. It was simple and without over-elaboration, and yet eminently complete. 'Tynemouth Pier' was interesting because of the skill with which details, not necessarily picturesque, were used in it to make up a fine pictorial result. Of the smaller drawings the most memorable were the



*The Fanatic.*

By E. K. Johnson.

silvery 'Streatley, Afternoon'; the 'Robin Hood's Bay, Washing Day,' with its masterly treatment of misty sunlight; 'Climbing Shadows,' a landscape full of detail kept exquisitely in subjection to the general effect; and the delicate grey and blue 'Whitby, Moonlight,' which, though one of the most charming pieces of brush-work in the exhibition, is oddly described in the catalogue as a charcoal drawing.

The forty-second exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists is now open in the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. It includes more than seven hundred and fifty pictures, drawings, and examples of applied art, and is quite up to the average of its predecessors. Comparatively few things rise obviously above the general level, but Miss E.

Thomas Hale's 'Jacquelaine,' Miss Pearse's 'The Princess and the Frog,' Mrs. Swynnerton's 'Hebe,' and Mrs. M. J. Moberley's 'The Music Lesson,' among the figure subjects; and Miss Stewart Wood's 'Water Meadows,' and Miss R. Drummond's 'On the Banks of the Deben,' among the landscapes, are worthy of attention. In the Applied Arts section are some good embroideries, furniture designs, and pieces of metal work.



"Painting." By Vanloo.

At South Kensington Museum



*From Thackeray's "Ballads and Songs" (Cassell).*

## NEW ART BOOKS.

"**FORD MADOX BROWN**," by F. M. Hueffer, the artist's grandson (Longmans), is a very satisfactory work in biography. The tale of the early life, the perverse temperament and many difficulties of the artist, is told as few authors care to write, and as still fewer near relatives would be strong-minded enough to publish. Not that there is anything unbecoming said or any questionable matter to discuss, but only that the frailties of the man are not concealed in the earnest and just admiration of the artist. The story is told in the simple language of truth, and the reputation of Madox Brown will certainly rise in consequence. The illustrations, however, are poor and much cramped because of the smallness of the book. Possibly this small size is employed to meet the demands of those who unwisely control the American market. At present it is said no wholesale bookseller will take a quarto book, and in the effort to meet this artificial difficulty some few English publishers issue nothing over octavo size. But the American book-buying public will still purchase a good book well illustrated, even if quarto in dimensions.

"**PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON**" (Seeley) is an affecting record of the career of one of the most careful Art critics of our time, and one of the most genial and hard-working of men. As editor of *The Portfolio* Mr. Hamerton introduced what was really a new element into Art publication, and although his own journal has practically ceased to exist, its career has had a marked influence on the publications of to-day. Mr. Hamerton's works, "*Etchings and Etchers*," "*The Graphic Arts*," and "*Man in Art*," although more or less compilations, were received with much cordiality by a large class of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, but it is in "*Landscape*" we consider he excels, while his "*Life of Turner*" is the only reliable account of that great painter. Mr. Hamerton's autobiography is herein continued by his wife as a memoir, and this is done with conspicuous ability, permitting the critic's own work to tell its tale without undue embellishment.

"**THE LONDON PLEASURE-GARDENS OF THE 18TH CENTURY**" (Macmillan), by Mr. W. Wroth, of the British Museum, is a delightful book, full of curious out-of-the-way information; not perhaps, as in the case of the gardens of the North of London, entirely complete, but otherwise well arranged and with many excellent reproductions of old prints, several in colours. The book is one for every Londoner, while those outside will be equally interested in it.

Mr. H. M. Brock's drawings for Thackeray's "*BALLADS AND SONGS*" (Cassell) are first-rate, with an element of humour, making them specially fitting to illustrate the exaggerated poetic license of the author of the "*Ballads of Bouillabaisse*." — An illustrated edition of "*THE ENEMIES OF BOOKS*," by William Blades (Stock), has been issued, with a preface by Dr. Garnet.—A third edition within a twelvemonth is a good recommendation for the thoroughly practical "*CHEMICAL RECIPES*" (Hills, Sunderland), being a thousand formulae for producing all kinds of colours, by the Atlas Chemical Company of Sunderland.

"**RELICS OF OLD LEEDS**," by Percy Robinson (72, Albion Street, Leeds), should be secured by every Yorkshireman, for such an interesting book is sure to go out of print very soon. The drawings may not be very well reproduced, but they are accurate, and they are all of places rapidly disappearing.

Yet another tribute to the fascinating subject of Japanese art comes in Mr. E. F. Strange's "*JAPANESE ILLUSTRATION*" (George Bell & Sons), being a history of the arts of wood-cutting and colour-printing as practised in Japan. In writing this succinct and orderly work, Mr. Strange has apparently not set himself the fulfilment of a too-ambitious plan; his endeavour has been to avail himself of the authoritative works of such writers as Professor Anderson, M. de Goncourt, Mr. Bing, and with other material at his command, to compile an excellent account of the workers in Japanese wood-cutting and colour-printing.

Mr. Pennell has discoursed upon the illustration of books, treated from the graphic point of view; now Mr. Walter Crane writes on the decorative side of the matter. The book "*DECORATIVE ILLUSTRATION*" (Bell), which is capitally illustrated, deals with the subject chronologically; the evolution of decorative illustration being traced from the times of the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages down to the transition caused by the invention of printing. The decadence after the sixteenth century, and the modern revival, are next well described; and finally we have, in the latter half of the work, a singularly complete history of recent developments. Mr. Crane's attitude is markedly appreciative, and it is impossible to avoid noting the generous and unstinted praise which he lavishes upon the work of some of the younger men.

"IRONWORK" (Part II.). By J. Starkie Gardner (Chapman and Hall). The second part of Mr. Starkie Gardner's handbook was worth waiting for; but it is disappointing to find that it is not yet complete, and that we have still to wait until he can find time to tell us about English smithing. However, what he tells us is very much to the point, and it is to be relied upon. It is obvious throughout that the writer knows what he is talking about. He writes too with quite judicial impartiality alike of French and German, Flemish, Spanish, and Italian workmanship. It is obviously workmanship in which he is the most interested; if a liking for one style rather than another peeps out, it is for the Rococo, because of its technical accomplishment. Those who fail to see the "restraint," as he calls it, of de Cuvilliés and Oppenord, and who do not esteem it a merit in craftsmanship that it should aim at what is most difficult, will conclude that Mr. Gardner speaks with most authority when he speaks on the subject of workmanship, to which it is only fair to say he confines himself for the most part.

"A HANDBOOK OF ART SMITHING." F. S. Meyer (London: B. T. Batsford). The words "made in Germany" should be no reproach to a treatise on smithing, for there were no better smiths in Europe than the Mediaeval Germans and their sixteenth-century successors. It is rather disappointing, therefore, to find that Professor Meyer, with all his knowledge, has not done better. This is a book which will be of great service to those who know how to use it, but it is not very readable; nor does it tell the student clearly what he most wants to know; least of all will it guide him in the path of taste. The numerous illustrations are of rather mixed character. Not a few of them have appeared before in the Professor's "Handbook." Others seem to have been taken from manufacturers' catalogues. But, when all is said, there remain enough examples of good old work to make the book well worth its modest price apart from the information embodied in it.

"ÉTUDE DES ORNEMENTS" (J. Rouam & Cie., Paris) is the title under which M. Jules Passepong republishes a series of articles from the *Revue des Arts Décoratifs*. By far the more valuable of the six chapters forming the first part of the issue (there is no attempt to make them consecutive) are those dealing with the development of fret, wave, and scale patterns. These should certainly be of use to the student of design. The essays on garlands and dolphins are more in the nature of inventories of stock forms of ornament—the word is the editor's—and appeal to the merely curious interest in things we have done with by this day, or should have.

"FRENCH WOOD-CARVINGS FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUMS," by Eleanor Rowe (London: B. T. Batsford). This is a work which deserves more notice than it is possible for us to give it at this season of the year. It was a good idea to illustrate the Peyre collection of wood-carvings, now distributed among the museums of the United Kingdom, and it has been well carried out. The fifty-four collotype plates are admirable, the accompanying sections useful, and the remarks upon them concise. The François 1<sup>er</sup> work of the second part is, on the whole, much more interesting than the Gothic of the first, for in that the collection is not strong, and some of it is hardly worth reproduction—but no doubt Miss Rowe knows her public, and her selection is what carvers want.

"DIE DECORATIVE KUNST-STICKEREI," by Faieda Lipperheide (Hans Lipperheide, Berlin) is brought with Part IV. to a satisfactory conclusion. Darning, long-stitch, and what is called flat embroidery, are less intrinsically interesting than the work in gold and silver thread with which it begins; but the process of work is in each case very clearly explained and most convincingly illustrated. The plates are reproductions, faithful almost to the point of illusion, of characteristic, if not always beautiful, examples of old work, except only in the case of the darned border, which was not worth the pains bestowed upon it. This is a book which must have been a work of love to the authoress; and she has done it admirably.

"THE BUILDER ALBUM" confirms one's impression that the show of architecture at the Royal Academy last year was rather below the average in artistic interest. The designs for churches, public buildings, business premises and private houses, reproduced from the architects' drawings there exhibited, do not often rise above a level of rather dull monotony. Mr. H. Wilson repeats himself this year; Mr. E. P. Warren shows individuality of treatment in the West Front of his church; and Mr. C. H. Townsend, if rather ambitious, is not commonplace; Mr. C. Spooner is deliberately simple; and Mr. P. Waterhouse has a quaint drawing of almshouses, which in execution would be an anachronism to-day. On the other hand, there is an air of old-world quiet about Mr. A. N. Prentice's country house which, however out of fashion, is always delightful. Decorative design and sculpture are not very adequately represented.

"LE MUSÉE NATIONAL DE VERSAILLES" (Braun, Paris) is a vivid description of the military pictures in the famous palace, by the Conservateur M. P. de Nolhac, with 110 small but well-printed and clear illustrations, very useful for remembering the glories of Versailles.—"L'EDUCATION POPULAIRE ET LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DE L'ART," J. E. Bulloz (Braun, Paris), is an excellent series of illustrated lectures delivered throughout France on the advantages of popularising by pictures the great events of the world.

Among photographic publications, the "PHOTOGRAPHY ANNUAL," edited by G. N. Sturmey (Iliffe), forms a bulky volume of the greatest service to the profession, with many illustrations, and full of useful information.—"THE ELEMENTS OF A PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPH," by H. P. Robinson (Lund), begins by saying that photography has become so useful that there is a danger of its being forgotten to be something more. As one of our foremost artistic photographers, the author gives his reader the benefit of the best kind of experience likely to help the amateur to combine in a photograph the best parts of a good picture.—"ARTISTIC LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY," by A. H. Wall (Lund), is a kind of companion to the preceding, going over somewhat the same ground, but with more special reference to landscape work alone.—"PHOTOGRAMS OF 1896" (Dawbarn) is a full record of the work of to-day, very well illustrated.—"MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY," by H. Baker, gives the preliminaries of the art in a sensible way.—"TREATISE ON PHOTOGRAVURE," by H. Denison (Iliffe), gives practical instruction on the Klic process so extensively used in Germany and by certain English houses.

## THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT LONGFORD CASTLE.

THE private collections of the first rank in the United Kingdom have sadly dwindled of late years. It is hardly necessary to recall once again the dispersal of those of Hamilton Palace, Blenheim, and Dudley House, or the more recent scattering to the four quarters of the globe of the Earl of Ashburnham's finest pictures. The Earl of Northbrook's exquisitely well-chosen collection has been deprived of some of its greatest treasures; but, luckily, most of these have passed into the National Gallery, so that loss in one direction is gain in the other.

From the Earl of Darnley's gallery at Cobham, four grand decorative canvases of the school, and probably from the studio, of Veronese, and with them a genuine Tintoretto, have gone to enrich the splendid series of Venetian works at Trafalgar Square. More lately still, the late Earl parted with his brightest jewel, the great 'Rape of Europa,' which belongs to the glorious old age of Titian. It went to the land from whence no pictures return — to the United States.

There are still, at the present moment, some great collections in England, but the lover of Art in its brightest phases may well tremble when he thinks of the uncertainties which surround the future of such inestimable possessions, and of the extreme difficulty and costliness of building up *ab initio*, similar galleries in our time. To possess exquisite pictures of great price is not necessarily, in my estimation, to possess a great collection, especially when these belong mainly or entirely to the French schools of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and to the English schools of the eighteenth and early nineteenth. Splendid series of English pictures have been brought together within comparatively recent years by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Lord Rothschild, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and still more recently by Lord Iveagh and Sir Charles Tenant. Several of these collections contain, moreover, exceptional examples of Rembrandt, and the seventeenth century Dutchmen, as well as of Watteau, Lancret, Boucher and the later French schools generally. A great collection must, however, be more representative than any of these; it should not be wholly without

Italian pictures of the Renaissance period taken in its widest sense, that is including both the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is quite possible to maintain—as many of us do to-day, and on very solid grounds—that the climax of pictorial art, though not necessarily of pictorial genius, is only reached when we come to Rembrandt on the one hand and Velazquez on the other. And yet, to eliminate, even were such a thing possible, the great Italian schools of the prime would leave a gap as measureless as if we blotted out Athens itself, obliterated Delphi and *Aegina*, the Parthenon, Olympia, and all the wonderful superstructure that rests upon what they have given back to Art. In both cases, radiant light, enveloping and vivifying the whole world with its rays, would be exchanged for glimmering twilight or total darkness.

A great collection, therefore, is one like that of Bridgewater House, with its 'Bridgewater Madonna,' its Titians, its Tintoretto, as well as its Dutch masters; like that of Hertford House, with its restricted but first-rate group of Italian masters, with its series of canvases by Velazquez, as well as its unsurpassed collection of Flemish, Dutch, French, and English masters. Take again, as an instance, the gallery of Dorchester House, which is equally pre-eminent in its Italian, its Spanish, and its Netherlandish pictures. Only three English collections can compare on equal terms with those just now mentioned: the collection of Earl Cowper at Panshanger, famous for its Raphaels and other Italian pictures, and not less so for its superb series of Van Dycks; that of the Earl of Carlisle at Castle Howard; and that of the Earl of Radnor at Longford Castle, near Salisbury. In 1890 this last suffered serious loss in the transfer of three of its most famous paintings—the 'Ambassadors' of Holbein; the 'Portrait of a Nobleman,' by Moroni; and the 'Admiral Pulido Pareja,' by Velazquez—to the National Gallery; the private loss being again in this instance the public gain. Yet, even as it is, the gallery of Longford maintains its position as one of the finest and most representative in England. At the time when it still retained the pictures now acquired by the nation, it would have had serious claims to compete for the first



*The Virgin and Child.*  
By Jan Gossaert—called Mabuse.

APRIL, 1897.

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place with the most famous of the great private galleries, in the same category with which it must still, notwithstanding its diminution, be placed.

#### THE EARLY NETHERLANDISH AND GERMAN PICTURES.

'THE VIRGIN AND CHILD,' BY JAN GOSSAERT, CALLED MABUSE.—This is a fine and characteristic example, to be placed, as I take it, in the middle period of the Flemish master, who belonged, in his first and best manner, to the fifteenth century; in his last, to the sixteenth. It is as firm, as highly finished in every particular as wrought and burnished metal, but as compared with the similar productions of Netherlandish painters earlier in the century, cold, hard, and a little stolid. It is later in date than those splendid examples, still essentially Gothic (to use the old phrase) and Northern in conception, the 'Virgin and Child' of the Prado Museum at Madrid, and the very similar and equally fine version in Lord Northbrook's collection. It is later, too, than his masterpiece, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' at Castle Howard. It is a good deal earlier, on the other hand, than the 'St. Luke painting the Virgin' in the Rudolphinum at Prague, or than the two panels, both bearing the date 1527, which are now in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich: one of them the curious 'Danaë and the Golden Rain,' the other the florid little 'Virgin and Child' with the inscription, "Mulieris Semen Jhs Serpentis Caput Contravit," of which last an original repetition exists in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna.

'THE CHILDREN OF CHRISTIAN II. OF DENMARK,' BY MABUSE.—This is one of several old repetitions of the well-known picture now at Hampton Court, and once in the collection of Charles I. Other repetitions are in the collections of the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Methuen, and Mrs. Dent, of Sudeley, respectively, and to all or most of these the popular designation of the curious portrait-piece as 'The Three Children of Henry VII.' still clings. The late George Scharf (*Archæologia*, vol. xxxix. p. 245) has pretty conclusively vindicated the right of the picture to bear the name that we have given to it. He has identified it with the following entry in the manuscript catalogue of Henry VIII.'s effects:—"Item, a table, w<sup>th</sup> the pictures of the three children of the Kynge of Denmarke, w<sup>th</sup> a curtayne of white and yellow saranett—panel, together."

GREAT TRIPTYCH BY HENDRICK (OR HERRI) BLES OF BOUVIGNES.—The central panel shows the Virgin and Child enthroned and adored by St. Barbara, St. Cecilia, St. Catherine, St. Dorothy, the infant St. John the Baptist, and other saints. The Virgin's throne is overshadowed by an elaborate pediment or gable of masonry, in a style which combines late florid Gothic with early Renaissance, and is very characteristic of Bles. Long-robed angels with fluttering girdles and draperies lift the heavy hangings of the canopy, and two others—half-naked *putti* these—hold a crown over the Virgin's head. Underneath this crown—an arrangement most unusual, and, as I should imagine, hardly orthodox—hovers the Mystic Dove, symbolical of the Holy Ghost. The right wing—like its fellow of equal height with the centre—presents in a landscape the erect, full-length figure of St. John the Evangelist; the corresponding left wing showing in similar fashion St. John the Baptist. It is in the thick leafage of an oak to the left of this last panel that Mr. Lionel Cust,

now Director of the National Portrait Gallery, had the good fortune to discover the "Civetta," "Käuzchen," or owl, which constitutes the artist's signature, and is indeed his cognomen in the history of Art. He has been currently designated south of the Alps as "Civetta," and north of them in more recent times as the "Meister mit dem Käuzchen." Not, indeed, that the "Civetta" alone is a sure guarantee that we have before us a genuine Bles, since, like most other signatures, it has been pretty freely forged.

It is convincing only when, as in the present case, the style of the picture entirely corroborates the signature. It is especially in the wings that the incapacity of the Flemish artist to grapple with figures on a scale more than half that of life becomes apparent. In the central panel the brilliant glow of transparent colour, the fanciful flutter of the draperies, the naïveté and animation of the whole, go far to make amends for all shortcomings. The pictures of Hendrick Bles are great rarities in England. The two panels in the National Gallery have no serious claims to be considered as from his own hand. It is much safer to attribute to him a charming 'Annunciation,' in the Fitzwilliam Gallery at Cambridge, full of that clear, grey light which characterizes his earlier works. Of this phase, perhaps, the most characteristic and unquestionable example is the eccentric 'Adoration of the Magi,' No. 146 in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, bearing besides the famous "Käuzchen," the signature "Henricus Blesius F." Bles is to be best seen in the Munich Gallery, and in the Academy of Arts, the Imperial Gallery and the Liechtenstein Gallery, all three at Vienna. I should be disposed to attribute to his earlier period also a great triptych in the Brera Gallery, there labelled, 'Scuola Tedesca'; but this unfortunately hangs too high for close and accurate examination.

The Longford Triptych, the most important example of the master's art to be found in England, belongs to the later time of Bles, and in technique answers well to three separate representations of the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna (Nos. 655, 656, 657—Cat. 1896), attributed to Bles, and one of which, No. 656, is furnished with his usual signature. These all recall strongly the mode of conception, as well as of composition, which characterizes Hieronymus Bosch, the humorist of Bois-le-Duc.

Having in my mind's eye these Vienna pictures recently seen, and the Longford Triptych—but especially the latter—I have been induced to surmise that, in an exceptionally interesting and puzzling work in the great collection of Sir Francis Cook at Richmond, we have another late Hendrick Bles of first-rate importance. Many characteristics in this last painting recall Hieronymus Bosch, and more particularly a certain latent humour even in serious delineation, a constantly jagged and unrestful line, and a mode of modelling the human face and figure, uncomfortably suggesting that they may have no other side than the one presented to the spectator. The suggestion of Bosch's manner is in some respects so strong that until recently I thought that the picture might ultimately be numbered among the few now existing examples of his more serious art. A quite recent examination of the Longford picture has convinced me of my mistake. Its technique generally, its glow of jewel-like colour, its execution in the faces, draperies, and metal work, recall in the most striking fashion the triptych of Bles. No "Civetta" has, however, as yet been run to earth—more properly to bough, beam, or cornice—in the Richmond picture. Were it possible to compare the two paintings, or photographs from them, belief



*St. John the Evangelist.*

*The Adoration of the Virgin and Child.*

TRIPTYCH BY HENDRICK (OR HERRI) BLÉS OF BOUVIGNES,



*St. John the Baptist.*

might, perhaps, be strengthened into certainty. Until then surmise is permissible, but not positive assertion. Sir Francis Cook's picture is of important dimensions, and shows a reverse as well as an obverse. On the latter is depicted a rare subject in Northern art—the Legend of the Blossoming of Joseph's Staff in the Temple, and the Rejection of the other Suitors to the hand of the Virgin. On the reverse (as at present hung) appears the Nativity.

'THE PORTRAIT OF PETRUS ÆGIDIUS,'  
BY QUINTEN MASSYS.

No picture has been the subject of greater or more prolonged controversy than this celebrated portrait of Ægidius, which hangs at Longford by the side of the even more famous likeness of his friend Erasmus. In the last century they were already mentioned together as from the hand of Holbein, and Waagen still notes the 'Ægidius' as well as the 'Erasmus' as by the Bâle master. Then it was remembered that Quinten Massys had, in the year 1517, painted a diptych, or rather a double-picture, one wing showing the portrait of Ægidius, the other that of Erasmus; the work having been commissioned of Quinten by the two Netherlandish humanists as a present for their English brother-in-latters, Thomas More. Accordingly, some English as well as German art-historians put down not only the Longford 'Ægidius,' but the Longford 'Erasmus' as from the hand of Massys, thus assuming the bond of union between them. This theory, again, was found to be obviously unsound and unacceptable, since not only did the 'Erasmus' bear the authentic signature of Holbein, with the date, 1523, but the picture was manifestly one of the most characteristic and masterly portraits that we owe to him in his first Bâle period. By degrees it was clear that the two Longford pictures, by two great contemporary portraitists, had only an accidental connection the one with the other—that of juxtaposition through a long period of time, and of practical identity in dimensions, as in general sobriety and distinction of aspect. The 'Ægidius' proved itself both by internal and external evidence to be the one half of the accurately described diptych sent to Morus, but the other half, showing the sage Erasmus, still remained undiscovered. Even now, indeed, we remain uninformed as to whether it has survived in the original, and must be content with plausible surmises identifying this or the other old Flemish panel as a copy or reproduction of the lost portrait. Woltmann, who has elaborately discussed and, it may be said, definitively settled the whole matter in the chapter, "Ueber Bildnisse des Erasmus," of his biography, "Holbein und seine Zeit" (Vol. II. p. 9), follows H. Grimm in identifying as a reduced copy of the lost Massys, the portrait of 'Erasmus Writing,' now in the gallery at Hampton Court. This is not to be confounded with another 'Erasmus' ascribed to Holbein, in the same Gallery—a pendant to the 'Frobenius' there—the architectural background to which was added by Steenwijck, the younger, when the picture was given to Charles the First by the Duke of Buckingham. In the Ryks-museum, at Amsterdam, is a copy, on a much smaller scale, of an 'Erasmus,' by Quinten Massys, and of this the author of the catalogue, the learned Dr. A. Bredius, says that the best original is to be found in the collection of Count Stroganoff, at St. Petersburg. But the evidence fixing Massys as the painter of the 'Ægidius,' is not only external but internal. Seen side by

side with its companion at Longford, the technique, the mode of conception brought to bear upon it, appear essentially different. The characterization is more demonstrative than it is in the quiet, yet not really impassive Holbein; it appeals more directly to the beholder. The painter obtains his effects more by vigour of accent and abruptness of angle, than his German contemporary—less by a subtle unity in the realisation of the muscular tissues enveloping the inner structure. The modelling of the nose, the mouth, the hands is on a different principle. The execution agrees not so much with that of such famous panels as the so-called 'Knipperdrolling' of the Staedel Institut, at Frankfort, or the 'Portrait of a Man,' in the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna, as with the admirable Massys in the Louvre, there called 'The Banker and his Wife' (No. 279, Cat. 1883). And no wonder that it should, seeing that there is but a year between the two pictures, the Louvre panel bearing, with the signature of the artist, the date 1518. Ægidius has here the delightful half-smile of humour and sympathy, tempering wisdom. He is veritably the humanist, essentially the man of peace. Judging by his counterfeit presentment here, he is a man in whom the flame of life burns much higher than in the older and more staid Erasmus, allowing even for the six years' interval which separates the one portrait from the other.

In the left hand of the sitter is a letter, with the wondrously imitated handwriting of Thomas More, as follows:—

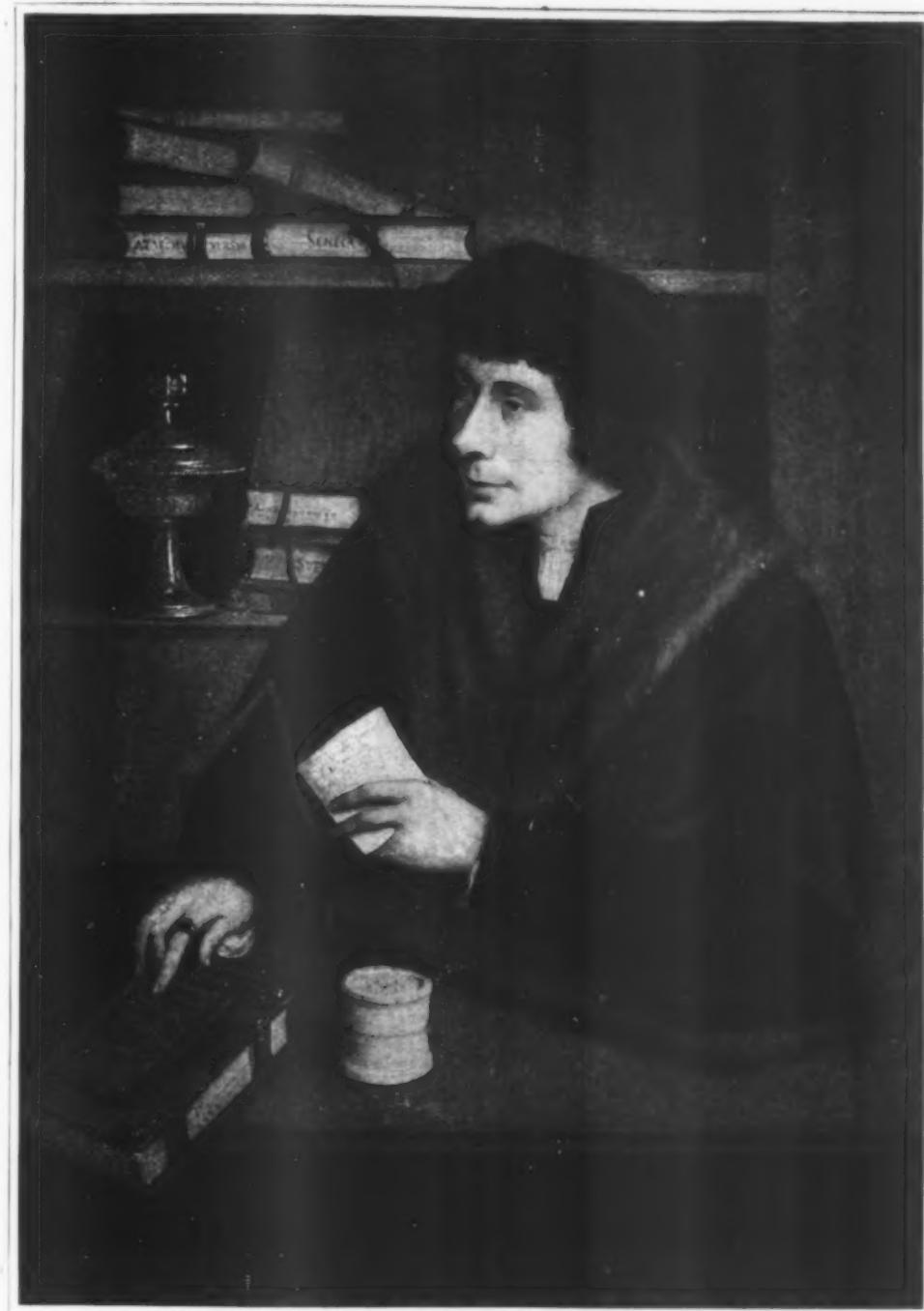
"Viro II(lus)trissimo Petro  
Egidio amico charisimo  
Anverpiæ."

This, according to Woltmann, agrees perfectly with the original handwriting of the English savant, still to be seen on the preliminary design by Holbein (now in the Bâle Museum), for the vanished portrait-group of More and his family. More says, in his letter of thanks, written upon receipt of the portrait-diptych from the two illustrious Netherlanders:—"My Petrus, our Quintin has expressed everything marvellously, but in particular he seems qualified to make a wonderful forger, since he has imitated the address of my letter to you in such a fashion as I could not myself accomplish a second time."

'PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS,' BY HOLBEIN.

This, together with the foregoing panel, was acquired at the sale of Dr. Meade's collection in 1754—both of them being sold as Holbein's work. Erasmus is here depicted in his doctor's hat, wearing a robe trimmed with fur. A further description of the picture is rendered unnecessary by the accompanying illustration. One of the books in the background has on the cover the date MDXXIII., and on the edges a half-effaced Latin distich, which Woltmann, allowing himself a certain amount of license in conjecture, gives as: "Ille ego Joannes Holbein, en, non facile ullus Tam mihi nimis erit quam mihi momus erat." That is, to give a rough and ready paraphrase: "It is easier to blame than to imitate"—that favourite cry of the painter when his natural enemy the critic is in question. Thus, Holbein painted this piece at the age of not more than twenty-five years. Though it will be another three years before he produces the famous 'Darmstadt Madonna' (1526), and another four before he rises to the height of accomplishment and interpretative power shown in the pathetic 'Thomas Morus' of the Huth collection (1527), and the curiously

veracious 'Archbishop Warham' of the Louvre (1527); he has rarely painted with a more exquisite subtlety or a firmer grip of his subject than here. The modelling of the head and hands is perfect in its searching truth and fine balance, showing none of that exaggeration and hardness of facial detail which so often mars the pictorial, and obscures the intellectual, conceptions in the portraits of Albrecht Dürer. Erasmus is, indeed, here what Dürer, who twice sketched him in 1520 at Brussels, calls him in his journal of the tour in the Netherlands, "Ein altes Männchen." Bodily suffering and advancing age have a little extinguished physical energy, but yet the great scholar of Rotterdam appears here surely yet undemonstratively portrayed in his true character. He was the chief representative of the broader humanism in the Reformation, the one man able to look calmly at the world as it was—able to weigh, to judge, but also to show toleration, that is provided his own comfort and security were not thereby interfered with. If any additional confirmation of Holbein's authorship were wanting, it would be found in the fine Renaissance ornamentation of the carved pilaster to the left of the picture. This shows the young painter of Augsburg and Bâle to be already at this stage a master in the adaptation and quite personal development of the earlier and finer Italian Renaissance—in this, therefore, as in many other things already far ahead of his fellow-countrymen. The maturity of his style in ornament is seen in the splendid series of drawings for metal-work and palatial decoration to be found in the Print Room of the British Museum. Its beginnings may be traced to the most famous production of Hans Holbein the Elder, the 'St. Sebastian' triptych of the Alte Pinakothek at Munich. Two drawings in the Louvre contain preparatory studies for our panel:—One a study of hands, both for this picture and that other portrait of Erasmus in the Salon Carré, presently to be mentioned; the other, a study for the face and hands in the Longford picture. Among the modified repetitions of this last by imitators are to be mentioned a smaller contemporary copy, without



*The Portrait of Petrus Egidius. By Quinten Massys.*

the architectural features, now in the Bâle Museum, and the already cited 'Erasmus' of Hampton Court—that is, the one which was once a pendant to the 'Frobenius,' and shows the later background by Steenwijck.

To the same year, 1523, belong two other famous portraits of Erasmus by Holbein—those respectively in the Salon Carré of the Louvre and the Bâle Museum. The latter, which is in oils on paper, may be looked upon as a finished study for the former, than which it is cooler in tone and less elaborate in execution.

The Louvre example, a profile portrait showing the sitter in the act of writing, once belonged, as the contemporary stamps and inscriptions on the back prove, to Charles, Prince of Wales. He exchanged it with Louis XIII. for the 'St. John the Baptist' ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, which once again, after the dispersal

of Charles's great collection, following closely upon his execution, was acquired by the Royal House of France.

Much less important than the Longford picture in dimensions, the Louvre panel is, perhaps, richer in the sober glow of its colour. It is certainly freer and more original in design, of an even higher and more pathetic truth in the rendering of the personage. How unfavourably with this series of portraits by Holbein does that engraved one of Erasmus by Albrecht Dürer compare, which, with masterly skill so far as technique goes, he executed in 1526, no doubt from drawings taken during the stay in the Netherlands! Dürer's exaggeration of facial peculiarities, and consequent sacrifice of the higher and truer characterization, is here very apparent. Erasmus, evidently but imperfectly satisfied, yet anxious to cast no slur upon the renowned Nuremberger, writes, on receipt of the portrait, after a laudatory phrase or two : "Si minus respondet effigies, mirum non est. Non enim sum is qui fui ante annos quinque."

**So-called 'PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,' BY A FLEMISH PAINTER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.**—This is merely a fanciful designation for the portrait, by an artist of Flanders, painting within the first thirty years of the sixteenth century, of some Flemish patrician. The green-blue landscape background, with castellated buildings, is in the style made familiar by the early sixteenth-century Netherlandish painters, and especially recalls Mabuse. It is too flat, nevertheless, for this master. The head is finely modelled, and in fair preservation, but over-painting disfigures the costume. I am unable to furnish any more precise attribution for this picture.

**'ST. SEBASTIAN MARTYRED,' BY A NETHERLANDISH PAINTER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.**—In the Longford Catalogue this large panel is described as by two no less mighty men than Michelangelo and Sebastiano del Piombo! A first glance makes it evident, all the same, that we have here the work of one of those Netherlanders who descended into Italy throughout the first half of the sixteenth century, and, fully trained already in the Northern methods, sought, with more enthusiasm than success, to assimilate, some the mysterious beauty of Leonardo, others the divine suavity of Raphael, and not a few, like the painter of this piece, the *terribilità* of Michelangelo. More particular attention has been paid to this curious group of chiefly anonymous painters since Giovanni Morelli set down to some among their number paintings which had previously borne illustrious Italian names. The curiously eclectic

character of this panel, in which a life-size St. Sebastian is depicted, naked, bound, and pierced with arrows, in a rich landscape obviously Flemish in style, at once betrays its origin. This is abundantly confirmed by the sound, enamel-like, and thoroughly Northern character of the painting, which is extraordinarily well-preserved. The landscape is a development of the usual Netherlandish sixteenth-century type, but in the broad handling of the trees in the foreground is seen the result of Italian, perhaps Venetian, example. In the middle distance are Roman ruins—apparently monumental baths—much too small for their position in the picture. The figure of St. Sebastian is taken bodily and without sensible alteration from Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment,' but from the side of the Blessed, not the Tormented, as might have been imagined. It has no natural connection with the landscape or the scene. The Netherlander Martin van Heemskerk is known to have made a special study in Rome of Michelangelo, and also of Roman antiquities, of which he has left many drawings in a note-book now, if my memory serves me, in the Print Room of the Berlin Museum. I had, therefore, imagined—and have, indeed, stated elsewhere—that he might be the author of this curious piece of mechanical eclecticism. It appears, however,\* that Heemskerk went to Italy in 1532, and returned in 1535 or 1536, to perpetrate those monstrosities in perverted Michelangelism which may still be seen at the Hague and elsewhere. As the 'Last Judgment' was not unveiled until Christmas Day, 1541, or at the earliest in the autumn of 1540, it is no longer possible to connect Heemskerk's name with the Longford picture.

The same anonymous Netherlander who is answerable for it has repeated the

motive with some variation, and in a lighter key, in a picture, now No. 74, in the Dresden Gallery. Here Buonaroti's muscular figure is made to do duty as a heretic chained naked to the stake and burned at a slow fire. The sentence of the Inquisition, "Fumo pereat qui Fumum vendidit," beneath the picture, leaves no doubt on this point. This last piece was once in the collection of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, where it was called 'Man Tortured' and ascribed to Michelangelo. It came in 1749, with many other pictures of greater fame, from the Imperial Gallery at Prague to Dresden.

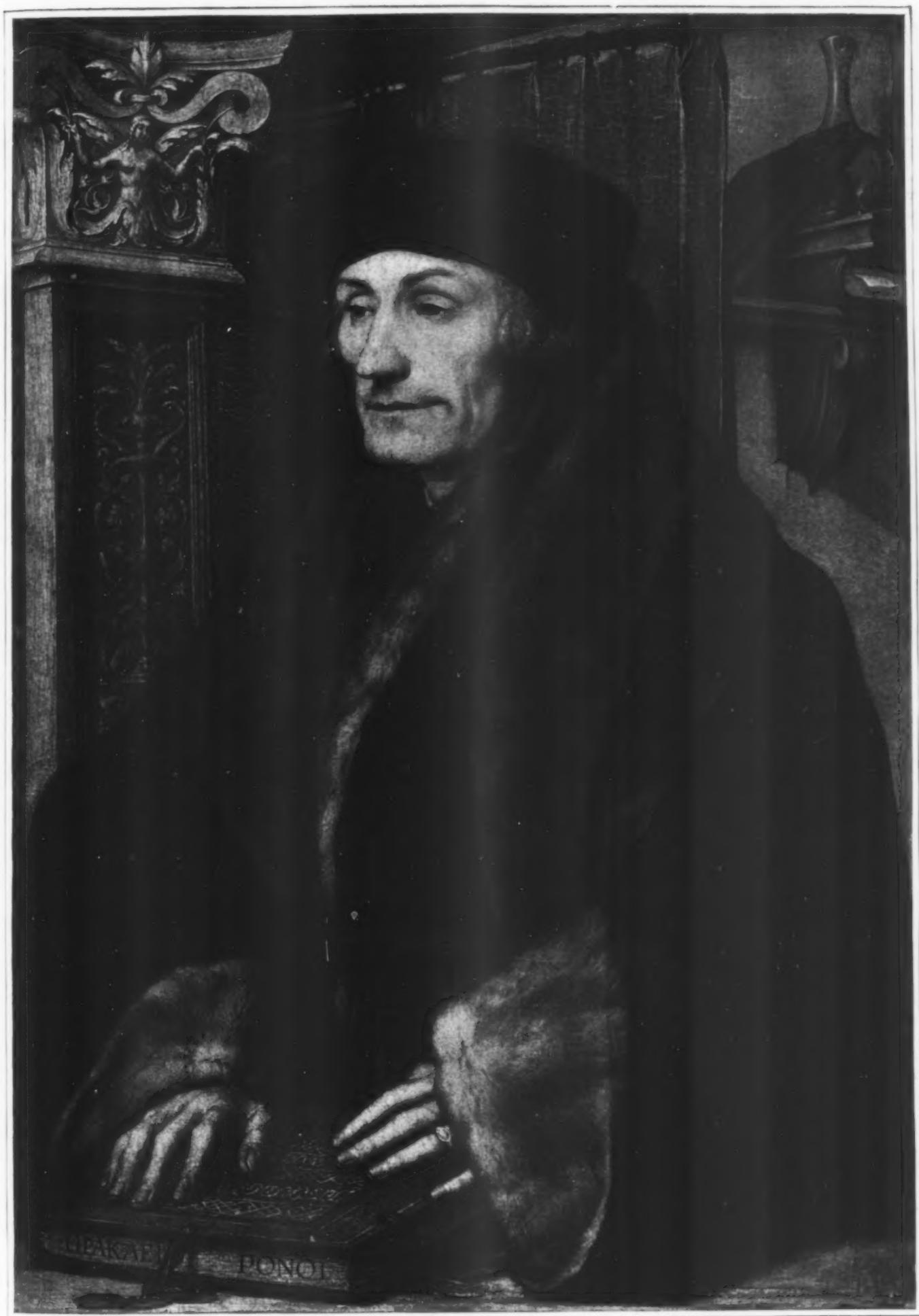
**'PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN,' IN THE MANNER OF JOOS VAN CLEEF.**—This is a life-size half-length, showing a young man wearing a mantle of black velvet and fur, and a black cap. With his left hand he points

\* "Catalogue Raisonné of the Pictures at the Royal Museum of the Hague" (1895).



St. Sebastian.

By an unknown Netherlandish Painter of the Sixteenth Century.



Erasmus.  
By Hans Holbein the Younger.

to a globe, on which are represented the Four Seasons. The picture bears the following inscription in large Roman characters: "LUX TENEBRIS — RURSUS LUCI TENEBRÆ FUGIENTI SUCCEDUNT—STABILIS RES TIBI NULLA MANET." The soberly yet richly-clad student here portrayed poses evidently as a philosopher and something of a pessimist. The style answers fairly well to that of the great but as yet too little understood Netherlandish portrait-painter, Joos van Cleef, whose strange vagaries procured for him the cognomen, "Sotto (*sic*) Cleve," or "Cleef le Fol." The dramatic, tormented action of the hands in particular recalls his mode of expression. The execution is, on the other hand, not up to the level of the companion portraits of the master himself and his wife at Windsor Castle, nor does it match that of the fine 'Portrait of a Man,' in the Alte Pinakothek, at Munich. We must be content for the present to catalogue the Longford portrait as of the school of Van Cleef.

'PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS WINDHAM,' BY LUCAS DE HEERE (sometimes erroneously designated Sir Anthony Denny).—This is a half-length, showing a vigorous personage, still in the flower of manhood, wearing a dark brown beard and moustache, which match his hair. From his mien, as well as his accoutrements, one must necessarily take him to be a man of action rather than of reflection. On one barrel of the gun which he holds is "AETATIS XLII., MDL—(partly effaced)—HE." On the other barrel we read "T. W." (Thos. Windham?). The late George Scharf—a high authority, it need hardly be said, on the subject—has described the picture as "a very important specimen of the master's work." It is larger and looser in handling than those examples of De Heere which may be said to represent his English

manner; than, for instance, the large 'Queen Mary Tudor,' belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, the small half-length of the same queen, belonging to Colonel Wynne-Finch, or the curious double-portrait, showing the mature Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, with her second husband, the youthful Adrian Stokes. The style here more nearly approximates to that of De Heere's master, Frans Floris, and the group influenced by him. The hands are strangely coarse and ill-drawn, but the head is finely modelled, full of life and character. The pictures we have designated as the English portraits (being those which were in all probability actually painted in England), show that the youthful De Heere, when he first came to England in 1554, fell very strongly under the influence of Holbein, whose works he would then in all probability have seen for the first time. The pictures in the group just mentioned are, indeed, much nearer in style to the Bâle master than to such purely Netherlandish portraitists as Joos van Cleef or Pieter Porbus.

In the Long Gallery of the Louvre there is a full-length of Edward VI. of England, there ascribed to Antonio Moro, which appears to me to be a fine and characteristic work of Lucas de Heere, under the influence of the Holbein School, as it still, at the date of his first coming, survived in England. The young king is here represented in the last year of his life. There is a little difficulty as to dates, seeing that Edward died in 1553. Yet, if De Heere painted Queen Mary in 1554—and the portrait of the Society of Antiquaries belongs to that year—why should he not have painted Henry's ill-fated son a few months earlier?

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)

## "HER DAUGHTER'S LEGACY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. HENRY HENSHALL.

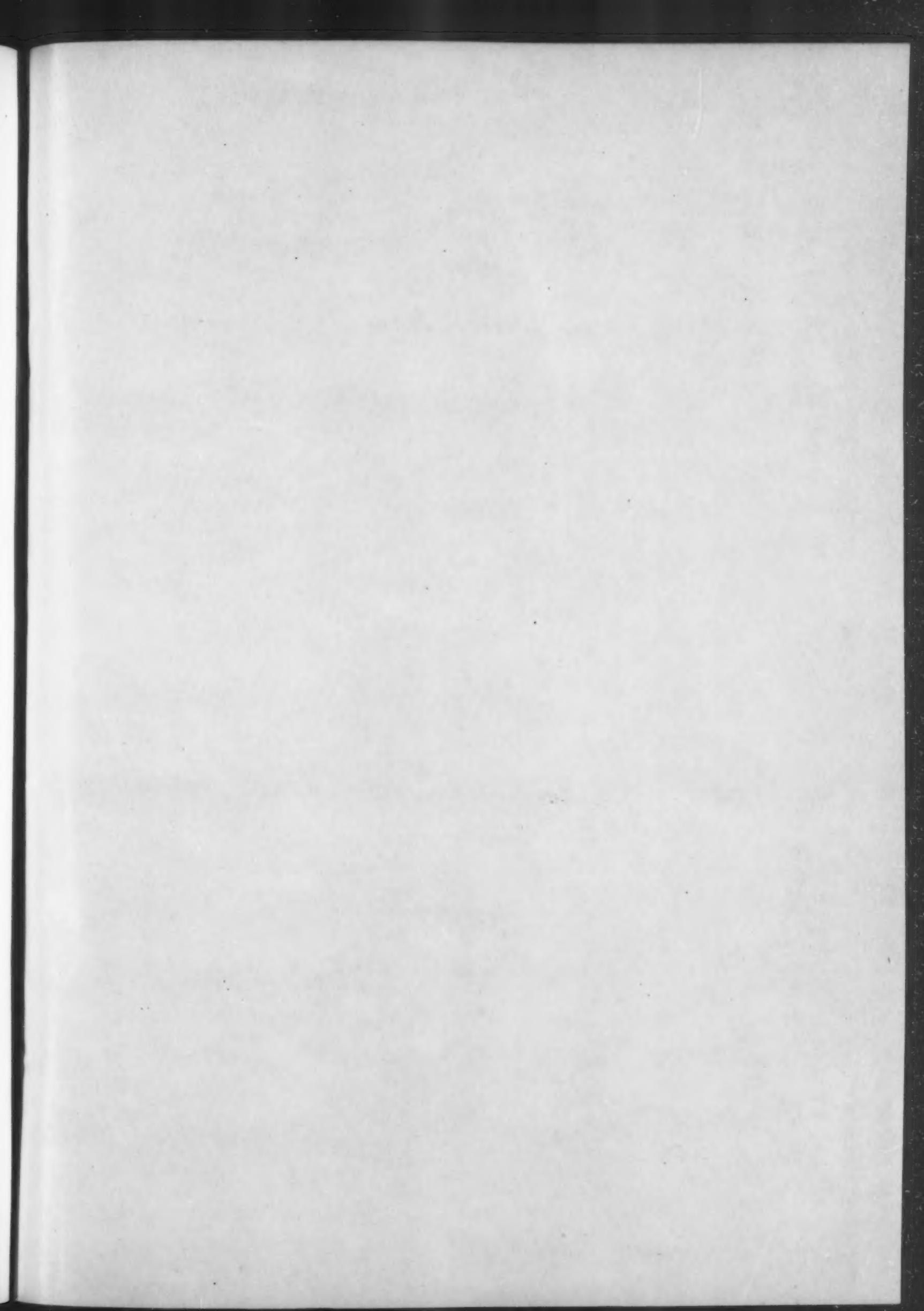
IT must be accounted a conspicuous merit of Mr. Henshall's remarkable picture that, both in the selection and management of the material with which he has dealt in it, he has avoided any tendency towards sensationalism. His reticence and discreet reserve are worthy of the highest praise; and they have an immense value as aids to the development of his technical method. They are, however, chiefly important because they appear, not only in the expression of his idea, but have influenced him also in his view of his subject. The point of his story is not forced upon us with unskilful assertion; it is not even led up to by devices designed to tickle by their ingenuity. On the contrary, we are left to infer it from quiet hints, and to seek it among gentle suggestions.

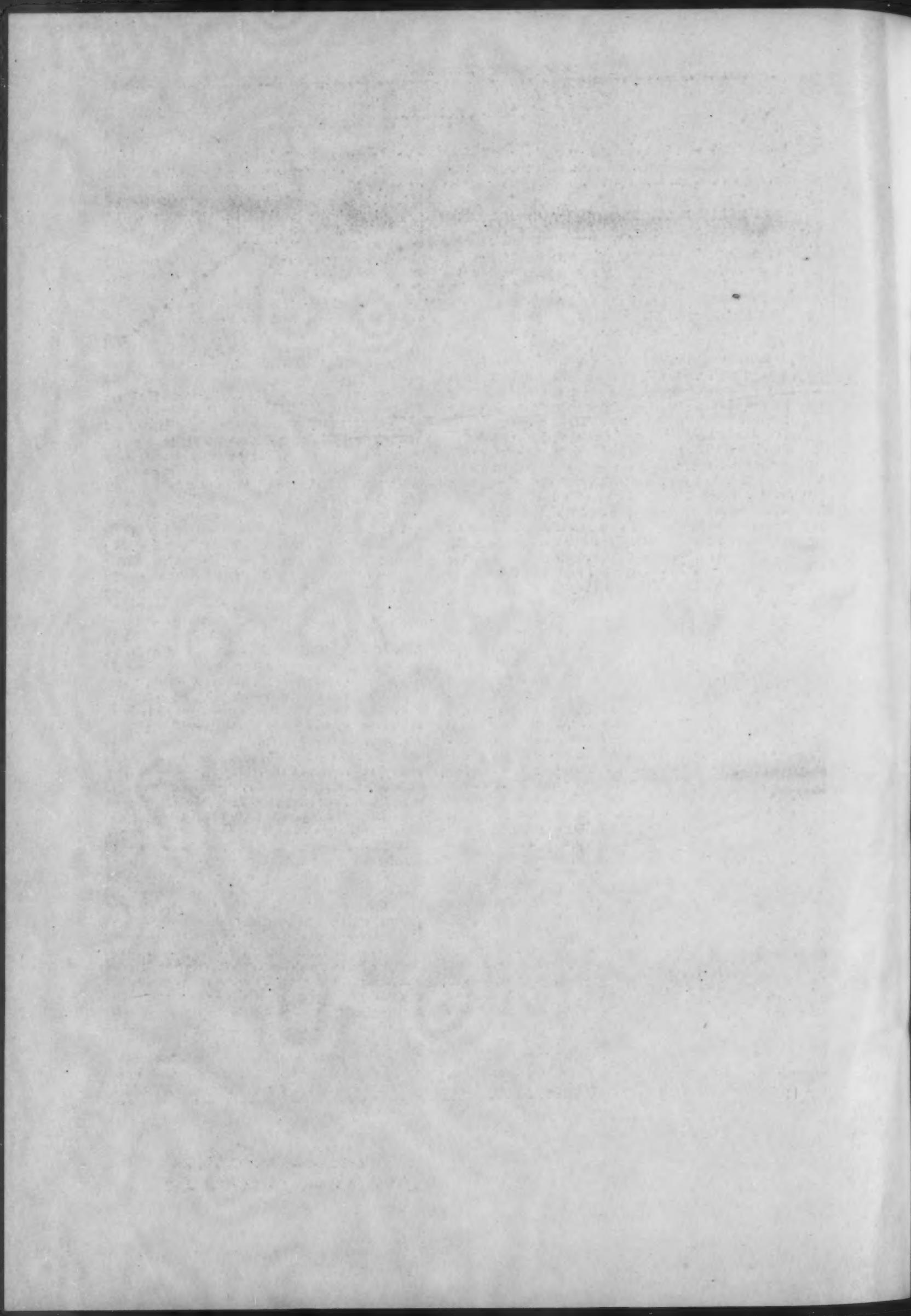
Yet the picture is not wanting in effective contrasts. Its most evident value as an example of modern art lies in the manner with which the details that give it meaning, and accentuate its story, are juxtaposed. The happy unconsciousness of childhood, without cares, and unoppressed by any sense of responsibility, is pathetically contrasted with the hopelessness of old age weighed down by unaccustomed and unusual anxieties. For the child, life is but a question of the future; there

are no bygone years with troubles and griefs to occupy its thoughts. But for the grandmother there is nothing to come; all her existence, all her sympathies and interests, are in the past. She has suffered and endured, and the present is for her only a period of patient resignation of which the end is very near at hand. She is left, as it were, stranded by a wave of time which has swept away everything that has helped her to bear herself with energy among the struggles and strivings which have fallen to her lot. And now she sits and broods, saddened by her sense of losses sustained during her long life, and despairing of adequately fulfilling the duties which have been thrust upon her by unkind fate.

As the artist has presented the story, he has omitted nothing which is calculated to worthily set before us the meaning of the subject he has chosen to illustrate. He has assured himself of our sympathy with his characters, by the eloquent manner in which he has pleaded their pathetic case; and his own serious conviction about their right to consideration makes it impossible to disregard his appeal.

His picture is a memorable one, conspicuous even in Mr. George McCulloch's collection, a collection which summarises all that is best in the modern schools.





The Art Journal, London, 1850, p. 10.



From the Picture by J. Henry Marshall.

Linen Electro Engraving Co.

UoF M

Her Daughter's Legacy.  
In the Collection of Geo McCulloch, Esq.

May 2011



*Labour.*  
By Alphonse Legros.

## ALPHONSE LEGROS.

IT is scarcely possible in a mere article to give a detailed biography or a complete idea of the work of so considerable an artist as M. Legros. Such a period as ours, however, allows little scope to artists, for the stirring life and monumental production which it was once theirs to realise. They must needs now be self-sufficing, and, as princes are heedless of their merit, and they incapable of lowering themselves to the popular taste, are condemned to be satisfied throughout their lives with the appreciation of a handful of artists and *dilettanti*; it is later that they take their real places in Art. In the time of the Renaissance, Legros would have been one of those universal artists who were called on to cover the walls of a church or a palace, who enriched the world with their thought in a hundred ways, in paintings and prints, and precious work of all kinds, still finding time for travelling, fighting, and many other forms of adventurous excitement. As such temperaments as these cannot, in the nineteenth century, develop freely, they must live their lives less restlessly, obtaining freedom rather through the imagination.

Yet, indeed, such an existence may be so varied as to call for a minute analysis, and a large and detailed catalogue. And I am convinced that, in the case of M.

Legros, such a thing will some day be done in England, or by the united efforts of his English and French admirers. It is, in truth, to these that his work appeals the most directly; to England through the austere dignity and force of the expression, by the beauty of its student-

like searching after truth, by an element of somewhat sad, somewhat savage grandeur, in its conception; to France through the sobriety and simplicity of the form, the crispness and clearness of its eloquence. It is easy to see how full of incident, under different circumstances, so simple and retired a life might have been; at the same time, it is clear that a personality with so strong an attitude, will have exercised a considerable influence over many minds.

M. Legros was born in 1837, at Dijon, the country of painters, which has given to France many of her greatest artists and hottest heads. The Dijon character is at one and the same time reflective and impetuous, determined and hot-blooded. The wine of Burgundy would seem to have mixed in

the veins of her men. Flanders has helped the stock, and to the Flemish calm and assiduity there may perhaps be added something like a ray of Spanish sun carried up into the neighbouring Franche-Comté. What makers or lovers of pictures may have prepared the



*Design for a Fountain*  
By Alphonse Legros.

way for M. Legros I cannot say; all I know is that he began his apprenticeship as the old artists used to do, in the simplest and most rustic way; a trade, and the most modest one, put him on the high road to Art. This apprenticeship consisted in colouring religious prints, cheap prints for a sou that his employer, most rudimentary of masters, fabricated for pedlars. It matters little from what source that faculty, which is in the child the earliest indication of artistic inclination, *the love of pictures*, comes, provided it be there. It can show itself before the crudest and humblest of prints, as well as before the masterpieces in the most royal gallery.

The provincial lad by the force of circumstances was soon to become a child of Paris, one of those young Parisian working-men, intelligent, adventurous, and attractive, to whom Paris is always open, and whom she adopts as her own immediately. Legros is one of the most remarkable examples of this, though I have often noticed it to be the case with other artists. From the forests or the mountains, or simply from the provinces, the boy is transported, I might almost say transplanted, into the great city; he finds himself in the street, so terrible to the poor and weak, but for others clement and instructive; the street, therein lies perdition—or a great school, the school for quick, artistic minds. It is the revelation of life, of beauty, of sentiment; the mysterious stream on whose waters float so many wrecks, but also spangles of gold. There the young artist is free and independent, provided that this natural refinement prevent him being attracted by the baser side; in the street he can observe the greatest of all things, art and humanity, things unseen by limited or indifferent minds, unseen not by the minds of heedless children only, but of the great majority of men and women. There he stands alone, with a great book wide open before him, as if he were in a cloister; the same deep calm, the same unlimited horizon offered to his thoughts, in the midst of the turmoil and confusion of the world. Oh! the sublime minds which have from time to time been capable of developing in the street.

Naturally, thrown in this same Paris, Legros never for one instant hesitated as to his career; the manual occupations he had chosen for his bread were chosen with a view to art; one of these occupations, indeed his principal one, was scene-painting. For this he had an extraordinary aptitude and taste. The theatre delighted him, and it was with real zeal that he helped paint the scenery and crept in and out of the wings, or, in a room in some quiet place, he would go through, acting or singing, all the passages that had struck him; sometimes whole scenes, imitating all the different characters with quite the most correct and agreeable voice in the world; often too, amongst friends, himself inventing the *scenario*, playing, at the same time, author, stage-manager, the

actors, the orchestra, even the audience, with untiring spirits, and an amazing flow of comical and tragical invention. If I seem to insist somewhat too seriously on his dramatic gifts, it is because I consider it helpful in our comprehension of the artist himself; he is not only the painter of splendid detail, executed with masterly strength and style, but also of compositions of pictures which are scientifically managed, containing some powerful situation, indicated and deduced with all the logic and all the evocative force of a theatrical work of a very superior kind. In a word, there was already in the young man a power of observation which accompanied, or, perhaps, even preceded, the executive qualities which he was destined to acquire in the manner I shall talk of a little later.

Men who knew Legros in those early days say, that they have rarely met with a happier or more seductive nature. The wildest gaiety, coupled with the fastest

and subtlest appreciation of things artistic; an active part taken in the movement of new ideas which impassioned the young school, a life full of struggling and study, of work and heedlessness of privation, and enthusiasm; in a word, all the scintillation of twenty years when the mind is developing and acquiring suppleness, the time of golden dreams and a hundred projects, the time, in a word, when the man is commencing the all-absorbing conquest of himself, and dreams of conquering the whole world.

One of his first masters was M. Lecoq de Boisblandan. This name is almost unknown to the present generation, although the venerable Professor is still living, but in extreme retirement. His method has been most productive,

based as it is on a sound and simple principle, neither properly understood nor sufficiently recognised—the cultivation of the memory. To carefully observe forms, proportions and values, then to reproduce them from memory; such is his method of teaching, which he applies in the most varied way to the simplest or most complex objects. His teaching has proved of great service to many; to force the memory to gain in power and suppleness, is to be master of a marvellous instrument, and to second nature, however considerable may be one's gifts, in the best possible way. One of the first lessons of this kind that Legros imposed upon himself was to go to the Louvre, and from long and severe study, to copy Holbein's 'Erasmus' from memory. The result was encouraging to the young artist, and he never from that moment ceased keeping up an assiduous conversation with the Louvre. A new mode of instruction came to him, perhaps I should rather say he went in search of it: that of the old masters, whose pupil he became across the stretch of time, still remaining, however, of his own.

Little by little Legros entered into relations with many



*The Organist.*  
From a Wash-drawing by Alphonse Legros.

of the most brilliant and promising spirits of the day, soon becoming himself not the least remarkable of the circle. The little Dijon apprentice and the young Paris workman were now of the past. After his fourfold education—that of his imaginative faculty by the Theatre, of his technique by Courbet and the Louvre, of his memory by Lecoq de Boisbandran, and of style by the old masters, there was in his turn a young master ready to invent and create.

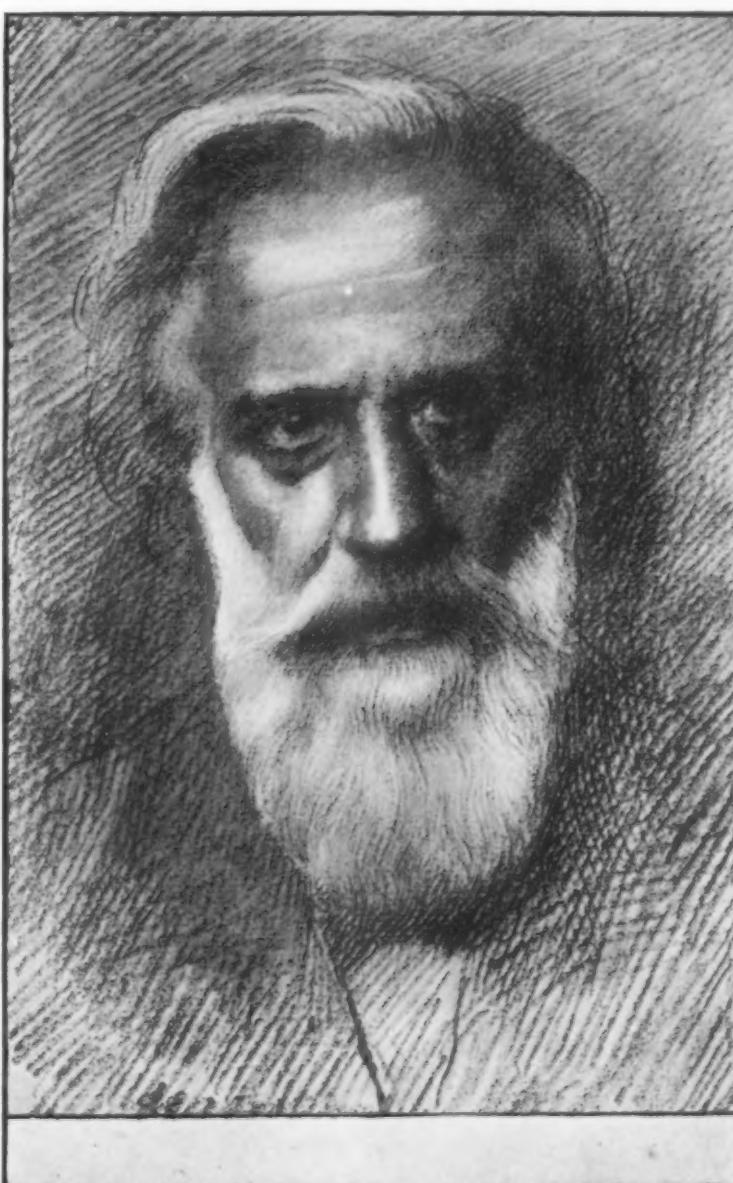
To those who would inquire into the memories of the artistic society of that day, and whose good fortune it may be to converse with the survivors, happily still numerous, the most fascinating picture and the most amusing conversations will be revealed. In the Café Guerbois, such men as Durant, Manet, Champleury, Fantin-Latour, Degas, Whistler, Cazin, Desboutsins, and others now disappeared, used to meet; younger men too, amongst whom were Renoir, Claude Monet, and Goeneutte. What arguments, what wild discussions, they would have! And the afternoons at the Louvre, where many an analytical copy was done by the masters of our own young painters. These men have become for the most part remarkable stylists, carefully kept outside schools and academic society.

But such men as Legros, Degas, Manet, Fantin and Whistler, *soi-disant* revolutionaries, are precisely the men who have proved themselves the most ardent and reverential admirers of the old painters, the most steeped in tradition, and the best informed as to the history and methods of the past; whilst I could, did I wish it, name more than one world-renowned painter, the recipient of many official honours, and the defender, in empty words, of the prerogatives of high art, who has, so to say, never set foot in the Louvre, knowing full well that it is not there that either medals,

or the means of acquiring them, are to be found. These bygone afternoons at the Louvre have proved, in the history of French art in the middle of this century, of the most valid importance. Each had his own method, his own preferences; there, in the different systems of copying, in the use of their materials, the most extraordinary processes were to be seen, the strangest, most effervescent theories were expounded. Nor do I

imagine, would the shades of the old painters, had they seen all this young life and animation about them, have been displeased.

What is of considerable importance in Legros' contact—this, so to say, respectful familiarity—with the old masters is that it was produced without the intermediary meddling of any assistant master, marring what is beautiful to the student by the application of absurd precepts for the use of all. There are certain artists whose tastes become apparent to themselves only when brought face to face with nature—not always the speediest way of arriving at a comprehension of its superior beauties; others again who reason out and control nature by the great masters, and the masters by nature. Some few there are who, capable of drawing from their own resources anew and



*Alphonse Legros. From a Lithograph by Himself.*

robust interpretation of nature, love to converse with the masters on a level footing with them, liking to talk their language because they understand it. Such is the case with Legros. Thus it is that his work is now so full of great style, that he has known how to express entirely modern ideas in so rare and classical a form. We may, having reached this point of our sketch (scarcely a biography, for we have been but little occupied with chronological facts), cast a glance over a portion of Legros' etched work, for his fame has come to him as much from this as from his painted work. Although the 'Ex

'Voto,' exhibited at the Salon of 1861 (now in the Gallery at Dijon), and the 'Amende Honorable,' at the Salon of 1868 (now in the Luxembourg), earned him a widespread success, his work as an etcher gave him one of the first and most distinguished places in contemporary art, a place that Thibaudran did not fear, in the preface of his catalogue, to declare analogous with that of Rembrandt.

One is amazed, in going through this great mass of work, by its variety, its breadth, and its unexpectedness. It was towards 1857 that Legros began to etch, and he may therefore be considered as having been amongst the first to contribute towards the revival of French etching. To Legros really belongs the genius of the needle; a very personal genius, sometimes so patient, now very impetuous, according to the feeling the subject gives him; at times working on the copper with the minute application of a primitive, at others sweeping over and cutting into the plate with an almost uncanny fury, again caressing it, in his more tender moments, with charming sweetness and lightness. Etching became, for his restless spirit and rapid imagination, the almost perfect means of expression. And so he gives us a series of stirring visions, tragedies of poverty, of asceticism, of fierce outbursts of nature, trees twisting before the storm, snapping under lightning shocks; in another key, majestic landscapes, calm and gloomy; portraits firmly cut as with the burin, severe in style, modelled as by a sculptor, showing the innermost character of his sitter, with sober movement of the head, finely drawn profile, and eyes ever fixed on some far-off ideal; his means are of the most varied, sometimes elaborate, sometimes rapid and direct.

Amongst the proofs I have so often turned over at the Bibliothèque Nationale, some of the finest por-

traits are those of Watts, Frédéric Regamey, Dalou, Sir Edward Poynter, Lord Leighton, and I must add, executed at odd times, those of Carlyle, Cardinal Manning, Rodin, Maxim, the engineer, and of Charles Holroyd, one of his favourite pupils. These I have obviously only chosen here and there from the very considerable portion of Legros' etched portrait-work. Among the imagined, or purely fantastic plates, there are so many striking ones that I scarcely know which to single out as the finest. It is curious to notice how much religious ceremonies and scenes from monastic life have stimulated the etcher's *verve*, probably on account of the opportunity these afforded of combining dignity with simplicity: the 'Donneurs d'eau bénite' and the 'Discipline au couvent,' a sad and powerful scene of flagellation; the tragic plate of the 'Mort de St. Francois,' in which Legros had conceived, without ever having seen it, the austere side of Italy; the 'Moines bûcherons' (of which he also painted a very fine small picture, in Mr. Edwin Edward's collection); 'le Lutrin,' severe in style, one of the simplest of them all, with the 'Baptême,' the fragment of a picture owned by Lord Carlyle. In the 'Baptême,' amongst others, is seen that face, so dear to Legros, of which he has formed the style with an incomparable purity, the face of the young country girl, her head fitted with the close little round white linen cap, her form covered in the folds of a wide black cloak. There is indeed in this touching and grave conception of a woman, a beauty which will never fail to attract all true lovers of simplicity. In the admirable picture just lately accepted for the nation by a few zealous admirers of the master (illustrated below), is it not just the same beauty presented at the same time, under a different aspect, like the soberly varied theme of a great musician?

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE.

(To be concluded.)

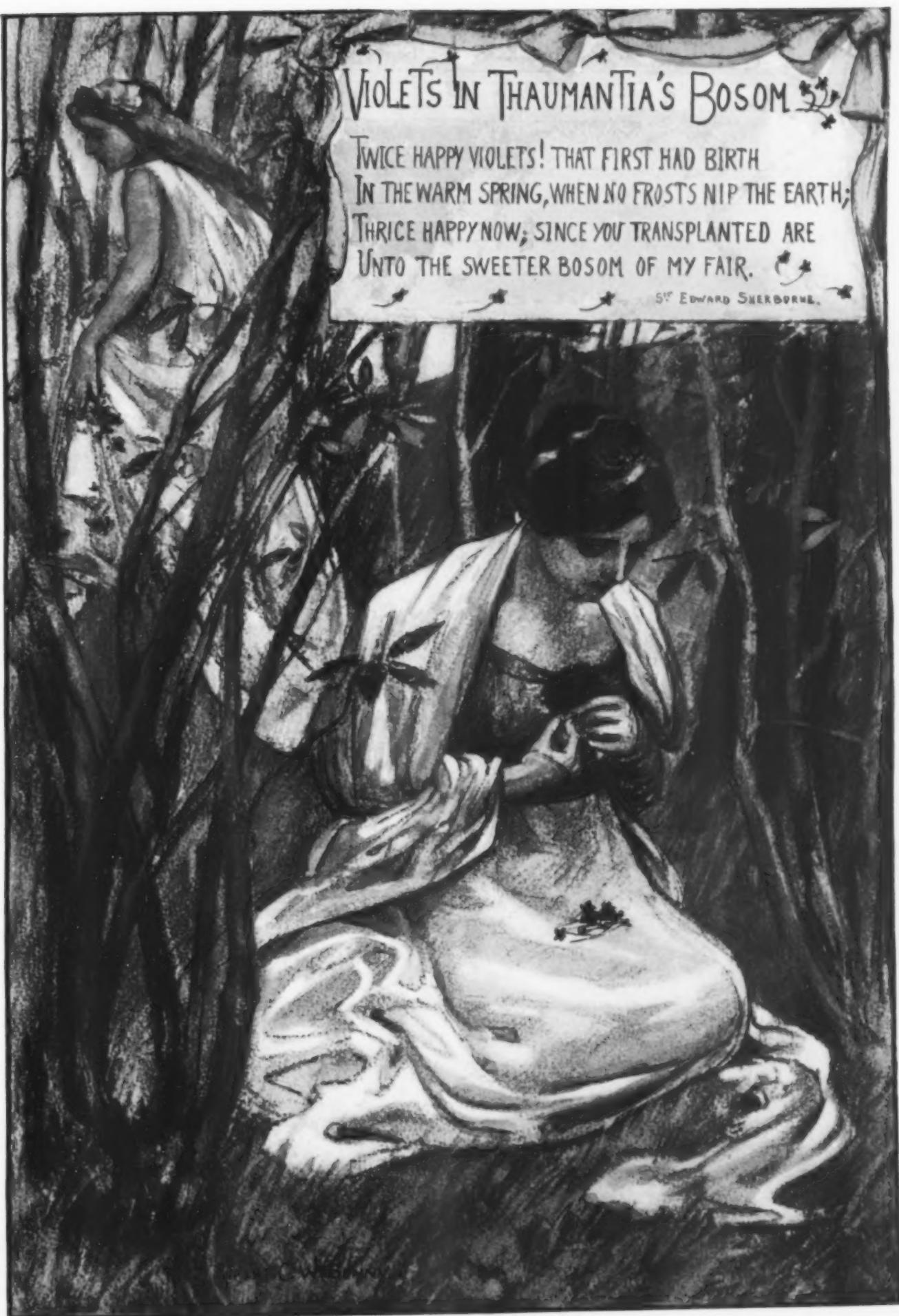


*Femmes en Prière.* From the Painting by Alphonse Legros.  
Recently presented to the National Gallery by a number of admirers of the artist.

## VIOLETS IN THAUMANTIA'S BOSOM

TWICE HAPPY VIOLETS! THAT FIRST HAD BIRTH  
IN THE WARM SPRING, WHEN NO FROSTS NIP THE EARTH;  
THRICE HAPPY NOW; SINCE YOU TRANSPLANTED ARE  
UNTO THE SWEETER BOSOM OF MY FAIR.

S<sup>T</sup> EDWARD SHERBORNE.



From a Drawing by Rupert C. W. Bunny.

F.F.



*Worker in Moucharabieh.*

## THE MOUCHARBIEHS OF CAIRO.

CAIRENE moucharabieh, or moucharabieh-work as it has come to be called, looks like wooden lace and is

an omnipresent feature of interior and exterior decoration in Cairo; it runs all over the outer walls and balconies of the houses; it projects itself into the street in the shape of overhanging triangular and rectangular windows, and suspends itself from upper and lower edges in innumerable corbels that gracefully droop like the tender leaves and blooms of a delicate plant.

The word moucharabieh is derived from the root which means to drink, and originally was only used when speaking of the latticed windows which were made of it, because of the little semi-circular niche projecting out of the middle, wherein was placed the porous water bottle, that it might get a current of air from all sides and by evaporation cool. Now the name is applied to anything that is made of, or decorated with, the beautiful spindle work. It lends itself to a variety of uses, in the way of furniture and decoration, that were never dreamed of by the patient toilers who for hundreds of years fashioned the delicately-turned knobs and balls into myriads of geometrical designs.

The newly arrived European with strongly developed artistic tastes immediately saw the possibilities of moucharabieh work, and has utilised it in almost every article that is manufactured for the furnishing of his home, utilised too without destroying its original character. For instance, he has no use for the latticed windows, beautiful as they may be, which conceal the hareem ladies from the too-inquisitive



*Moucharabiehs in Old Cairo.*

eye of the passer-by, but he has utilised the window as a whole by separating it into three hinged panels, and setting them up as a movable screen; a Persian jar stands in the niche where erstwhile the clay carafe rested, and the shelf formed by the top of the little projection makes an admirable stand for a low lamp.

Squares, circles, and triangles of the turned spindles are introduced into the framework of almost every article of furniture in use at the present time, and some pieces are composed entirely of it. In the native houses the doors of the innumerable cupboards which line the walls are all made of mouchrabieh; long lines of spindles are let into the backs of the stationary divans, which are built along the sides of a room; ceilings are occasionally made of alternate squares of mouchrabieh and wood carving; it is also used for frieze or dado; again, panels of it separate the great wall spaces, and an arch of it is often seen dividing the length of a large room. The window which looks from the hareem into the *selamalek*, or reception room, is always made of this trellis-work, and it forms a component part of the *kursy*, or small table, used to support the tray upon which the Oriental's repast is spread;

but the finest work is put upon the reading desk, or Koran stand, which is cross-legged like a camp stool or saw-horse: this is decorated with squares of inlay and mouchrabieh, consisting of stars and geometrical designs, arabesques and inlaid panels; the inlay is of ivory or mother-of-pearl, set off by black wedge-shaped pieces of horn or bituminous composition. Between scroll borders are texts and pious formulæ from the Koran wrought in quaint Arabic characters.

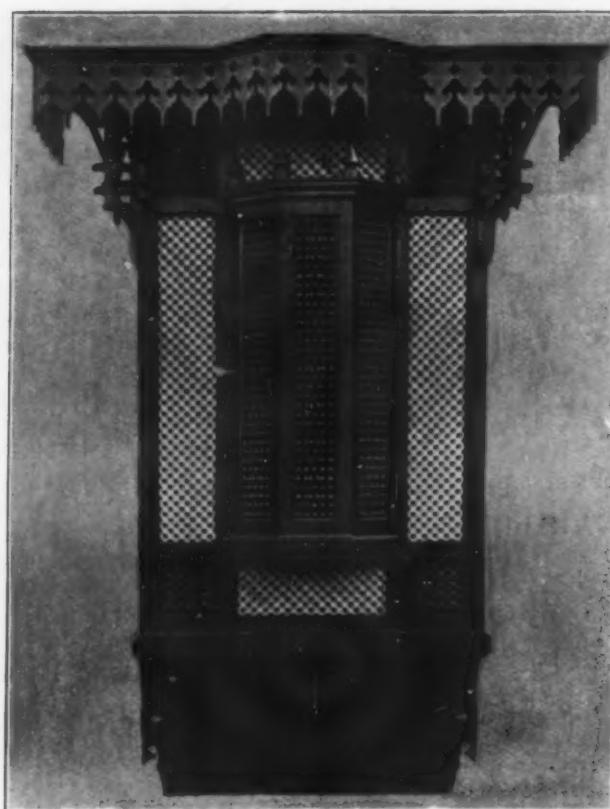
There is in one of the streets of old Cairo a whole block of mouchrabiehs grey with age and dust, which are the delight and admiration of all who behold them; a joint is gone in many a place, and they lean to one side or the other, as a drunken sailor does when he walks, and they look as if the weight of a heavy hand or a strong wind would instantly demolish them; they project from the second storey and almost meet across the road, so nearly that they quite shut out the "everlasting sunshine" from the ground floors. Some of these windows are furnished with mattresses and cushions, making a delightful "cosy corner." Into the lattice are fitted numberless little windows hung like doors, which the inmates of the hareem may unclasp when they wish to gossip with their neighbours over the way or carry on a flirtation with an admirer in the street below. Even in these last days of their tumble-down existence, these mouchrabiehs have an air of extreme elegance, and it makes the artistic soul to grieve that such beautiful examples of olden architecture and decoration are allowed to fall into utter ruin, with no hand to stay their progress; for the Egyptian never repairs his house, he lives in it as



*Parvis Cabinet in Mouchrabieh.*

long as he can, then he goes away and builds a new one.

I have seen in the courts around which all Oriental houses are built, some of the most beautiful and picturesque specimens of mouchrabieh-work in the shape of square, old-fashioned settles, broad of seat, high of back, comfortable as well as decorative. These are called *dikkas*, and are the resting-places of the *bow-wab* who guards the gateway; but one and all looked as if their days of usefulness were over, for their broken



Mouchrabieh Cabinet.

joints were scarcely able to bear even a "light weight," let alone a heavy one. These, and the windows, are made of cedar-wood, which is guiltless of stain, polish, or varnish of any sort. The knobs and balls in small pieces of furniture, that is the finest work, are made of the lemon and orange tree, portions of which are painted black to represent ebony. Throne chairs for brides are made of mouchrabieh and elaborate carving; there are a few beautiful specimens of these in the Arab Museum in Cairo.

The spindles are all turned by hand with the most primitive machinery, the turner, in a long blue cotton gown, and a red tarboush or fez, squats on the floor before a lathe which is not more than 8 or 10 inches high, and holds in his right hand something which looks like a loosely strung bow, the cord of which has been twisted around the little piece of wood that is to be turned; his right foot and left hand hold the chisel which cuts and forms the spindles; these turned, they are given to small boys, who stain the joint black and sort the remainder, the manufacture of one article being divided among several persons.

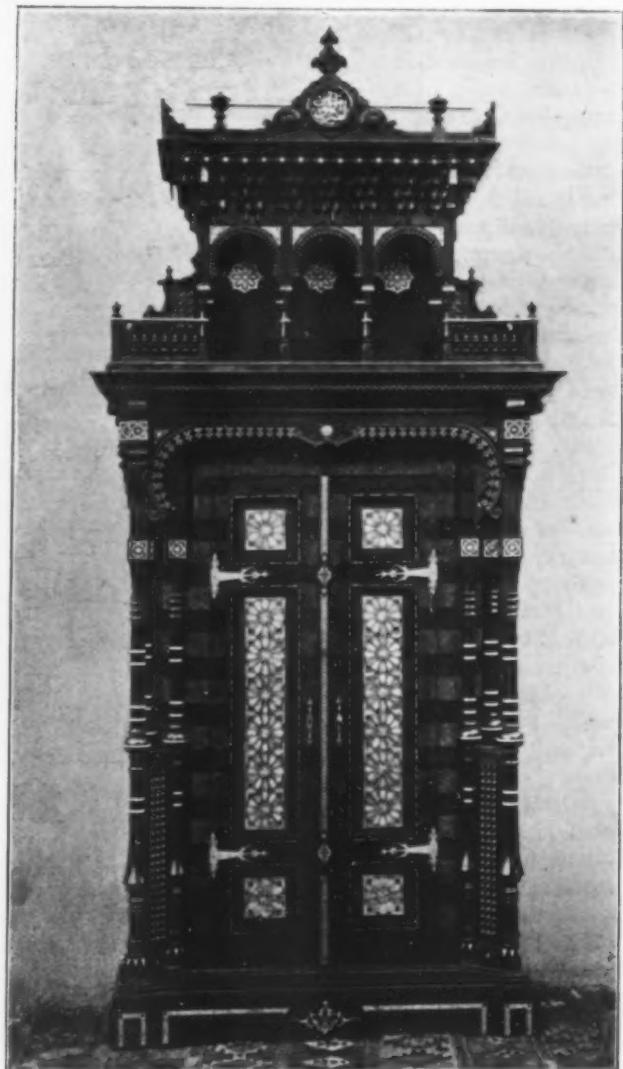
The mouchrabieh-work which is introduced into furniture is far more elaborate than that used for windows, etc. The principal construction is the same as in ordinary lattice-work, but the component parts are carved and sometimes inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, or ebony. Tablets of ivory chased with arabesques are inlet most effectively; verses and texts from the Koran are carved in relief and stained to represent ebony; many of the inscriptions, which he who runs may read, are interlaced with scroll-work. Sometimes a rather open lattice will show the balls so distributed as to form the outline of a lamp; again, Solomon's seal or other device is shown; rarely is anything seen without an Arabic inscription skilfully arranged by the clever workman.

In one of the twenty-nine famous palaces built by

Ishmael Pasha during his reign, there is a bookcase resplendent with carving, wood and mother-of-pearl inlay, and mouchrabieh work. It is one of the finest pieces of work ever turned out by a native artist. It is an imposing piece of furniture, and all the elaborate details are carefully carried out. In the place of honour, the centre, is a niche, enclosed with exquisitely carved doors, for the reception of the blessed Koran: other alcoves have doors and inscriptions describing the books to be kept within. Many of the cabinets bear the name of the prophet in Arabic in a medallion set in the centre or most conspicuous place; nearly all the handsome ones have a sculptured niche with stalactite adornment.

To my mind the foreign resident makes a mistake who introduces any article of European furniture into his house save such as is absolutely necessary for the comfort and health of the family. It is really less trouble to preserve a local colouring, for there is a wealth of native products which can with a little ingenuity be adapted to the needs of the present day; and what more delightful than a room or a house filled with essence and flavour of modern Egyptian art!

The mouchrabieh workman of to-day turns out whole sets of bedroom and drawing-room furniture after the latest pattern, but it is only such artists as Parvis, who has studied Egyptian art until he knows it as he does his alphabet, who conserves the old and artistically joins it



Parvis Bookcase in Mouchrabieh.

with the new. Even though the general outline of the modern furniture made by him differs not materially from that of European manufacture, it is made on such stately and dignified lines and with such a mingling of mosque decorative effect that it might safely be called cathedral furniture.

Hanging and upright cabinets, for wall or corner, easels for bric-à-brac, bookcases, writing-desks, tables and a curious chair the body of which is crossed like the Koran stand, one of the cross pieces extending up to form a back and rest for the head, divans and couches of all sizes and shapes, show a variety in decoration that at first thought would seem impossible in the mere combination of short turned bobbins of wood, but the Cairene workman seems to have rung an infinity of changes on his simple materials.

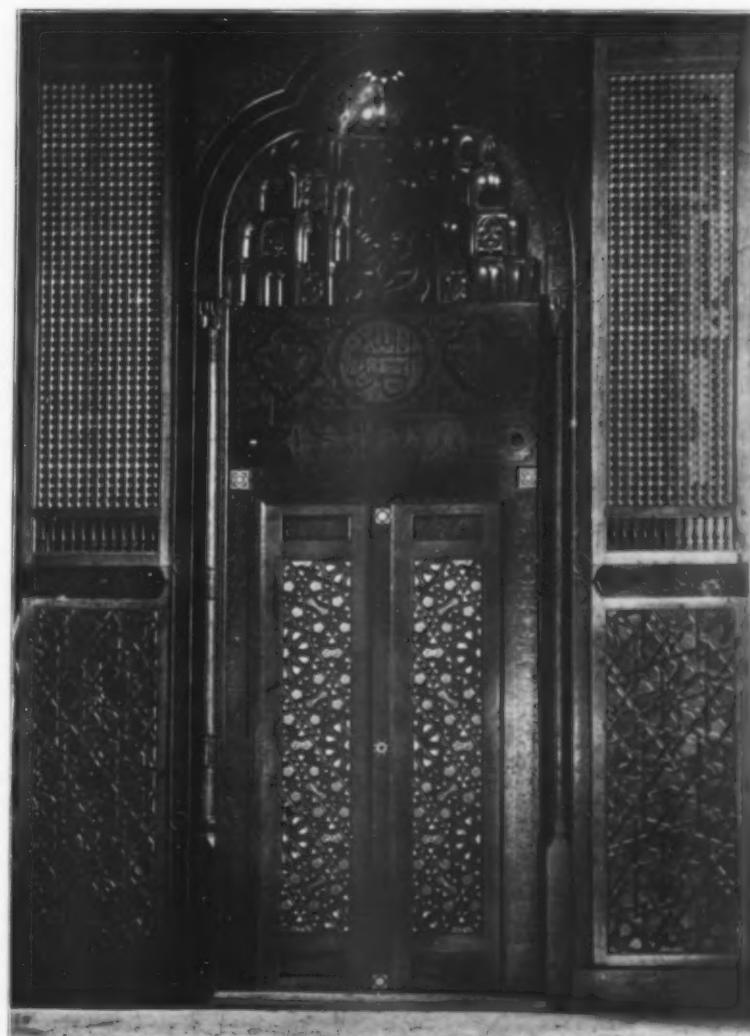
The screen presents the greatest diversity of architecture, so to speak. The handsomest and most artistic one I have already spoken of; occasionally a tiny triangular window is let into the outer fold of this screen or a little flat door with quaint metal clasps. Again, shelves are arranged across the angle of two leaves, thus furnishing a resting place for coffee-cup or vase of flowers. The dados of the screens are nearly always finished in solid

inlay done in geometrical patterns. Another screen is finished with a shelf across the top from which depend stalactite ornaments.

When a solid screen which will not admit the air is desired, the panels are made of inlay and a curious sort of geometrical wood-work which looks as if it were laid in heavy strips of veneer; but it is not, it is dovetailed at the back in such a way that it is perfectly solid and cannot easily be taken apart; the kursy is often decorated with bits of this, and it is frequently used in larger furniture, divided by lines of ebony and ivory. The blessed prophet's signature in Arabic characters appears upon nearly every article manufactured by native workmen, and sometimes a border of Koran texts will run all around a piece of furniture; nothing would be of use to the Egyptian if it had not some quotations from the sacred book.

In the South Kensington Museum there is a complete Arabic room, with a most fascinating lattice window and other mouchrabiehs with corbels and beautiful carving; one is from the Maurice collection, and has latticed panels enclosing an Arabic inscription, and this is surmounted by ten windows of coloured glass outlined by carved stucco.

L. B. STARR.



*Mouchrabieh Cabinet.*

## THE WALLACE BEQUEST TO THE NATION.



Y the death of Lady Wallace a great deal of interest was aroused in artistic circles as to the destination of the famous collection of pictures and *objets d'Art* at Hertford House. The public, however, were not kept long in suspense, and the announcement that the collection had been bequeathed to the British nation has been received with general satisfaction.

The only conditions attached to the bequest are that a suitable gallery shall be found for the collection in some central part of London, and that one of the trustees shall be Mr. John Murray Scott, who has acted as secretary to the late Sir Richard Wallace and Lady Wallace for many years.

The collection is probably the largest and most valuable ever brought together by private persons. The nucleus thereof was formed by the late Marquis of Hertford, and the greater part of it was exhibited at the famous Art-Treasures Exhibition, held in Manchester in 1857. At the death of the Marquis the collection passed into the hands of the late Sir Richard Wallace, who rebuilt the present house in Manchester Square and considerably increased the collection. On his death in 1890 he bequeathed the collection to his wife, to whose noble generosity the nation is now indebted.

In 1872 the collection was exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum, and the pictures were also shown each year during the months of May, June, and July to visitors to Hertford House, and many of the best works have been at Burlington House, so that the public are not altogether unacquainted with this unique collection.

The question is, where are these gems of art to be kept? It seems certain that the National Gallery or the South Kensington Museum would have to be enlarged if either is to receive them. But the great probability is that Hertford House itself will be found most suitable. The only difficulty seems to be that it is not freehold; but a short Act of Parliament would obtain the site at fair market value.

Of the English school the Collection contains some fine examples. There are thirteen by Sir Joshua Reynolds, amongst which are the 'Miss Bowles,' painted in 1775, and bought for £1,000; the original 'Strawberry Girl' (of which there are many replicas and copies), purchased at the Rogers' sale in 1856 for £2,200; the 'Mrs. Braddyll,' the 'Nelly O'Brien,' the 'Miss Carnac,' the 'Lady Elizabeth Seymour-Conway,' and the 'Countess of Lincoln,' all splendid examples of the famous President of the Royal Academy. The 'Mrs. Perdita Robinson' is the only Romney in the Collection; while there are two works by Gainsborough—the 'Miss Haverford,' and the 'Mrs. Robinson and her Dog'—two by Hoppner, two by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and two by Sir David Wilkie. Turner is represented by four landscapes—'Scarborough,' 'Grouse-Shooting,' 'Woodcock-Shooting,' and 'A View in Yorkshire.' Copley Fielding, Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts are also seen, while Richard Bonington appears no less than thirty-five times.

But it is from the old French pictures that the Nation

will derive the greatest pleasure, for it is of this school that we have so few examples in our public galleries, while it is one of the special features of the Wallace Collection. When it is mentioned that the collection contains eleven works by Watteau, who is not represented by a single example in the National Gallery, some idea of the value of the treasures can be obtained. These Watteaus include the 'Garden Party,' the 'Rendezvous de Chasse,' the 'Music Party,' the 'Music Lesson,' the 'Champs-Elysées,' the 'Gilles and his Family,' the 'Harlequin and Columbine,' and 'The Toilet.' There are nine works by Lancret, fifteen by Pater, two by Claude; while of Greuze there are no less than twenty-two examples, probably the largest number in any single Collection. Some large canvases by François Boucher and five small paintings by Fragonard are all good examples.

Of the French Masters of the present century, there are as many as thirty-three oil-paintings and water-colours by Decamps, mostly of the Eastern type, which he was so fond of painting. Delacroix is represented by his famous 'Death of Marino Faliero'; Paul Delaroche and Meissonier are both seen fifteen times. The Delaroche's include the 'Cardinal Richelieu on the Rhone with Cinq-Mars and De Thou,' and 'Cardinal Mazarin on his Death-bed.' Among the Meissoniers are the 'Road-side Inn,' the 'Connoisseurs,' the 'Sentinelle Louis-Treize,' the 'Cavalier Louis-Treize,' the 'Travellers halting.' The Barbizon School is represented by Corot's 'Macbeth and the Witches,' and two beautiful Troyons. Including the minor works, the total number of French pictures and drawings in this collection is nearly 350.

Of the Dutch School, the eleven Rembrandts are splendid examples of the great master. They include the 'Jan Pellicorne and his Son,' the 'Susanna van Collen and her Daughter,' the 'Good Samaritan,' the 'Rembrandt in a Cuirass,' the 'Portrait of a Young Man,' the 'Head of a Young Negro,' the 'Unmerciful Servant,' the 'Bust of a Young Man,' the 'Portrait of Himself,' and the 'Mountainous Landscape.' There are also two by Pieter de Hooch, two by Terborch, eleven by Cuyp, and one by Frans Hals. Metsu is represented by six works. Paul Potter, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Nicolas Maes, Gerard Dou, Caspar Netscher, Willem van Mieris, Adrian and Isaac van Ostade, Adrian and Willem van de Velde, Jan Steen, Hondecoeter, the two Weenix, Philips and Pieter Wouwerman, are all represented in the collection.

The Spanish pictures consist of works by Velasquez, Murillo, and Alonso Cano. The eleven works by Peter Paul Rubens are very fine examples of the famous Antwerp master; and his 'Rainbow Landscape' must rank as one of the gems of the collection. Of the six Van Dycks, two are very fine.

Of the Italian School there are two works by Bernardino Luini and one by Andrea del Sarto. There are also two Titians, eleven Guardis, and seventeen Canalettos.

The fine French furniture of the Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. periods, the Sèvres porcelain, the clocks, the cabinets, the armour, the snuff-boxes, and other countless objects of art are all very precious and very interesting, and it is to be hoped that the public will be allowed to examine them with as little delay as possible.



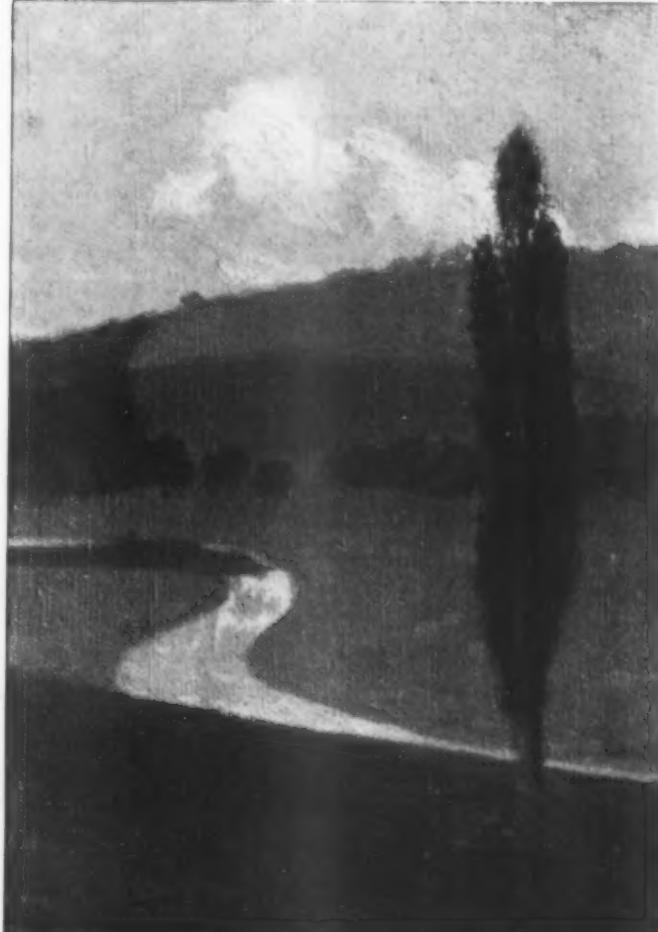
*Summer Twilight.*

## THE POSSIBILITIES OF A POPLAR.

WITH PAINTINGS BY WILL E. OSBORN.

I REMEMBER how vague these possibilities appeared, in grey London weather, when the subject was suggested to me by the Editor. The reason may have been that I had spent a summer painting the elms of Devonshire, finding much more to say about them, than in the end got said; and a Poplar so straight as to have got itself made into a proverb, looked prim beside the elms that stand unpainted still among the hedgerows, slim below, that the rounded fields may not be too much shadowed, and droop their heads against the sky.

It was on an April morning, soon after my return to Devonshire, that I was fortunate enough to find a Poplar, characteristic in shape and pleasantly situated. It grows on a hillside sloping to flat meadows, through



*The Cloud.*

the meadows winds a quiet river, and beyond is a city on a hill, with a charming skyline of roofs and towers. There was a big sky overhead, a sky such as Meredith thought of when he wrote how "morning clouds swung up into the blue," the Poplar standing straight and tall against it, all a-shimmer with young leaves of yellow green; over the bright grass slipped the cloud shadows, leaving it brighter as they passed while careless of shade or sun, the slow-moving groups of sheep nibbled contentedly; it is something of all this that I have tried to express in the study, 'April Morning.'

Different things went to the painting of the 'Golden Sickle.' The same sheep wandered across the hill, but to be folded for the night, and the Poplar stood

as before, straight and tall, but massed itself in Summer foliage against the western sky, growing greenly darker as the pale Summer moon grew gold. If uncompromising in outline, it yet shared the sentiment of Evening, which belongs to faded sunset and the deepening violet of the night.

That month the moon rose round and full in a clear sky; and as it climbed above the distant hills they held so much of charm that I reversed the way up of the canvas, stood fairly near the Poplar, and ruthlessly cut it off below the middle. Whether this arrangement was quite successful is open to doubt, at least it was never re-

peated, though it remains, in the sketch called 'Summer Twilight,' sacrificed somewhat to its surroundings, that also being a "possibility." The river appeared to rest in the still meadows, the city lay in quiet evening tones along the sky, and some lamps shone jewel-like through the thin floating mist of the valley. Higher climbed the moon till the grey violets of twilight passed into night.

Night is scarcely the right word for that clear radiance which grew with the climbing moon, and quite late, a fancy to see how the Poplar took such moonlight, sent me out again. Perhaps more than any artist, the



*The Golden Glow.*



*April Morning.*



*The Golden Sickle.*



*Summer Night.*

landscape painter has to realise the danger of pre-conceived ideas. Some time ago, when studying moonlight with a view to painting, and finding it the hardest thing to say just how much of local colour was left or lost; I happened upon a rising field, which suggested how pleasant a motive its ploughed land under moonlight might make, and after hanging for several minutes over the gate, something in the texture of the ground caused me to stoop and look closely—it was no ploughed field, but grass, of the greenest green, as the next day verified. I looked therefore with as open a mind as possible at the tree facing



Rain and Wind.

the moonlight, the sky bathed in it, and the grass lying pale beneath it. Though the moon shone on the Poplar, its dark masses were strong in tone, and they answered the moonlight but faintly, and in few places, as they built up their unswerving perpendicular. Round it, the Summer night had hung a wreath of beauty, a wreath of thin swirling moon-whitened cloud set with stars in the grey-blue, and a velvety band of shadow crossing the blanched field below. There were manythings to be observed and remembered, matters of tone, value or edges, but beneath the care of technicalities, which is rarely absent from the painter, there lay a



Late Moonrise.



Moonlight through Breaking Clouds.



Hoar-Frost and Mist.

pleasure born of the midnight, a joy of living where so much seemed dead, stirred by the quietness of the world equally with its fairness—for lamps had long been quenched across the river, and the city lay asleep with its blank profile cut against the sky.

The 'Golden Glow' I remember as an evening of late Summer; deepened greens were yellowing, and the long day's sunlight left the air full of palpitating colour which intensified with the setting sun. From blue to green, from green to primrose, from primrose to gold, orange and red ran the scheme, till city and tree lost their home-like aspect for a brilliance that was scarcely English, and while the lower-lying country listened in shadowy silence, a shout of colour went up from every house and tree-top which could see the sun. But the moon held its quiet note of primrose.

Autumn had arrived when I painted in late afternoon the study of 'The Cloud.' The Poplar leaves had thinned, and as the cloud rose radiantly behind, it gleamed in wider spaces between stripped boughs.

The 'Rain and Wind' of a week later was the beginning of the end. Though even wind, the rough playmate of so many gentle things, could make little of the Poplar. Rain-clouds scudded, elms flung thin arms about, long wet weeds lay prone; but the poplar, serene amid the general scuffle, merely bowed. It was just before and about this time that the two night pictures were painted, 'Late Moonrise' and 'Moonlight through Breaking Clouds.' Night wanderers, with an eye to effects, know that night-weather has as many aspects as the day. Two perfectly clear nights, lighted by a similar

moon, may present radical differences of colour or tone, and it needs little familiarity with the English night to find endless problems in paint. 'Late Moonrise' was very late indeed; long past midnight, the moon looked through her cloud veil softly, and the Poplar stood with a new shadowy grace in the dim air. It tells more strongly in the 'Moonlight through Breaking Clouds,' though it has mysterious edges; its long shadow creeps darkly to your feet, and above are a mottled sky and a moon that sits in state, high up, haloed with gold.

The tenth and last of the Poplar sketches was made on a cold, white morning, near the close of the year, when the frost drew light, gleaming lines along its bare branches. Though I tried to express the sentiment, I am afraid it is only because I was very cold, that the impression of coldness returns so strongly whenever I look at the study. White or grey, or faintly flushed with sunlight, cold dominated in the colour as it did in the air, only the foolhardy grass perked greenly through its white covering, and coldness not to be explored lay over the hills.

Thus in the 'Hoar-Frost,' I completed what is in retrospect a meagre rendering of a most suggestive subject. The Possibilities which had appeared vague less than a year before quickly grew so many as to need selection. A Poplar can scarcely be called a creature of moods, but, living in the plain or on the hill-top, it must needs share the moods of Nature, and her songs of dusk and day, of storm and stars, may be heard the clearer, perhaps, for a quiet accompaniment.

WILL E. OSBORN.

## ART IN THE HOME.—II.\*

### THE DINING-ROOM.

**I**N recent times it has become the practice of some architects to arrange the interior decoration and furniture of the houses passing under their hand. This, when done with skill, must always be a stimulus to those practically interested in the artistic aspect of the home-beautifying industries.

It is apparent that designs conceived apart from workshop and warehouse restrictions are characterized by a freedom and originality which working methods and trading conditions are apt to limit.

Large stores present an inducement for those who lack ideas on the sub-

ject of furniture and embellishment, and who wish to accomplish much in little time, and by judicious selection much can be done to arrive at a good result; but the inexperienced should have good advice. In all selections let common sense have the first word—

"All is fine that is fit."

A Scottish laird showed a farmer tenant over his newly arranged house, and the special point of the report he carried to his inquisitive wife was that he could sit on every chair.

Here let an emphatic protest be made against fashion when it is not based on good judgment, as it often is. And caution is required even in

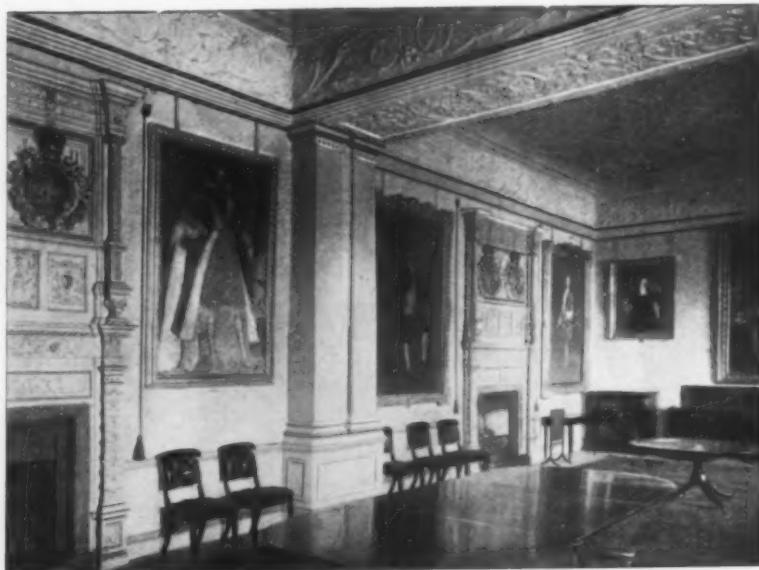


Photo. Bedford Lemere.

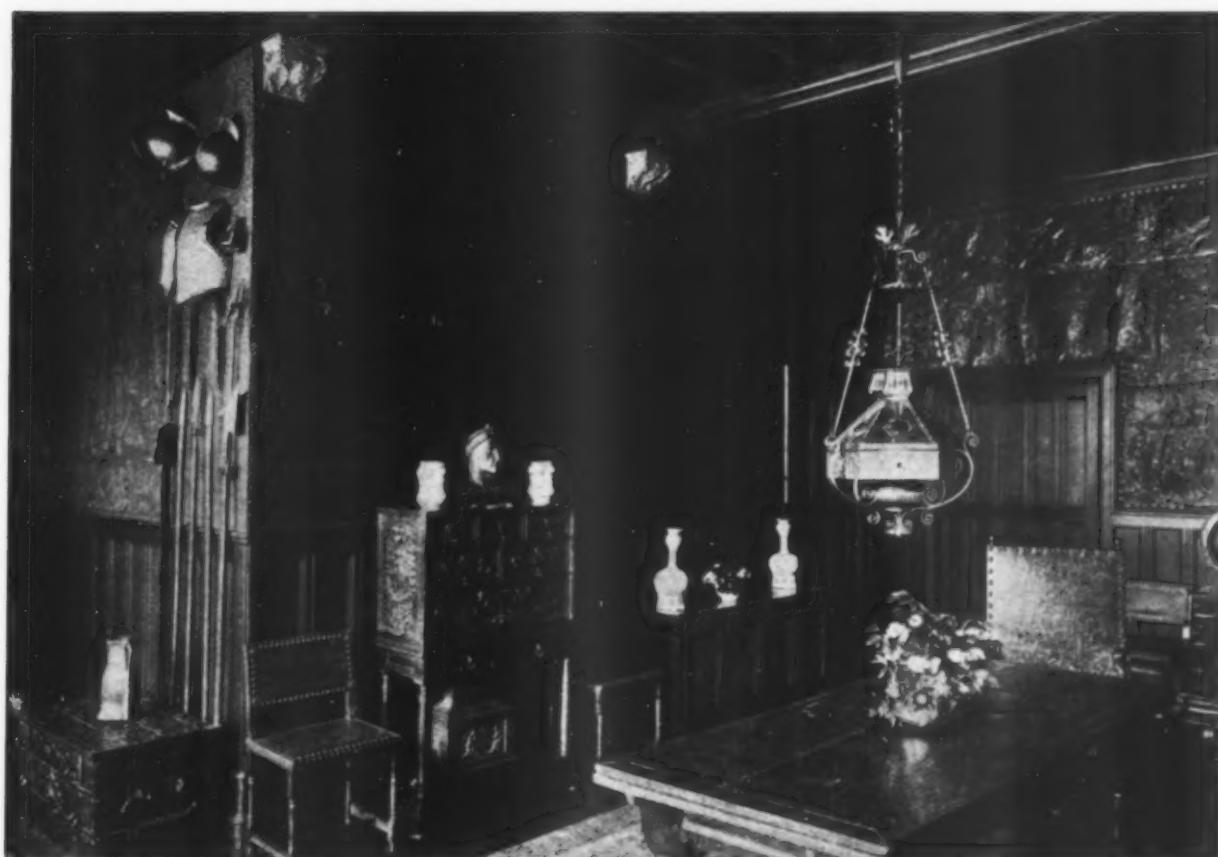
Lord Braybrooke's Dining-room at Audley End.

\* Continued from page 68.

regard to architectural styles, for they have changed in our short time. During the last twenty-five years, many distinguished architects have done important work in phases of a style which was written against in their ardent days as a "foul torrent." What's new? is the expression of a restless spirit, and stimulates the craving for novelty at the risk of missing beauty and good con-

ting to notice the endless combinations of plan and detail which yield an artistic result. Dining-rooms of this character may be of the most simple kind, but the architect, and not the house-furnisher, has the making of the apartment in his power, for picturesque construction is the most of it.

The Ingle-nook may be noticed here, as it has been a



*Photo. Bedford Lemere.]*

*Dining-room. By Messrs. George and Peto.*

struction. Copyism of the past is not worth commendation, unless for the reason that in exceptional circumstances it is the best that can be done. The awakening desire some years ago in America for good work when carvers were scarce, and much work had to be done, led a leading firm of architects to introduce into their buildings adaptations of doorways, windows, etc., from Italian buildings, and photographs of the originals were given to the carvers to work from. This was justifiable from an educational point of view, but not a condition of things to be satisfied with. In looking to past styles, it is worth noting that the earlier phases of these appeal more to us than the full developments of them, because at the time the arts and crafts were in sympathy with the general movement after things not yet reached. Such an effort is now apparent, and we hope for much, seeing that in our time there have been gathered for us examples from all the past to guide and stimulate Art students.

To those of our own country, the association of the Dining-room with the baronial hall and common living-room of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is natural, and in observing the adaptation of that style to modern requirements, here and in America, it is interest-

favourite idea of late years. Where there is ample space, good lighting for reading purposes, and free circulation of air without draughts, the Ingle-nook is a great point in the composition of a room. When it is deeply recessed in the main wall it must always be more satisfactory than an Ingle built out into a room, because of the impression of strength which the apparent thickness of the wall gives.

Our space does not permit more than a passing mention of the development of style in the planning and decoration of rooms, which is always seen at its strongest in Dining-rooms. This development was enriched as well as biased by the different phases of the continental Renaissance, the Dining-hall roof was always a marked feature of the design. Passing from the barrel vault of stone with painted enrichments, we come to the massive and often intricate wood roof, and the timber ceiling of thick squared roof-tree joists and ceiling boards which were often elaborated with coloured ornaments, mottoes, and heraldic emblazonments. By the middle of the seventeenth century there was a similarity of style throughout the country; only on the north-east coast the influence of the French and Dutch art is clearly marked, giving to that northern work a different complexion from the

Elizabethan in the southern parts. Of this period we give an illustration of the Dining-room at Audley End, which shows the plaster treatment of the ceilings and friezes of the period, and also the mantelpieces. We give also an interesting example of a later period, the work of Grinling Gibbons, which shows careful study of nature and skilful modelling and carving. The room illustrated is now the Board Room of the New River Company.

A superficial observer cannot but notice that the taste in this country was influenced by the styles which prevailed in France from the time of Louis XIII. to Louis XVI., and in many instances these styles were adopted in their fulness in this country, and have been consistently maintained and renewed in important mansions through periods of changing fashion.

The style which was practised in England concurrently with the delicate Louis XVI. in France was that of the Brothers Adam, who drew their inspiration chiefly from Italy. And although their hands were full of important architectural commissions, they yet found time to design the embellishments and furniture of special apartments. At this time there were men at work in the craft of cabinet-making who were skilful workers in wood and were men of delicate taste, and the present tendency to collect work of this period is commendable, that examples of

sound work and good design may be preserved, and an artistic quality imparted to our interiors which modern imitations cannot quite give; for the evidence of wear has a charm in our newly arranged homes such as one feels towards a tried friend, and then the colour of age

and use is always pleasing. During a period of decadence in which no good style was in general practice, interior design was lifeless and clumsy, and of a kind which has perturbed recent writers on such subjects, for almost all their utterances are largely occupied with abuse of what was done during this time.

The inauguration of the Great Exhibition of 1851 must be looked upon as the beginning of a new renaissance; and beside this there was the Gothic revival which was showing itself, with which were identified many earnest spirits who did much to spread

the desire for simplicity and truth against the awakening tendency towards a clumsy classicism.

Within the last quarter of a century the structural work, as well as the furniture of Dining-rooms in particular, has been largely influenced by the widespread introduction of wood-working machinery throughout our country, mouldings and turned work being the special means of enrichment. Attempts have been made

to introduce machine-carved work, but in proportion to the mechanical aids that are resorted to, so the artistic quality declines. A carving machine may be used to minimise mere labour in reducing a block of wood, as a pointing machine assists the sculptor in bringing his marble block into shape, but nothing except the skilful touch of the hand can satisfy the artistic requirement.

Our illustrations give examples of modern work which has been influenced by the sixteenth and seventeenth century periods, two of the most prominent designers in this field being Mr. Norman Shaw and Mr. Ernest George. An interior, showing the work of the latter,



*Photo, Bedford Lemere.]*

*Board Room of the New River Company.  
By Grinling Gibbons.*



*Photo, Bedford Lemere.]*

*Dining-room. By Norman Shaw.*

represents the walls covered with sheets of leather. This mode of decoration prevailed more on the Continent than in England, and it is characteristic of Mr. George's work that his inspiration is chiefly from the Continent. Old leather wall-coverings which are fine in colour are now very rarely to be purchased, but fair imitations of old examples are available; and when the skins are sewn into large sheets covering separate wall spaces, there is the advantage of being able to remove them, at a time of change.

A Dining-room is here represented in which book-casings and oil paintings find a place, the decorative effect

may be regarded as a type of a vast amount of decoration and furnishing, which has been recently executed, but the simplicity and character shown in this illustration has not always been maintained.

Wall-papers have only to be mentioned to excite perplexity as to what is to be done in their selection. The spaces on the wall, when the paper has a pattern of any prominence, require judgment in their assortment, and one simple rule is not to suffer one item of interest to interfere with another. A dado with a row of chairs against it should be perfectly quiet. If there be frieze and dado, the wall-paper space which is both above and



*An Edinburgh Dining-room.*

being subordinated to the pictures. An artist asked permission from the designer of an important house to see his work, and the pictures in it. After the visit, when much was being said about the pictures, a question was asked about the decorations; this brought the colour into the artist's face, and he had to own he did not see the decorations. "A great compliment," said the designer, much to the artist's relief.

Experience proves that for pictures a background of a middle tone is best. Both the high lights and shadows of the pictures tell best against it, and the thin effect of a plain painted wall is not so good as a textured surface.

A simple Dining-room by Mr. Norman Shaw will be given in our next paper, which shows a Morris paper covering the walls from skirting to frieze. This room

below the eye should give the key-note of colour to the room, either of itself, or as a background to what is put on it; and frieze, ceiling, and floor should be subordinate to it.

It may be noted here in connection with the room we are treating of, that the most useful woods, pine, oak, walnut, and mahogany, are not artistically right in colour in their natural state, and as they require a skin over them of oil or varnish to resist dirt, this alters the tint, but insufficiently, and a little transparent stain in the direction of the effect of age is doubtless desirable. One respects the feeling for truthfulness, which many architects cherish in retaining oak in its natural colour, but it is not good colour and cannot come to it till a few generations have passed away. WM. SCOTT MORTON.



*The Bowes Museum.—Barnard Castle.*

## THE BOWES MUSEUM.—BARNARD CASTLE.



*Louis XV. Clock  
and Bracket.*

THERE are few names in the County of Durham better known, or held in higher esteem, than that of Bowes, and none that can claim a longer association with the district of which the town of Barnard Castle is the centre. The name is met with in many parts of the county, and it is probable that the claim of most of those who bear it to be descended from William, the relative of Alan, Count of Brittany, is one which may be allowed, the "Bowes's of Streatlam" having intermarried with most of the principal county families.

Alan of Brittany, who fought by the side of William the Conqueror at Hastings, was rewarded with the earldom of Richmond (Yorks), and a large tract of land in North Yorkshire, for the protection of which he built a strong castle in a commanding position upon the Roman road connecting Eboracum (York) with Luguvallium (Carlisle), at a station which had formerly been occupied by the Romans for some three hundred years, and named by them Lavatré. The castle was garrisoned by 500 archers, under the command of the afore-

said William, who took as his device the Arms of Brittany, with three bows and a sheaf of arrows, and assumed the surname "De Arcibus," afterwards Anglicised and shortened into "Bowes." Early in the fourteenth century, one of his descendants, Sir Adam Bowes, married the heiress of the old family of Trayne, of Streatlam Castle, which thus passed into the possession of the Bowes's. Later still (1761), Mary Eleanor, only daughter and heiress of George Bowes, married John Lyon, ninth Earl of Strath-



*Gres-de-Flandres.*



*Dresden Porcelain.*

more, who prefixed the name of Bowes to that of Lyon, as the family cognomen. After his death, his widow married the notorious Andrew Robinson Stoney. By her first marriage she had several children, the eldest of whom was the father of the late John Bowes, the donor to the town of Barnard Castle of the Park and magnificent Museum now under notice.

Mr. Bowes's father bequeathed to him the whole of his unentailed English estates, which included Gibside, in Northumberland, and Streatlam Castle (about four miles from Barnard Castle), which was probably built by Bernard Baliol, the grandfather of John Baliol, King of Scotland, but was almost entirely rebuilt in 1708–10. Here Mr. Bowes resided for some years, taking a considerable interest in politics and the ordinary avocations of a country gentleman. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of

the Durham Militia, and for fifteen years was one of the Parliamentary representatives of South Durham, having, it was officially stated, spent no less than £30,000 in contesting the division. He was also known as a great racing man, and won the Derby four times, with Mundig, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, to say nothing of innumerable other events.

While still a young man he seems to have tired of a country life, and thenceforth spent most of his time in Paris. There he met a lady who was to greatly influence his after life, and whom he subsequently married, the title of Comtesse de Montalbo, in the Republic of San Marino, having been conferred upon her. She was the grand-daughter of a Monsieur Sergent, who commanded a battalion in the Insurrection of La Vendée, and narrowly escaped the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. She possessed considerable ability as a painter, and was an ardent and enthusiastic lover of Art, whilst she exercised almost unbounded influence over her husband, who was devotedly attached to her, and delighted to gratify her by spending money lavishly, not only upon articles for her personal adornment, but also in the acquisition of pictures and every other kind of object of *virtu*. At first, these were bought with no particular end in view, but so long ago as 1862 the idea occurred to Mr. and Mrs. Bowes to proceed upon some more systematic plan, and to found a Museum.

Mrs. Bowes, being a French lady, naturally wished that the contemplated Museum should be in France, and Calais was regarded as the most suitable place for it, as

while it would have been on French soil, yet it would have occupied the position on the Continent nearest to England, her husband's country. Taking into consider-

ation, however, the unsettled state of affairs in France, it was thought that on the whole it would be wiser to locate it in England, and Barnard Castle was the place chosen, as being a town with which Mr. Bowes's ancestors had been associated for many years, and with which, as has been shown, he himself had also been intimately connected. Accordingly, negotiations were set on foot for the purchase of land, and these resulted in the acquisition of

some twenty-one acres, in the centre of which the foundation-stone of a building, the like of which cannot in all probability be found in England, was laid on November 27th, 1869.

Mr. Bowes, besides being one of the largest landowners in the kingdom, was also the possessor of several very valuable collieries, from which he derived large revenues, especially during the coal-famine of 1872-3, when it was

currently reported that his income from this source alone amounted to £1,000 per day. The Museum-buildings were therefore conceived and carried out in a most lavish, princely style. They cover a space exceeding an acre and a quarter, with a frontage of 300 feet. The style is French Renaissance, the façade being almost identical with that of the Hôtel

de Ville at Havre. They were designed by M. Jules Pelletier, of Paris, and carried out under the supervision of an architect residing in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the late Mr. J. E. Watson. Their cost must have been enormous, but no records are available, if, indeed, any exist, to show



*Case of Sèvres Porcelain.*



*The Picture Gallery in the Bowes Museum.*

the amount of money expended, although it is known to have exceeded £100,000. As may be seen from the illustration at the head of this article, the Museum is an exceedingly imposing, handsome building, upon which the skill of the carver in stone has been lavishly employed. Corbels, cantilevers, capitals, pediments of windows, are all elaborately decorated; the floors of the hall and sculpture gallery are of marble mosaic, to lay which workmen were brought from Italy; other workmen came from France to lay the oak parquet floors in the picture gallery and Museum, and the staircase and supporting columns are of polished granite from Aberdeen and Peterhead.

The basement and top stories are assigned to the Curator and staff, most of whom reside on the premises. The Museum rooms, fifteen in number, are on the two middle floors, and are so divided that it is impossible to obtain a comprehensive view of them. The picture gallery is a superb suite of three lofty rooms, opening into one another, and measuring 204 feet by 44 feet. It is well lighted from the roof, but there is no provision for artificial lighting. The west wing on the picture gallery floor contains the library, the east wing being filled with paintings for which there is no room in the gallery, and with furniture. The sculpture gallery is directly under the picture gallery, with which it is identical in size, and is lighted by a range of windows facing the north.

Unhappily while the Museum was far from finished, the lady to whom its inception was due died, on the 9th February, 1874. She was only forty-four at the time of her death, or about twenty years younger than her husband, and it is well known that had she survived him, she intended to reside in the Museum, and to devote the remainder of her life to its completion and arrangement. After her death Mr. Bowes proceeded with the building, until about 1882, at which time financial difficulties caused the work to be almost entirely suspended. Fortunately, however, the Museum was then so nearly completed as to be ready to receive the vast accumulation of pictures and other works of Art destined for it, and Mr. Bowes had the pleasure of personally superintending the arrangement of part of his picture gallery.

Mr. Bowes died on the 9th October, 1885, and in noticing his demise the Paris correspondent of a London newspaper added the following remarks: "I was intimately acquainted with the late Mr. John Bowes, who

resided here since he retired from a Parliamentary life. He was twice married, both his wives being French ladies; the first was a clever still-life painter, and he was devotedly attached to her. The idea of forming a museum at Barnard Castle was hers. She was passionately fond of diamonds, and he gratified her taste to the full. I saw her at a ball with a diamond bird-of-paradise on her head which cost, it was said, £120,000. She also sold for a million francs the historical villa of Luciennes which he gave her, to buy jewels with the proceeds. I never saw a more charming host than Mr. Bowes; Bonapartists predominated at his dinner parties, and he had a rich fund of anecdotes about Dickens, who, when on a visit to him in the North of England, found materials for chapters on Dotheboys Hall."

By his will Mr. Bowes left to the Museum an endowment of £135,000, but unfortunately, as is well known, his affairs at the time of his death were in such a dreadfully embarrassed,

complicated state, that but for the prompt action of his executors, who threw his estate into Chancery, and converted his colliery business into a Limited Liability Company, the Museum would never have received one penny of its endowment. By careful administration, however, all prior claims have now been liquidated, and it is not unreasonable to entertain the hope that the Museum legacies may sooner or later be likewise paid.

The contents of the Museum are of an extremely varied character, and it is no exaggeration to say that only one or two collections in England, such as the Wallace Collection, can compare with it either in respect of extent or value. To begin with, there are more than one thousand oil-paintings, which will form the subject of a separate notice.

There are large and representative collections of porcelain, especially of Sèvres, Dresden, and other French and German manufactures, besides a large quantity of old Chinese porcelain, which Mr. Bowes inherited with Ridley Hall, Northumberland, and transferred to the Museum. There is an extensive collection of French earthenware, including a fine case of Rouen; other cases contain examples of Marseilles, Nevers, Moustiers, Strasbourg, etc., and one large case is filled with Grès-de-Flandres, and another with Delft. English

ceramics are poorly represented, and the same may be said of English Art generally, some dozen pictures being the only examples by native painters. Carved ivories, enamels, crystals, silversmiths' work, and brass-work fill several cases, while of furniture—mostly French



*Carved Oak Dutch Cabinet.*



*Chinese Lacquer Escritoire.*



MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. WALTER WEST.

*J. Walter West*



marqueterie—and wood-carving there are a great many good and interesting specimens. The tapestries, in which the Museum is very rich, are not yet hung, but it is hoped that before long arrangements may be made for their exhibition. They include numerous, and some very large, examples of Beauvais, Gobelins, and Flemish work. There is no sculpture worth mentioning, but Mr. Bowes left a special bequest of £5,000 for the purpose of purchasing casts of antique statuary.

Many of the paintings and other things now in the Museum narrowly escaped destruction in 1870, during the siege of Paris, and in the subsequent fighting between the Versailles troops and the Communists. The house in the Rue Blomet in which they had been stored was struck by a Prussian shell, which, although it exploded, fortunately did no damage. The fragments of the shell are preserved in the Museum. The gentleman who had been left in charge of the house died from the effects of anxiety and privation experienced during that terrible time.

A curious occurrence was related in *La Ligue* of January 17th, 1885, under the heading "Recollections of a Prefect of Police." It appears that Gambetta was informed that in 1869–70, certain pictures had been stolen from the Louvre by some of the officials, and sold to Mr. Bowes! Instructions were accordingly given to the Police to search each of the three houses in Paris in which he was known to have placed some of his pictures. This was done, in spite of the protests of Mrs. Bowes, who "expressed with much energy her legitimate feelings of annoyance at such an unexpected visitation." Of course, the whole affair was found to be a mare's

nest, but the proceedings drew from our ambassador, Lord Lyons, a smart remonstrance against an extraordinary and altogether unwarrantable act.

While the Museum was yet unfinished, a certain well-known statesman, who was on a visit to a neighbouring nobleman, was taken to see the building, and afterwards expressed himself in a somewhat sarcastic manner respecting the unwise of erecting such a veritable palace in a little country town like Barnard Castle, wondering where the pictures and other works of Art were to come from to fill it. In a leading article, one of the London newspapers pointed out that the speaker would have been wiser had he made himself better acquainted with all the circumstances of the case before permitting himself to criticise the action of the munificent donor of the then uncompleted Museum. Should the steps of the now venerable statesman ever again lead him in the direction of Barnard Castle, he will, beyond doubt, be gratified to discover that his apprehensions were groundless.

The quiet little town not only possesses a building which is in its way unrivalled in the Provinces, but also that building is filled almost to overflowing with a most striking, unique collection. These form an enduring monument to the goodness, liberality, and public spirit of the lamented John Bowes and the Countess of Montalbo; while the crowds of visitors who throng the stately galleries throughout the summer, will demonstrate to him more plainly than words could do, how widely known and highly appreciated, is the Bowes Museum in the North of England.

OWEN STANLEY SCOTT.



English Porcelain.

## "MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE."

M R. J. WALTER WEST is an artist with more than ordinary gifts. He is a black-and-white draughtsman of particular skill, a designer whose fancies are always in delightful taste, and a picture painter with imagination and the capacity to treat novel subjects in an original way. He has, during recent years, produced many fine pictures, among which the excellent composition which we reproduce is especially worthy of attention. 'Many Waters cannot quench Love' is a piece of painted poetry, of which the significance is expressed with great power. It is impressive in its strength and depth of character; it is dignified because no hint of triviality or careless intention intrudes in it; it is persuasive because the story it has to tell is one with which every one is able to sympathise. The course of true love is a subject of universal interest, and this

interest is enhanced by every suggestion of the troubles which lovers are supposed to have inevitably to face. The passion of Mr. West's lovers is so strong that it makes light of the dangers and obstacles which, in a less ecstatic moment, might seem to them impossible to overcome. They are prepared to face any risk in their dream of lifelong bliss; and neither the terrors of the sea, nor the peril of the passage over the grim and forbidding rocks that lie before them, are able to daunt them. In their mutual companionship there is a sense of security which nothing can destroy; they feel that fate is on their side, and that having granted them so much she will be with them to the last. Mr. West's picture should have as a sub-title the old fairy tale ending, "and they lived happily ever after."

A. B.



*A Hayfield.* By Miss Annette Elias.

## LONDON EXHIBITIONS IN MARCH.

TWO lady artists more than usually deserving of attention occupied Messrs. Graves's gallery last month.

subordination of detail. Certainly her finest canvas was 'The River Teign, Dartmoor,' a stretch of bare moorland intersected by the river. For her pictorial result she had to depend upon qualities of atmosphere and gradations of colour, and her ability to deal with a comparatively unpromising subject was proved by the accuracy of her interpretation of the effect selected. In a smaller picture, 'A Cabbage Field, Sussex,' the same qualities of observation were evident, and there were besides great charms of delicate colour, and really excellent composition. In more detailed work, however, Miss Elias, though less original, is by no means incapable; she showed several studies of foregrounds which were very skilfully treated. The best of them was, perhaps, 'A Hayfield,' illustrated above, and 'Poppies and Hollyhocks,' an elaborate rendering of a garden subject.

The annual exhibition of water-colour drawings by members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society opened in the middle



*At Bury, Sussex.*  
By Miss E. Stewart Wood.

Miss E. Stewart Wood, and Miss Annette Elias, have both established themselves, by much excellent work, in a prominent position among the younger landscape painters. Miss Stewart Wood has a preference for the daintier kind of out-of-door subjects, and paints usually a smiling view of nature. This preference was evident enough throughout her contributions to the show; and yet her chief successes were made with pictures like 'The Flood in the Orchard,' with its harmony of misty autumnal grey, or 'At Bury, Sussex,' here illustrated, in which the most evident purpose was the treatment of a fine scheme of decorative line and the arrangement of large forms. Neither subject lent itself to minute treatment of detail; in this, perhaps, lies the secret of her particular success in dealing with them. Miss Elias also gained the best results by



*The Three Fishers.*  
By J. Aumonier.

of February. It contained nearly three hundred works of rather unequal merit, and was, on the whole, only moderately interesting. One of the best drawings was Mr. David Green's 'Breakers,' a study of a rough sea which was excellent in its expression of wave movement and in its harmony of greys. Work equally robust distinguished Miss Margaret Bernard's 'North Side, Market Place, Lannion,' a broadly handled and well-observed sketch by an artist who has a distinct sense of style and a good knowledge of technical devices. Miss Rose Douglas, in 'The Ferry,' showed a similar capacity for rightly managing her materials. Her method of painting was large and intelligent, and her colour was accurate and agreeable in its relations.

Mr. J. Aumonier has justified his position among living landscape painters by so much sound and intelligent work, that the exhibition of his oil-paintings and water-colour drawings which was held at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery during February, had no slight importance as an assertion of artistic principles very well worthy of attention. The drawing, 'The Three Fishers,' which we reproduce, expresses very happily its pleasant irregularity.

At Messrs. Agnew's gallery, a water-colour exhibition of a very much more important kind has been arranged; of the two hundred and fifty-eight drawings of which it consists, very few can be described as unworthy of attention, because hardly any of the artists, living or dead, to whom they are to be assigned, have failed to take a place in the highest ranks of their profession. The collection has something of an historical character, as it commences with such men as Barret, Varley, Copley Fielding, and Prout, and ends with a number of present-day workers. There is an array of excellent Turners; there are several good examples of W. Hunt, a couple of society subjects by du Maurier, a delightful single figure by Albert Moore, several of Miss M. Gow's ex-

quisite little compositions, and a large subject, 'Apollo,' by Mr. Briton Riviere. Particular attention is due to a remarkably successful landscape, 'Near Felixstowe,' by

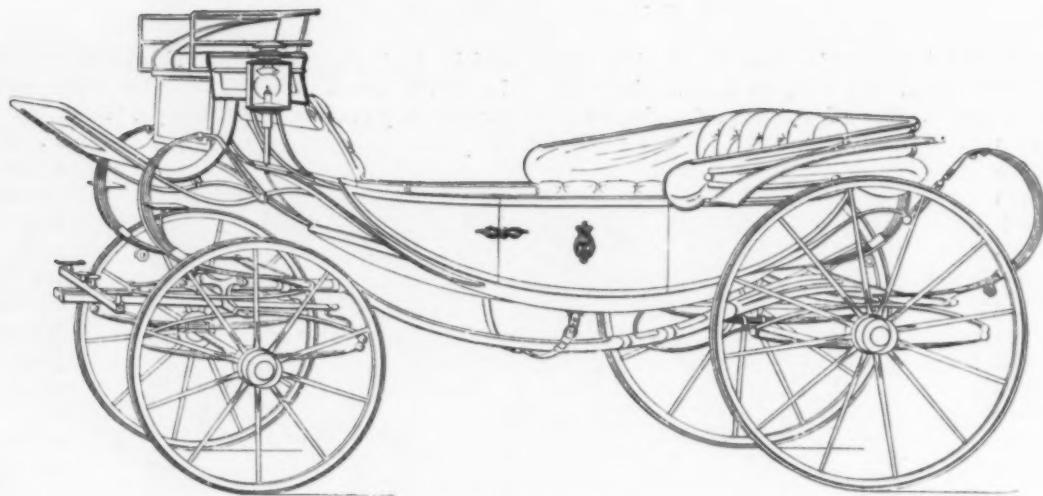
T. Collier, on account both of its exquisite colour and its superb drawing; to De Wint's 'Near Matlock'; to Sir Edward Burne-Jones's 'Cupid and Psyche,' here reproduced, an example of his romantic art and a notable illustration of his appreciation of effects of audacious colour; to 'The Studio,' a soundly treated classic subject by Mr. Alma Tadema; and to Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Paolo and Francesca.'



*Cupid and Psyche.* By Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.

and the robust quality of his colour arrangement. A portrait by Mr. Whistler of Mr. Holloway was a point of great attraction in the collection. This portrait, a full length of only a few inches high, was painted this winter, and the faithfulness of the likeness and the delicacy of its painting have marked it as one of Mr. Whistler's most successful little works. In our Obituary we record the sad death of Mr. Holloway on March 5th.

Miss F. C. Fairman, in her 'Dog Show on Paper and Canvas,' at Messrs Clifford's gallery, proved herself to be an animal painter of more than ordinary skill. Her water-colours, especially, were remarkable on account of the ability with which she was able to represent in them varieties of texture and details of canine character. She has an undeniable capacity for this branch of art practice, and this exhibition contained sufficient examples of her work to show that she is able to treat with uniform success any kind of material which comes within the limits to which she confines herself. Among her drawings were portraits of the dogs belonging to the Queen and various members of the Royal Family.



*C and Under-Spring Barouche - Coach-Building (Bell).*

## REVIEWS.

ALTHOUGH not a book for the uneducated, the large folio of "THE NUDE IN ART" (Nicholls, Piccadilly) is a splendid series of the best modern paintings of the undraped and partially draped figure. The best works of Bouguereau, François Flameng, Miss Henrietta Rae, Rochegrosse, Makart, Lefebvre, the present President of the Royal Academy and others, numbering forty-five in all, are a sufficient indication of the scope of this remarkable volume. The preface claims an exalted aim for the bringing together of these pictures, and the immense success that has attended the appearance of the work attests the readiness of the British public to appreciate the publication.

The choice of Mr. Raphaël Collin to illustrate the charming pastoral of "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE" (Nicholls, Piccadilly), and the further commission of Mr. Champollion to make etchings therefrom, combine to render this, the first volume of the "Fin-de-Siècle Library," one of the daintiest books we have seen. The paper is good, the type is clear and well printed, and the etchings are delicately produced in various tints. The publisher incorporates in the book a statement that he "intends to eclipse all efforts, whether of his own or of others, hitherto made, and to put together such a series of books as has never before made its appearance, whether in this or in any other country." This is a strong statement, but Mr. Nicholls seems to know what he is about, and this first volume makes fair promise for the high quality of the series.

Lithography is singularly well adapted to the use it has once more been put to by the best-known lithographic printer in London. Accompanied with well-chosen, if slightly pedantic, notes by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, Mr. T. R. Way has published a series of "RELIQUES OF OLD LONDON" (Bell). The Strand, by Wych Street and Drury Lane to Lincoln's Inn and Holborn, and later to St. Bartholomew's and Southwark, all as they stand at the present time, form the chief objects of Mr. Way's study. Architecture and street rows are his best points; figures, except in the distance, he ought to study more carefully, or avoid. All, however, are successfully produced, and with much artistic instinct.

Paucity of ideas is what many people seem to suffer from in furnishing and decorating their homes, and "MODERN HOME DECORATION," of which the first volume is now complete, has been produced to assist those who have need of suggestions. It is published by Mr. Alexander Koch, of Darmstadt, and consists of a series of plates, without letterpress, with the titles printed in four languages, being either views of interiors actually in existence, or designs specially prepared by various artists. Every possible detail for interior decoration finds a place in the work, not only to the millionaire in want of a palace, but to those less favoured desirous of furnishing according to the last fashion; and it also appeals to designers and the decorating and furnishing trades generally. The twentieth edition of "THE MANUAL OF WOOD-CARVING," by W. Bemrose (Bemrose), with many illustrations, is published.

"ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY PICTURES, 1897" (Stevenson & Ogilvie, Edinburgh), is the best publication of its kind outside London. The reproductions are good and well printed, and from this shilling book a fair idea of the present scope of Scottish Art may be obtained.

Amongst the innumerable illustrated publications of the time, it is impossible to notice those not directly connected with the Fine Arts. A few, however, may be named, all excellent in their varied aims: "MODEL DRAWING AND SHADING FROM CASTS," by T. C. Barfield, and "WOOD-CARVING," by J. Phillips (both Chapman); "COACH-BUILDING," by John Philipson (Bell), an exceptionally clever book, displaying the beautiful lines and general artistic side of coach-making to advantage; "HANDBOOK TO GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE," by T. Perkins, M.A. (Hazell), of great use to architects and students who are photographers; "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," by Lytton, with sixteen rather passionless illustrations by F. Pegram (Service); "CHERRY AND VIOLET," a tale of the Great Plague (Nimmo), with illustrations by Mr. Railton and Mr. Jellicoe, who continue to work in edifying partnership; and finally, an advanced child's book, "IN CHILDHOOD'S COUNTRY," by L. C. Moulton (Bowden) with illustrations by Ethel Reed, and "end papers" brightly successful from the same brush.



"*Man proposes—God disposes.*" By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.  
By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Publishers of the Large Plate.

## THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE COLLECTION.—I.

THE inhabitants of the little town of Egham may well congratulate themselves that it occurred to the late Mr. Thomas Holloway to endow the college which bears his name, with a collection of unique examples of some of the greatest modern painters, for the Governors and Trustees further the generous scheme of the founder by opening the Gallery to the public.\* That this boon is appreciated in the neighbourhood is proved by the large number of local and other visitors; and were the importance and accessibility of the collection more widely known, it is certain that many more would come from a distance to avail themselves of the privilege. It is a convenient run from Waterloo, and the rest of the day may be pleasantly filled up in wandering through the Great Park of Windsor, with the Virginia Waterfalls, and the ruins brought from Tripoli by George IV.

Let me, in the first place, say a few words about the College itself. The situation, in one of the healthiest parts of Surrey, on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley which stretches southwards to Epsom Downs and the "Hog's Back," is an ideal one for a ladies' college. Viewed from a distance, the interlacing lines of its French Renaissance architecture, and the solid, rectangular effect of the whole structure, give it a noble yet

\* The Gallery is open free to the public on Thursday afternoons through the year, and on Saturday afternoons also, during August and September, but is entirely closed for the last two weeks in September.

MAY, 1897.

graceful dignity, which, I always think, would have charmed the heart of Turner. The structure has been rightly stated to be one of the most remarkable modern buildings in Europe. The founder built and endowed the college as a memorial to his wife, impelled by her "advice and counsel"; and it was his desire that it should ultimately be empowered to confer degrees upon its students, and so become the first British University for Women.

The origin of the College may be said to date from February, 1875, when Mr. Holloway called a meeting to discuss this question, and stated that he was prepared to undertake the whole burden of the project. A number

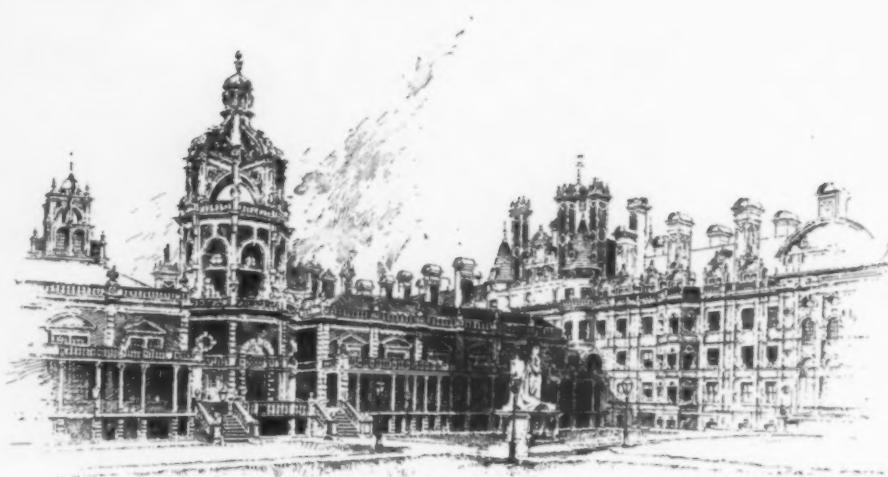


*The Path from the Wood.*  
By Patrick Nasmyth.

L. L.

of persons interested in the higher education of women were present, anxious to do all in their power to assist the movement, and they heartily applauded the proposal. The first step thus taken, plans were prepared, the Mount Lee Estate, at Egham, selected and purchased; and on the 12th September, 1879, the first brick was laid by the late Sir George Martin-Holloway (then Mr. Martin). On June 30, 1886, Her Majesty the Queen appropriately made it her first public act in her Jubilee year to open the building, thereby graciously giving distinction to the object, and starting the College on its career.

The lady students who come here to complete their education have many advantages, and among them must be mentioned the pleasure-grounds, covering ninety-six acres. These grounds extend down the southern slope of the hill, and their beauty is enhanced by some small ponds and streamlets, which brighten the shadows of the foliage as they sparkle in the sunlight. The natural fertility of the soil, and the undulating surface of the ground, have given exceptional opportunities for the cultivation of a most picturesque landscape garden; the pathways are soft with spongy turf, and the tall trees of beech and silver-birch, oak, elm, chestnut, and countless other varieties, afford an enjoy-



*The Queen's Quadrangle,  
The Royal Holloway College.*

contains, in addition to the picture gallery, chapel, dining-hall, library, and museum, a physics laboratory, large lecture theatre, music rooms, and a gymnasium.

The artistic embellishments of Holloway College are by no means confined to the picture gallery. The architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, F.R.I.B.A., has skilfully introduced much ornamental sculpture in the Chapel, the three towers, and the pediments facing the quadrangles; but the exigencies of space will not permit me to say more in this direction.\*

A collection of paintings was not part of Mr. Holloway's original scheme, so that no special art gallery was provided; but the room in which the pictures are hung, although designed for a recreation hall, may be seen from the illustration to be a suitable one.

The first purchase of pictures was made on the 28th May, 1881, and most unusual was the excitement at

\* An article fully describing the architectural features of the College, entitled "A Woman's University," appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, in January, 1885.



*Photograph J. Burgess, Egham.*

*The Royal Holloway College from the South Side.*

able shelter from the summer sun, to those who choose to take their books, and prepare their work out-of-doors. Within the grounds, situated at convenient distances, are a swimming-bath, an infirmary, and chemical and biological laboratories. The main building

Christie's on that occasion, when the five principal works of the Coleman sale were "knocked down" to "Mr. Thomas," the *nom de plume* of Mr. Holloway, for the sum of £18,847 10s. People were filled with curiosity, and inquired "Who is this new patron of the Arts?" The first rumour was that an American millionaire had come to deprive us of some of the most representative examples of our Art. However, time showed that this was a false alarm, and that Mr. Holloway, who was then building the College, intended to still further endow it, by adding one of the finest private collections of modern British pictures in the country. He continued to buy at every important sale, until June, 1883; and May 13th, 1882, is memorable for the purchase of nine works for upwards of £15,000, the highest priced one being Edwin Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' for £6,615. Mr. Holloway was ably assisted in the selection and purchase of the



Piazza dei Signori, Verona.

By James Holland.

Holloway fell into ill-health, and any further additions to this princely gift that may have been intended by him, was stayed by his death (at the age of eighty-three) in December of that year.

pictures by the late Sir George Martin-Holloway, and in making the selection he showed that he held no extreme views as to the technique of painting. This is noticeable in that he favoured neither the works of the Pre-Raphaelite school nor those of the Impressionists; if we except, perhaps, the one example of Constable, in which there is a greater tendency to impressionism than usual, even with Constable. The ideal maidens of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, the decorative treatment of the late Lord Leighton and Ford Madox Brown, the brilliant colouring and emphasized details of Holman Hunt, did not appeal to his mind. It was just after the last of the purchases in June, 1883, when £84,000 had been expended on pictures, that Mr.



The Picture Gallery in the Royal Holloway College.

Although the collection is essentially one of works of British artists, there are eight exceptions, and the first of these is a charming *Troyon* No. 3\*; a picture of no great size, but of exquisite quality, seen in the left-hand corner immediately the Picture Gallery is entered. It is called 'Evening—Driving Cattle,' but the title, as is so often the case with a "bit of nature" like this, seems superfluous. You don't want a title, the picture speaks for itself; the silvery tone of the sky, the warm colouring of the grass and foreground, the grey distance, and the quiet, sleepy animals moodily taking their way homewards, carry you out of yourself. This is true Art; the truth which is not conveyed by a representation of every detail. It is a record of the mental impression of the whole, not the visual or superficial effect such as is seen by the eye of a camera. It is by grasping the spirit of the scene, and giving just so much as satisfies our sense of perception, that the artist appeals to our minds, and impresses us with the same emotions, thoughts, affections, or antipathies as he himself was inspired by. We might wish that this class of French painting were more fully represented here by the work of Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, Millet, and the other painters of Barbizon. Just beneath the *Troyon* hangs a fine canvas by James Holland, 'Piazza dei Signori, Verona,'† of which an illustration is given. This brilliant colourist seldom produced better work. The near Piazza in the shadow of the high surrounding buildings, delightful in tone and perspective, throws into strong contrast the tents of the more distant Market-Place, illuminated by the afternoon sun.

The late President of the Royal Academy, Sir John Millais, has seldom equalled the pathetic sentiment of the young Princess in No. 9, 'The Princess Elizabeth in Prison at St. James's.'‡ She is represented at the moment when she pens a few lines to the powers that were, imploring that she might have the companionship of, or at least intercourse with, her beloved sister and her faithful nurse. She was but fifteen years old, her father had recently paid the penalty for wearing the crown by losing his head, and his last gift to her, the little velvet-bound bible, seems to have been her sole companion. The appealing, tearful, yet sweetly dignified expression on the face of this unfortunate Stuart, seems to indicate that she was resigned to the will of her heavenly Master. 'The Princess Elizabeth,' never having been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the copyright being rigidly withheld, is not so well known as Millais' other picture in the collection.

This, 'The Princes in the Tower,'§ is not so free in execution; a slight rigidity in the conception of the figures, and a tendency to waxiness in the complexions, deprives it of some of the merit contained in the 'Princess.' It is, however, a remarkable picture, and is a fitting pendant to the other in subject; and the treatment, if somewhat "tight," bears the impress of Millais' unerring hand, which says much. The narrow turret staircase, on the lower step of which the youths are standing, represents the spot where visitors to the Tower are told some bones, supposed to be of these boys, were dug up in 1674. It is a matter for regret that the College does not possess a landscape by Sir John Millais. The wide range of his powers is not sufficiently represented without a picture like 'Chill October,' or 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'

\* Canvas 26 by 32. £1,995. From the collection of William Lee, Esq.

† Canvas 40 by 30. £913 10s. From the collection of Peter Potter, Esq.

‡ Canvas 37 by 40. £3,150.

§ Canvas 58 by 36. £3,990. 'The Princes in the Tower' was engraved as a frontispiece to the 1884 volume of THE ART JOURNAL.

At the far end of the Gallery hangs 'The Railway Station,'\* by W. P. Frith, R.A. There are many reasons why this popular work requires our attention; it has possessed an almost universal attraction from between thirty and forty years ago, when all London was placarded with the announcement in enormous letters "'The Railway Station' is copyright," to the present time, when there may still be seen a small crowd of admirers round it on public days at the College. The subject is an historical one, and future generations will value it more, year by year, as a memento of the habits and manners of English life at a railway station in the middle of the nineteenth century.

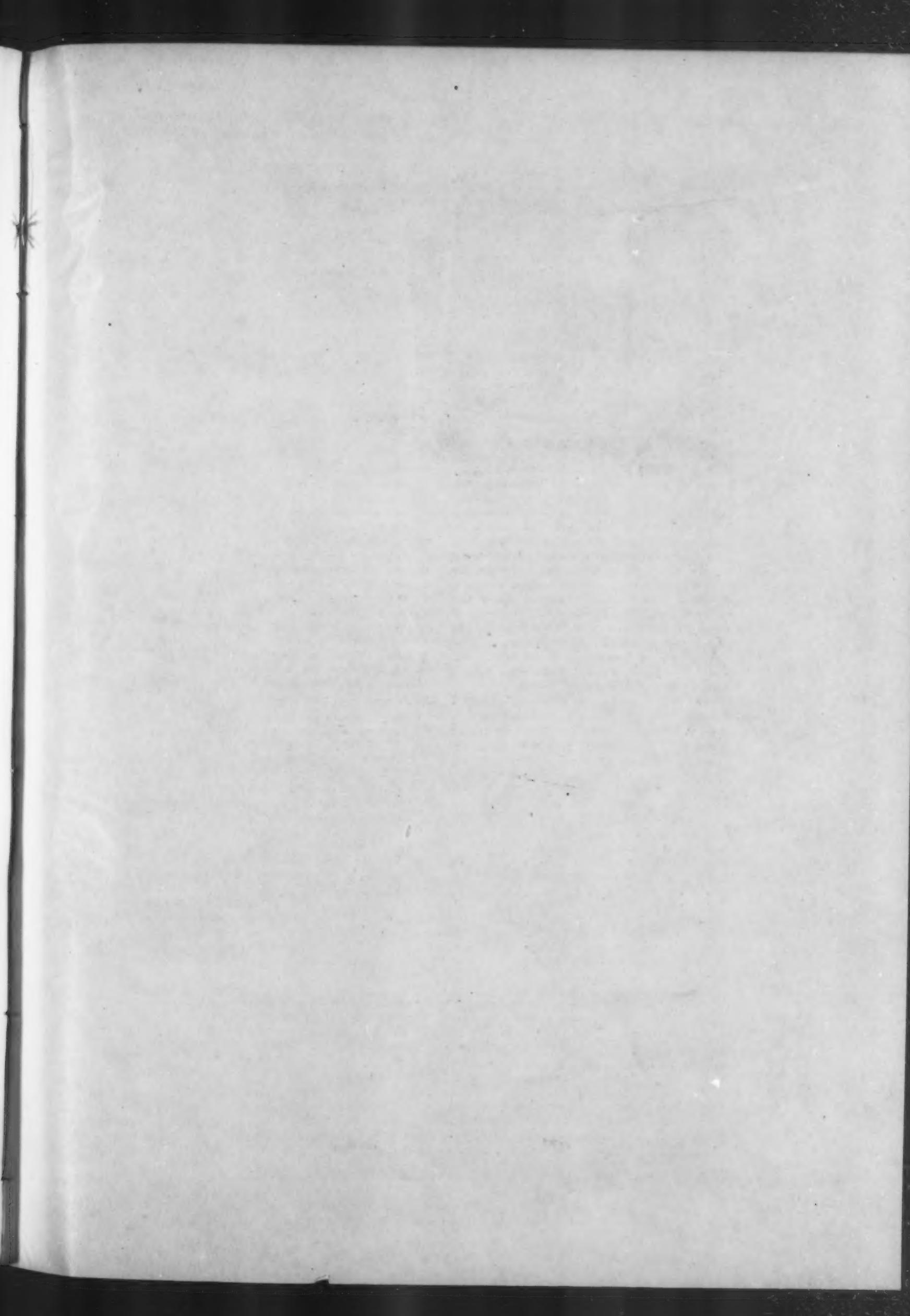
"Commenced picture of railway platform; another long journey, to which I go with almost as good a heart as I did to the 'Derby Day.' May it be as successful!" Thus wrote Mr. Frith in his diary on August 28th, 1860, and he was thenceforth fully occupied upon this work until March, 1862, when it was completed and exhibited at Mr. Flatow's Gallery, in the Haymarket. The sum paid by that publisher for the picture, including the copyright and the original sketch, was £4,500, and the right to exhibit it at the Academy was resigned by the artist for a further consideration of £750.

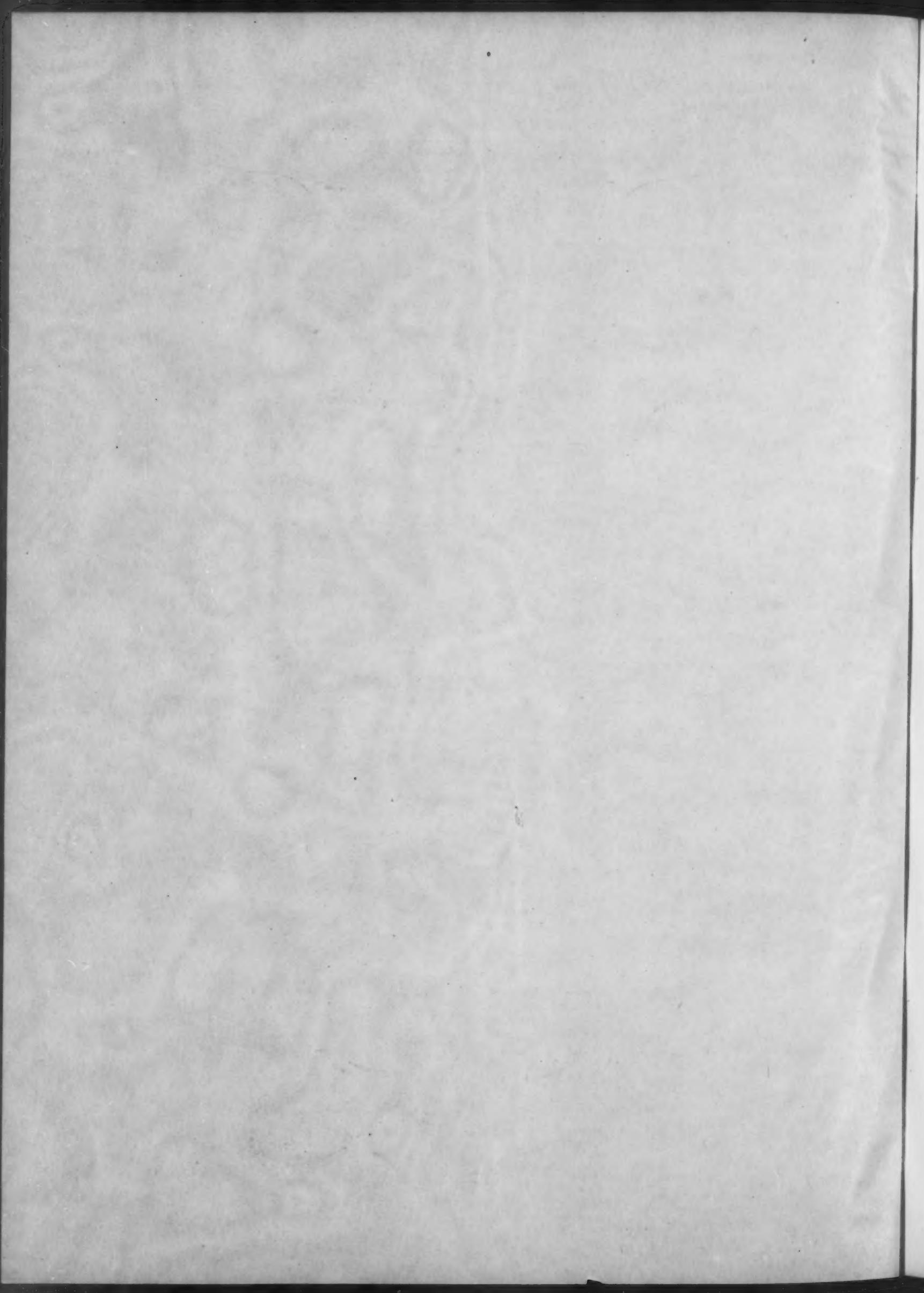
Mr. Frith tells an interesting story of Flatow's triumphant importunity towards the visitors to his gallery, inducing them to subscribe for the engraving. A most unpromising gentleman was just leaving the exhibition when Frith offered to bet "half-a-crown you don't get that man to subscribe." "Done with you," said Flatow, and he politely called the visitor's attention to a specimen of the engraving. A short conversation upon the merits of the picture, the variety of character, the comprehensive and attractive nature of the groups, a few words written in the open book, and the picture-dealer returned to the artist, after bowing the gentleman out, saying, "I will trouble you for that two-and-sixpence."

'The Railway Station'† has been so often described, and the plate that forms one of the large illustrations is so excellent a reproduction of the picture, that a general, rather than a detailed, reference to it will be preferable. On this platform of the Paddington Terminus of the Great Western Railway, we see joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, youth and age, rich and poor, business and pleasure, mingled together in contrast and combination as on the greater platform of life; the darkest shadows and the brightest lights in strongest contrast, in closest proximity. So the artist here gives us the arrest of the criminal by the side of the fair and happy wedding group. The detectives who have run down their man are portraits of Messrs. Brett and Haydon, distinguished at that time for their ability and success in their profession. The father (near the middle of the picture) who has come to see his boys off to school, is a portrait of Frith himself, and the "mater," the boys and their sister, represent his wife and family. Near them is a foreigner who was painted from an exiled Italian Count, whose head, Mr. Frith says, was wanted in his own country for a very different purpose. The incidents, selected and composed with admirable unity, exhibit the infinite variety of the prose side of daily life. The difficulties attending the satisfactory treatment of so rigid and unpoetical a background were tremendous, and one cannot do less than say that Mr. Frith has dealt with these unpropitious materials as only he could deal with them. In concluding an inspection of 'The Railway

\* Canvas 46 by 101. £2,000.

† 'The Railway Station' is reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Graves and Co.





THE RAILWAY STATION.

IN THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE COLLECTION.  
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HENRY SPAVERS AND CO., LTD., PUBLISHERS OF THE LAMOUR PLATE.



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Station,' one is reminded of the story told by Mr. Frith himself about the "respectably dressed woman who, after minutely examining the 'Derby Day,' turned to her neighbour and said: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but can you tell me if all this is *hand-painted?*'" It will interest our readers to know that the architectural portion of the picture was drawn in perspective by the now well known Mr. W. Scott Morton. This decorative artist was then a young man, and assisted occasionally in such drawings.

Nasmyth's exquisitely finished Dutch-like landscapes have an admirable representative in the example on our first page. The reproduction shows that it is one of this careful artist's most careful pictures, and, though small, it is one of his best and therefore most valuable works.

Since Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., painted 'A Highland Croft,'\* he has divided his attention between pictures of the long-horned cattle of Northern Britain, and rugged "sea-girt crags." The homely calves here (see large plate) are of a nature that the artist does not often represent, but the work is, nevertheless, an excellent example of his style, and illustrates the gathering-in of a Scotch harvest. Agriculturists south of the Tweed ought to derive some consolation, when they realise that the crofter of the Highlands only gets in his harvest with the greatest difficulty. The coldness of early summer makes the corn late in ripening, and the rainy weather in autumn so constantly stops the work of carrying, that it becomes an anxious and troublesome time with the poor crofter. The stacks, too, are quite small compared to English stacks, and blankets and coverings of any kind are used to protect them during the progress of the work, and until there is time to thatch them. Mr. Graham has the sentiment of mist and rain at his fingers' ends, and the clouds here speak of the mist which will soon come blowing up with the wind.

In 'Tomb in the Water, Telmessus, Lycia,'† W. J. Müller is seen in one of his most sober reflective moods (see illustration below). More generally known as the rapid executant of broad and boldly treated pieces such as his 'Eel Bucks at Goring,' 'The Chess-Players,' or his familiar Welsh scenes, Müller seems in this, one of his very last works, painted in the year of his death, to have bestowed more thought and pains in its production. This care was not, as is so often the case, ill placed, for the picture has gained a matchless poetry, breathing with the sad sentiment of the past, and reflecting what, perhaps, Müller then felt hanging over him, the mystery of the future.

No collection which claims to be at all representative of British Art can be without a Landseer, the painter who

touched the highest level of animal painting in England, who humanised expression on the animal countenance more universally than any other painter of the world. Sir Edwin Landseer was to brute creation what Dickens was to the *bourgeoisie* of London. He depicted their characters as we see them through their minds. It may seem odd to speak of the mind of an animal—a polar bear, for instance—but all Landseer's beasts are thinking creatures, no matter whether they are made of solid, live flesh and blood, or whether they are only skilfully painted hides, hair so masterful in execution as to appear real, but with no bone and muscle underneath; they are full of sense, and their natures, be they vicious, autocratic, envious, deceitful, amiable, or loving, they show themselves by their expressions and emotions for what they are. Ranking on the level of his best and most ambitious work is the picture in this Gallery, 'Man proposes—God disposes,' No. 36. As may be seen from our illustration, the scene is an arctic one, with two huge polar bears among the ice-floes. The element of tragic grandeur to which this work attains is not apparent at first sight, but when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy with the news of the discovery of certain relics of Sir John Franklin fresh and warm in the public mind, it went straight home to the hearts of all who saw it, and created a profound sensation. The vast tract of ice ending in the greenish sunlit sky, the cold ice-blocks mounting one on the other, and the cruel, hungry bears, suggest a pitilessness which excites our keenest sympathy with those who went there to meet disaster and death. The bear on our left is tearing at a part of a Union Jack, while the other is crunching a bone, presumably belonging to the skeleton which is seen between the ice below. We may, however, turn for a moment from the side of sombre poetry in this masterpiece to an amusing incident which occurred since the picture was bought by Mr. Holloway. Some years ago, before the collection was finally located in this gallery, visitors were allowed, by special permission, to view the pictures, and one day there came among others an old lady who was, so she said, "very fond of pictures." Her interest in them certainly was keen, and the servant who had charge of the party did his best to explain the subjects. On arriving at this picture of Landseer's 'Bears,' the old lady's interest redoubled, and the attendant conveyed to her mind that it represented the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition to the North Pole. Then, with a sudden burst of enlightenment, she exclaimed, pointing to the mast of the ship, which extends across the picture, "I suppose that must be the Pole."

C. W. CAREY.

\* Canvas 48 by 72. £630. From the collection of Baron Grant.

† Canvas 30 by 54. £2,368 10s. From the collection of William Sharp, Esq.

\* Canvas 36 by 96. £6,015. From the collection of E. J. Coleman, Esq.

(To be continued.)



*Tomb in the Water, Telmessus, Lycia.*  
By W. J. Müller.



*A Group of Five Chippendale Chairs.*

## A NORTHERN HOME.\*

### IV.—THE FURNITURE.

THE furniture in this Northern Home is of many sorts and kinds. It goes back as far as Tudor times in point of style. The actual date of the canopied oak bedstead in the attic room, already described, may be a little later, but the style of it is that of the famous bed of Ware at the Saracen's Head in that town, the dimensions of which are twelve feet square. It has the same arched and inlaid panels at the head, and the canopy is supported at the foot by similar baluster columns, which rest on clusters of little pillars, which again rest on square

\* Continued from page 82.

plinths. The date painted on this bed of Ware is 1460, but that is not authentic. There is a representation of the bed in Mr. Scott Morton's article in the present volume of THE ART JOURNAL (p. 68), and one of the bed of Ware in Mr. Hungerford Pollen's "South Kensington Handbook on Furniture and Woodwork." Older, perhaps, than this is a chair in this collector's possession which is said to have been made for Mary Queen of Scots. This is one of several Crown chairs (so called from the carved crowns introduced into the ornament), a specimen of which is to be seen on the left of the



*Crown Chair—Queen Anne Chair—Charles I. Chair*

group of three chairs. On the right of the same illustration is another old arm-chair, of elaborately carved oak, which belongs, perhaps, to the reign of Charles I. In the middle is an elegantly shaped, high-backed "Queen Anne" chair, covered with delicate carving in low relief, with cabriole legs and shell ornament in the style of Louis XIV. The architectural style of the French or Italian carved cabinet, with its broken pediment and its figures and bust, speaks of the sixteenth century. It is said to have been designed by the celebrated French sculptor called Jean of Bologna. In the hall, of two portions of which we give illustrations, and the billiard-room are some other pieces of foreign furniture, low-backed, deep-seated chairs and settees of carved ebony, probably Portuguese work from Goa or some other Portuguese settlement in the East in the time of Charles II. But though the influence of other countries, especially of the French, is to be seen in most English woodwork and furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there is little else in the house which is not of British make and British design—design, as a rule, less rococo than the French, and often of an elegance unsurpassed. Setting aside the English furniture already mentioned, and one or more of those solid, square, straight chairs, with



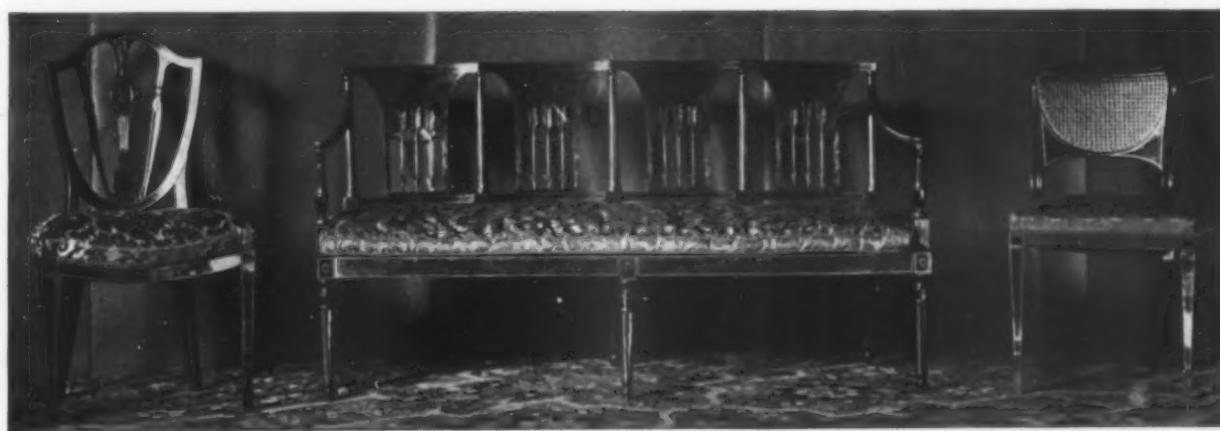
Jean de Bologna Cabinet.

ferent. Chippendale's furniture was designed to fill the houses already built, or built in his time, by such architects as his contemporary, Sir William Chambers. Adam was an architect himself, and designed furniture only in accordance with his own neoclassical style.

With the latter artist we have little to do here, as this collector has but one piece of importance which is of the Adam character.



Sheraton "Three-Chair" Settee and Two Chairs.



Sheraton Chair and "Four-Chair" Settee with Arrow Backs.

This is a very beautiful sideboard in the dining-room, with large panels inlaid with female figures, and flanked on each side with a pedestal cupboard or cellaret.

Something of the beauty of Chippendale's designs may be seen in our headpiece of five chairs, which have been selected to show their variety. On the left is one in which the back and the spaces under the arms are filled with a perforated and radiating pattern. It is possible that this pattern may have been suggested by some Chinese model, for Chinese motives are not unsrequent in Chippendale's work, especially in bamboo ornament and open traceries.

On each side of the central chairstands one with marked Chippendale characteristics. The chief difference between them is in the legs. That to the right has square, straight legs, with crosspieces in the older English fashion;

that to the left, curved legs in the Louis-Quatorze or Queen Anne style, ending with eagle claw and ball. The backs of both, and also of the arm-chair to the left, are typically "Chippendale," with their bold but graceful centres full of subtlety in their modelling, and their frames, consisting of a beautifully shaped top rail and gently curved supports. The centre chair is of a lighter type, with slightly tapering legs, showing a tendency in



An Inlaid Commode.



Inlaid Painted Table. Decorated by Angelica Kauffmann.

the direction of the later French style, more or less reflected in the art of Sheraton. In these five chairs alone, if rightly studied, we can see the genius of a true artist, who could select motives from many sources, and combine them into fresh forms of beauty. It is in such designs for chairs, tables, book-cases, etc., in mahogany, that the distinction of Thomas Chippendale lies, rather



A Toilet Table.

than in those elaborate designs for gilded works (frames for mirrors, etc.) with which his name is also associated.

To a little later in the century belong the works of Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and others, who designed those cabinets, escritoires, sideboards, tables and chairs, of which this drawing-room is full. They are made principally of satin-wood, which did not come into fashion till the latter part of the century, some years later than mahogany. For articles of luxury these woods and many other beautiful sorts from the West Indies and Central America, such as tulip-wood and hair-wood, took the place of the oak and walnut-wood of which the older English furniture was made. The shapes were varied and elaborate, following for the most part those of France, where the florid style of Louis-Quatorze gradually

gave place to a semi-classical elegance under the later Louis. This movement was no doubt the result of the wide-spread spirit of archaeological research, which led to the discovery and study of ancient art in Italy and elsewhere, and the recovery of a thousand beautiful examples, not only of architecture and sculpture, but of furniture and domestic utensils, from the long-buried city of Pompeii, and of vases from Greek and Etruscan tombs. England took her full share in this movement, the influence of which was felt in all branches of her art from the architecture of Adam to the pottery of Wedgewood, the decorative designs of Cipriani and Angelica Kauffmann, and the furniture of Sheraton, and others. Nor were her workmen less thorough in their craftsmanship, or less refined in their taste, than those of other countries. In chastity and elegance of form, in the subtlety and beauty of their marqueterie, and in the art of decorating wood-work with the brush, there is nothing to excel the finest examples of English work of the latter part of the eighteenth

tures said to have been executed by Angelica herself, give some notion of the fairylike beauty of these charming objects. Two fine commodes are also represented. In these articles the most delicate inlay and the most sensitive painting is often combined. The inlay is not only of wonderful skill, but is applied with admirable feeling for the shape it decorates with the most graceful designs, and the painting is equally sympathetic, not only in



*The Staircase, with Decorations by Mr. Scott Morton.*

century and the beginning of the nineteenth.

Mr. Sanderson's collection of these beautiful things is unusually large, especially of chairs, tables, commodes, toilet glasses, etc., made of satin-wood. Of some of his finest specimens we give illustrations. The exquisite tone and colour of these objects, which "make a sunshine in a shady place," cannot be represented in black and white, but much of their beauty of shape and elegance of decoration are preserved.

The 'Inlaid Commode' with the graceful figures in its panels, the two table-tops (opposite), painted with cameos and other ornaments, one with minia-



*Two Inlaid Commodes.*

form but in colour. It is often difficult at first sight to determine (especially in the more decorative garlands and festooning), whether the work is painting or inlay, so much artistic sympathy is there in the treatment of material, so much "give and take" in both curve and colour.

Of the pieces we represent which are most distinctly Sheraton in style, may be instanced the "four-chair" settee and the chair to

the left of the same settee. This chair is one of a large "set" remarkable for the painted lozenges (like lockets) with which the central bar of the back is decorated. It has the elegant shield back distinctive of Sheraton, and also the pretty shoes with which he was wont to strengthen the feet of his taper legs. Somewhat the same form of back is seen in the "three-chair" settee; but here the shape is still more graceful and complex, as if its lines had been suggested by the overlapping petals of flowers. The forms of the other chairs and the other settee in these blocks is more French perhaps, but the collection has no piece of furniture more dainty and uncommon than the "four-chair" settee, with the bars



*The Hall, with Decoration by Mr. Scott Morton.*

of its back shaped and painted to resemble arrows, its legs fluted and gilt and its upholstery of faded satin. Another very rare example is the very light and elegant toilet table with its heart-shaped mirror, its pendent lockets, and graceful play of curves. Unfortunately no description, even with the aid of illustration, can reproduce the charm of these things, and I will only add that though some of his finest pieces of satin-wood furniture

are figured on these pages, Mr. Sanderson has a great many more which are equally deserving of such distinction. Among them I call to mind a table in the drawing-room with fluted legs, white and gilt, the border of the top ornamented with beautifully painted white roses; the commode of very elegant shape, with panels decorated with elegant and bold arrangements of festooned vases, here illustrated; a half-moon table with a border of garlands and pearls inlaid and painted; two high and elegant stands for lamps or other objects; a cheval glass with an exquisitely painted frame, and a beautiful book-case or cabinet of which we shall give an illustration in the following article of this series, wherein the China will be treated.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

(To be continued.)

## THE 'VIRGIL SHIELD.'

ANCIENT Roman incidents, many of them, no doubt, more mythical than historical, were often sources of inspiration to the craftsmen in silver of the Renaissance; and also, of course, sacred subjects were treated by them in that favourite metal. Since the revival of the art of *repoussé*, about sixty years ago, several fine examples of it have seen the light, both abroad and at home; but no silversmiths anywhere have equalled the Elkington firm in the production of plaques and shields



*The Rape of the Sabines.*



*The Sabine War.*

of the rarest art excellence, such as, for instance, the 'Pompeian Lady at her Toilette,' the 'Milton Shield,' and the 'Bunyan Shield,' from the hand of the late master-craftsman, Morel-Ladeuil, for most of his life employed by that firm.

But it is not too much to claim for the 'Virgil Shield,' of which the illustrations on these pages will convey some idea, that as a decorative composition containing hundreds of well-studied figures belonging to history, and expressing in high relief vigorous action and accuracy of detail, nothing

of the kind so large and striking has ever before emanated from the atelier of the silversmith. It is from the designs of Mr. John Watkins of Birmingham and South Kensington, and was executed, after three years' labour, by Mr. Thomas Spall, the able successor of Morel-Ladeuil. The shield is carefully wrought in the best style of bold *repoussé*; in diameter it is 3 feet 4 inches, and is valued at £1,500. Mr. Watkins took his suggestion from the shield said to have been made by Vulcan and described in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book VIII.



*The 'Virgil Shield.'*  
Executed in silver repoussé by Thos. Spall, of the firm of Messrs. Elkington, from the design of J. Watkins.

Accordingly we have scenes depicted from the infancy of Rome's founder to the triumph of Cæsar and the subjugation of the nations. The decoration of the shield (see below) represents the naval battle of Actium, encircled by a border of deities supposed to be favourable to the opposing forces; surrounding these are twelve panels illustrating the following incidents:—

1. 'Romulus and Remus, with the Tiber in the foreground.'
2. 'The Rape of the Sabines' (p. 138).
3. 'The Sabine War' (p. 138).
4. 'The Treaty with the Sabines.'
5. 'The Death of Nictius.'
6. 'Horatius Cocles defending the Bridge.'
7. 'Manlius defending the Capitol against the Gauls.'
8. 'A Sabine Procession.'
9. 'The Lower Regions.'
10. 'Triumph of Cæsar.'
- 11, 12. 'The Conquered Nations brought to Rome.'

J. M. O'FALLON.



*The Battle of Actium. Centre of the Shield.*

## THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT LONGFORD CASTLE.

### II.—THE ITALIAN PICTURES.\*

**PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO—CATALOGUED AT LONGFORD AS 'LA FORNARINA, BY RAPHAEL OR SEBASTIANO.'**—The lady here portrayed is of supreme beauty and dignity; she can have nothing in common with the lovely *cortigiane* whom Giorgione, Titian, Palma, Paris Bordone, and perhaps Sebastiano himself, in his early Venetian time, depicted. She wears a head-dress interwoven with pearls, a robe of Florentine gold brocade on a red ground, and a fur-lined crimson mantle adorned near the edges with an application of gold. The curtain to the left is of a green very characteristic of the Veneto-Roman painter in his later time. In her right hand the unknown beauty holds a veil or noose, upon which is the inscription " (Sunt?) Laquei Veneris—Cave." "These be the snares of Venus—beware." The curious length of the neck will be observed, but this is much more disturbing in our reproduction than in the picture itself. It is strange that even in the days of loose, *à peu près* designations, this work should ever have passed as a Raphael, seeing that Sebastiano appears here in the maturity of his last or Michelangelesque period. As a painter of women we see him first in the early portrait of a Venetian beauty in the collection of Sir Francis Cook, and in the great 'San Giovanni Crisostomo' altar-piece in the little church of that name at Venice. Then he goes to Rome, and falling under the influence of Raphael, executes that series of masterpieces all of which have, at one time or another, been set down to Sanzio. These are the 'Carondelet with his Secretaries,' belonging to the Duke of Grafton; the so-called 'Fornarina' which adorns, with its Venetian richness still dominating the Raphael influence, the Tribuna of the Uffizi; the rather later and decidedly less Venetian 'Santa Dorothea' (also called 'Fornarina'), which from Blenheim has passed into the Berlin Gallery; the so-called 'Tebaldo,' which at the sale of the Scarpa collection at La Motta, was acquired for the State Gallery at Buda-Pesth; the splendid 'Violin-Player,' still very generally attributed to Raphael, and until recently, the pearl of the Sciarra collection. This last has now, at a fabulous price, been bought by Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. It is probable that in this special group of Raphaelesque portraits by Sebastiano will ultimately be numbered the strangely interesting 'Portrait of a Young Man,' in the collection of Prince Czartoryski at Krakau, where it is catalogued as a Raphael. So far as it is possible to judge from reproductions, this picture is marked by the same amalgamation of the Raphaelesque with the Giorgionesque which distinguishes the famous works just now enumerated. Sebastiano is next seen irresistibly attracted by the grandeur of Michelangelo, and more and more giving up the splendours of the Venetian technique, the simplicity of the Venetian standpoint. This further transition could hardly be better illustrated than by the 'Holy Family,' recently acquired by the National Gallery from Lord Northbrook. Even here, however, Venice peeps forth in the figure of the donor. The so-called 'Giulia Gonzaga' of the same collection—not long since much chilled by over-cleaning—is a fine example

of Sebastiano's later and more Michelangelesque portraiture. It is probably not much, if at all, later in point of date than the Longford portrait, although the latter is much richer in its colour-scheme and general tonality. Venetian glow and transparency is, all the same, in the work with which we are concerned, exchanged for a colder, smoother, a more opaque style of execution. The brush appears more stubborn, less apt to express both flesh and costume. The white lawn bordering the robe does not here magically enhance by the contrast of its cool white the rich golden tone of the neck, as it does in the 'Fornarina' of the Tribuna and in the genuine Giorgiones. On the other hand, what purely Venetian presentment of womanhood in its bloom has the self-conscious yet sovereign dignity of this portrait?

I am very strongly inclined to identify the Longford Sebastiano, and not the already mentioned half-length by him in the National Gallery, as the famous portrait of Giulia Gonzaga praised by Vasari as a divine picture. The green-robed lady in the Venetian room at Trafalgar Square has a halo round her head, and at her side the pincers—emblems of St. Agatha. Apart from all other considerations, this work, noble as it is, has a certain sobriety of aspect which would hardly be calculated to call forth Vasari's raptures. Then let it be remembered that Giulia Gonzaga, the *châtelaine* of Fondi, and as she announced herself, the inconsolable widow of an old husband—Vespasiano Colonna, Duke of Trajetto, and Count of Fondi—was loved by that splendid and most unclerical-looking young nobleman, Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, whose portrait by Titian in a Hungarian military dress is one of the very finest things at the Pitti.\* It was he who sent Sebastiano to Fondi to portray the famous beauty. "*Ed egli in termine d'un mese fece quel ritratto, il quale, venendo dalle celesti bellezze di quella signora e da così dotta mano, riusci una pittura divina.*" It is therefore in the highest degree unlikely that Ippolito would have allowed the lady whom he worshipped at a distance to be presented as St. Agatha, the saint who underwent the cruellest, the most disfiguring martyrdom that could be suffered by a beautiful woman. Moreover, the inscription on the Longford picture accords admirably with the reproachful tenderness which an unsuccessful lover, but a lover still, would feel and make boast of. The divinity here portrayed might well be propitious enough to admit worship and the burning of incense at her shrine, although she would in her haughty self-respect be slow to grant to the fervent suppliant any favour in return. It must, however, be pointed out in fairness that Giulia Gonzaga's own device was the

\* Ippolito de' Medici, the natural son of Giuliano de' Medici, Duc de Nemours, was born in 1511. He was created a Cardinal by Clement VII. in 1529, when he was but eighteen years old. Titian's portrait in the Pitti was painted in 1533 at Bologna, whither Ippolito had gone to present himself before the Emperor Charles V. "Brantôme's Memoirs" should be consulted for the account of an extraordinary and well-nigh incredible adventure which, according to him, befell the fair Giulia Gonzaga in 1534. The Sultan Soliman, having heard reports of her peerless beauty, and desiring to add this loveliest blossom to the living garden of his harem, sent a trusty emissary with armed men to attack Fondi and carry off its mistress. The attack was made in the middle of the night and the resistance of the retainers easily overcome; but Giulia, warned just in time, escaped in the lightest attire to the mountains, where, being found by some condottieri, she was brought in safety to her castle.



*Portrait of a Lady.* By Sebastiano del Piombo.  
Catalogued at Longford as 'La Fornarina,' by Raphael or Sebastiano.

mythical amaranth, emblem of deathless love, with the equivalent words, "Non moritura." Yet this remembrance of the deceased consort, for whom his young widow professed such a passion of regret, Sebastiano might well think it opportune to omit from a portrait which was to gladden the hungry eyes of a living lover.

The portrait of Giulia Gonzaga was afterwards presented by Cardinal Ippolito to Francis I. of France, and by him

from the reasons brought forward above, a much better *prima facie* position in the competition than can be claimed for any of its rivals. There is something, if not exactly celestial, at any rate more than merely mortal, in the lady's beauty; and the painting, although it lacks something of the Venetian glow and the Venetian mastery of the brush, is truly "*una pittura divina*."

"VENUS, CUPID, AND A SATYR," ASCRIBED TO CORREGGIO.—This has al-

ways been one of the most popular pictures in the Longford Gallery. It presents, with a great show of "Correggiosity," Venus playfully withholding from Cupid his bow, while a goat-footed satyr furtively peeps forth from a thicket. It was bought in 1796 from the executors of Benjamin Vandergucht, at the sale of his effects, for the then considerable price of £630, which was, nevertheless, a great descent from that of £1,500, for which Vandergucht had purchased it from Sir William Hamilton. When the latter, then Mr. Hamilton, first brought the picture to England in 1771, Horace Walpole wrote of it thus rapturously to his correspondent Sir Horace Mann:—

"Strawberry Hill,  
Nov. 18, 1771.

"Mr. Hamilton's Correggio is arrived. I have seen it, it is divine—and so is the price; for nothing but a demi-god or a demi-devil, that is a Nabob, can purchase it. What do you think of £3,000? It has all Correggio's grace and none of his grimace, which, like Shakespeare, he is too apt to blend or confound."

That the picture had considerable renown in



*Portrait called 'Violante.'*  
*By Paris Bordone.*

placed in his gallery at Fontainebleau, from whence in the course of time it vanished. The Longford picture was purchased at Richard Conway's sale in 1791, upon which occasion it was stated "that it had been for two hundred years previously in the Villa Negroni, belonging to the Popes of Rome." Thus the matter at present stands. Certainly no extant portrait has anything like as good a claim to be deemed the "*divina pittura*" of Vasari as the noble work here reproduced. The importance and the general aspect of the picture, which is a genuine *portrait d'apparat*, give to it, even apart

the eighteenth century is further evidenced by the number of engravings taken from it and from another, presumably still later, *variante*. This last canvas would appear to have been formerly in the Meyer collection at Strasburg, and it belonged in the beginning of the century to Chevalier de Fabry at Geneva. The Longford version has been reproduced by Guglielmo Morghen in a print dedicated to Sir William Hamilton, and also in a large mezzotint bearing no name, but attributable to Johann Pichler. It has further been done by Tommaso Tedeschi, and in reverse by J. S. Janota; the later version,

in which the hair and ears of the goddess are adorned with pearls, and a veil or scarf hangs from her coiffure (probably the Strasburg picture), is the subject of a large engraving by Guérin, and of a smaller one published by Johannot Frères.

Notwithstanding all these credentials I imagine that any student of Correggio's art, or indeed, of Italian Art in general, would, face to face with the picture itself, hardly think it necessary

to discuss very seriously its claims to be considered as an original from his brush. Though, in virtue of its pretty, suave colour the canvas, now that it has been judiciously cleaned, exercises a certain attraction, though it is lighted by a faint reflection of Allegri's *enjouement* and tempered voluptuousness, it belongs manifestly to another and later time. His exuberance of vitality, his audacity and skill in foreshortening, his indefinable charm nearly approaching yet just avoiding decadence, are looked for in vain in the imperfectly modelled figures of Venus and Cupid. The picture, to my thinking, belongs to one of the Italian eclectics of the seventeenth century. The very quality of the individual colours supports this view; the rose-pink of the quiver, its scarlet ribbons, the azure of the hastily-painted falling drapery behind Venus, are all tints which one associates with that time, and not with the climax of the true Renaissance. The late Julius Meyer, in his "Life of Correggio," published in 1871, disallowed the claims of the 'Venus'; which he saw, it must be owned, covered with the dark varnish which has since been removed. In the latest biography of Allegri, the imposing volume which the director of the Parma Gallery, Signor Corrado Ricci, has quite recently produced, this so-called Correggio is not referred to.

PORTRAIT CALLED 'VIOLANTE,' BY PARIS BORDONE.—This is one of the finest works of the peculiar type to which it belongs. It is one of those appropriately sumptuous presentments of the lovely Venetian *cortigiane* with which Paris Bordone is hardly less closely

identified than Palma Vecchio himself. Both knew how to depict them with a simplicity in the open assertion of the sovereignty of physical beauty which lent to their very sensuousness a certain grandeur. They were not, indeed, the equals of the exquisitely gifted courtesans of Greece, whose images, by the supreme artists of their time, cities would not scruple, on occasion, to set up by the side of the gods themselves. All the same, they



*Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman.  
By Tintoretto. (?)*

did not in becoming priestesses of the ove-goddess resign the graces or refinements of womanhood, but on the contrary practised these as an essential part of *l'art de se faire aimer*.

The Longford picture is far more delicate in execution than the likeness of the somewhat truculent red-haired 'Lady of the Brignole Family' at the National Gallery, though it is less vigorous in characterization, and less well preserved than this well-known piece. Here some drastic cleaning in former days has removed

the glazes in portions of the hair, has dimmed the lustre of the pearls round the fair neck, and left the high lights on the splendid crimson robe somewhat sharp and abrupt. That the master took especial pains with this portrait is apparent in many ways. The detail is unusually fine in the embroidered linen under-garment fastened with its little bows of hyacinthine blue; the hair has been painted with as much subtlety as breadth, and the convex mirror, set in rich goldsmith's work, which the Venetian Lais holds, has also been the object of much loving care. Munich possesses the copy, by Lattanzio Guarena, an artist of the early nineteenth century, of a very similar picture in which, however, the blonde beauty holds a feather-fan instead of the mirror. The original of this last is said by Mündler to be in a private collection at Carlsruhe. The Empress Frederic now possesses in her new palace near Homburg, an original of the same type by Paris Bordone. Is this identical with the picture mentioned by Mündler?

'PORTRAIT OF A VENETIAN NOBLEMAN,' BY TINTORETTO (?).—This picture has been ascribed to Titian, and called among other things 'Cesare Borgia, Duke of Valentinois,' an ascription hardly worthy of discussion, seeing that the Cadore master could only have painted the sinister Borgia in his earliest time. It need hardly be pointed out that the canvas, now reproduced, belongs to a much later time in the sixteenth century. There is no clue to the identity of the personage, who appears here in a black dress of absolute simplicity, facing the spectator with a dignity which is not mere self-assertion. The figure, in the present state of the canvas, almost disappears, while the face and hands stand out from the sombre mass with an intense golden glow. The work must, in my opinion, belong to Tintoretto or his *entourage*. It is easy to see, even in the reproduction, that the modelling has not the breadth, or the brush-work the synthetic power, that we are accustomed to meet with in Robusti's typical portraits; and moreover, the proportions of the head, and of the features among themselves, are somewhat peculiar. But then the greater number of canvases by which we judge the master belong to the late time. Here the fiery, steadfast gaze, the treatment of the hair and beard, the type of the hands, the painting of the little wisps of semi-diaphanous linen at the throat and wrists—all these things remind the beholder of Tintoretto, only that they are smaller and more deliberate in style. The picture, if his own, must be of the early time, when he still affected the golden Titian-esque glow which is not to be found to the same extent in his later works, in which the transitional tones and shadows of the flesh are greyer. At any rate, it manifestly represents his direction in portraiture.

The Longford collection contains also a portrait of a sculptor (with his hand on a bust of Lucretia), ascribed to Titian, but not from his brush, or indeed of his school.

'VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE INFANT ST. JOHN,' BY LODOVICO CARRACCI.—It would be difficult to point to a more interesting or instructive example of the eclecticism of which the Carracci school openly made boast than this Holy Family. A first glance shows that we have here an adaptation of Raphael's famous 'Madonna della Seggiola,' in the Pitti Palace, and one which, although it stands forth as an open and avowed imitation, is not wanting in cleverness and charm. All that is divine, all that lifts Raphael's conception from genre into the highest regions of art, has been deliberately left out, and the genre-like character of the simple motive has been as deliberately underlined. The robust little Christ,

shrinking back with a pretty movement of shyness into his mother's arms, is charming, and not less attractive is the naïveté of the praying St. John, whose position, be it remarked, is in Carracci's paraphrase reversed. Where so much of the drawing is excellent—as especially in the limbs of the Christ—it is difficult to account, otherwise than by some awkward restoration, for the curious left hand, which looks for all the world like a palm with fingers attached in the reverse of their proper position. What is so amusing is to note how Lodovico, true to the artificial precepts which lay at the foundation of the school created by him, has sought to express Raphael's design with types and a method borrowed from Titian. Of the third great divinity worshipped by the Carracci group and their followers—it would not be easy here to point to any trace. One is at once reminded of Agostino Carracci's famous sonnet commencing:—

"Chi farsi un buon pittor cerca e desia,  
"Il disegno di Roma abbia alla mano,  
"La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,  
"E il degno colorir di Lombardia,  
"Di Michel Angiol la terribil via,  
"Il vero natural di Tiziano,  
"Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,  
"E di un Raffael la giusta simmetria."

This is, after all, only a further development of Tintoretto's boastful inscription on the wall of his studio: "Il disegno di Michelangiolo ed il colorito di Tiziano."

The eclecticism of the much and not undeservedly abused Bolognese painters of the Carracci school is neither the highest nor yet the lowest of its kind. It is not an eclecticism like that of Sebastiano del Piombo, who was first the noblest and most convinced of Giorgionesques; then well-nigh as suave and as distinguished as Raphael himself, with an added splendour of Venetian harmony still hanging about him; then a follower of Michelangelo, who rose infinitely higher than any of his pupils or more slavish imitators. It is not, on the other hand, the mechanical and puerile eclecticism of many of the "Italianising" Netherlanders and Germans, who borrowed industriously, but could not digest, or transform by any assimilating process of their own, what they appropriated. The faults of the Carracci and their followers are so evident, their system so fatally saps that vitality and power of self-development which is the most essential quality of Art, that they will never, it may safely be prophesied, wholly regain their once-exalted position, firmly established in the first years of the seventeenth century, and victoriously retained throughout the eighteenth. At the same time it is the merest folly to condemn the school and its most eminent professors wholesale, as it has now for many years become the fashion to do—especially on the other side of the Channel, where to call a painter "un Bolonais" is to apply to him the most contemptuous form of insult. Respect should always be claimed and enforced for such works as Annibale Carracci's frescoes in the Farnese Palace, and his once-famous 'Three Maries' at Castle Howard; Agostino's 'Communion of St. Jerome,' and the improved version based upon it by Domenichino; the charming 'Hunt of Diana' by the latter in the Borghese Gallery; the Raphaelesque 'Aurora' of Guido, so noble in the rhythmic sweep of its onward movement; the 'Santa Petronilla' of Guercino, in the gallery of the Capitol. Nay, without going so far afield, let the student of Italian art, who is taught to look down with a lofty scorn upon everything "Bolognese," go to Dulwich, and there dis-

passionately appreciate the 'St. John in the Desert' of Guido—a splendid example of the *caposcuola* who so absolutely dominated the later Bolognese school, and of its kind and time a singularly beautiful picture.

Ascribed on not obvious grounds to one of the Carracci, is further a large 'Charity,' which is the work of a more determined naturalist of the seventeenth century—one who had not only the Carracci, but still more, Michelangelo da Caravaggio in view. Realistic almost to the verge of brutality, but striking, in its own repellent way, is the figure of Charity, a woman of ample proportions wearing a splendid red dress of Venetian fashion.

A large canvas, 'JOSEPH'S DREAM,' BY PIETRO BERETTINI DA CORTONA, is a characteristic example of the manner in which he went to work to cover large spaces with little expenditure of brain and unbounded confidence of brush. It is a veritable improvisation, initiated, as we may guess, in a haphazard sort of way, without the support of a preliminary design, yet not

wanting in a certain ease and brilliancy such as rarely deserted the triumphant mannerist. He shares with the later Luca Giordano—a mannerist of quite another seventeenth-century school—the praise and blame of an unrivalled facility and a corresponding superficiality.

By Carlo Dolci, whose substitution of self-conscious sentimentality for true sacred fervour should not wholly blind us to his merits of fine draughtsmanship and careful finish, we have a characteristic 'ECCE HOMO,' chiefly remarkable for the brilliant tone of its red draperies. There is also here an original repetition of his portrait by himself in the Painters' Gallery at the Uffizi, the only variation being that the signed drawing, on a sheet of paper, which the counterfeit presentment of the Florentine painter holds, is here translated into colours, while in the Uffizi version it remains in black and white. The date is 1674, but the artist hardly looks the man of fifty-eight years that he must have been at that time, since he was born in 1616. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)



*Virgin and Child with the Infant St. John.  
By Lodovico Carracci.*

## SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

A FRENCH CRITIC'S OPINION.



HE following remarkable letter has been published in *The Times* from Mr. Charles Yriarte, the Inspector-General of the Fine Arts in France : — “ To whatever country he belongs, a foreigner cannot remain insensible to the spectacle offered by the outburst of affectionate gratitude of an entire people, eager to celebrate the jubilee of the reign of their Sovereign by an act of beneficence for the nation itself. It is, however, only from the point of view of the interests of art, of the development of taste, and of the technical education of artisans of every class and every country, that I would plead after so many others the cause of the completion of the South Kensington Museum. Lord Playfair's proposal responds to an imperious necessity, and the occasion of realising it is propitious. Consider the state of things in England at the beginning of her Majesty's reign as regards the education of the art-worker and what is known as public taste. In 1837 there was a museum of decorative art and a special school for drawing. In 1857—a year doubly celebrated in the history of art in England—the Queen and the Prince Consort inaugurated the South Kensington Museum, and in Manchester was opened that prodigious exhibition of England's art treasures to which the leading French artists and the most celebrated critics, went on a pilgrimage, to return astonished at a spectacle which was to them a veritable revelation.

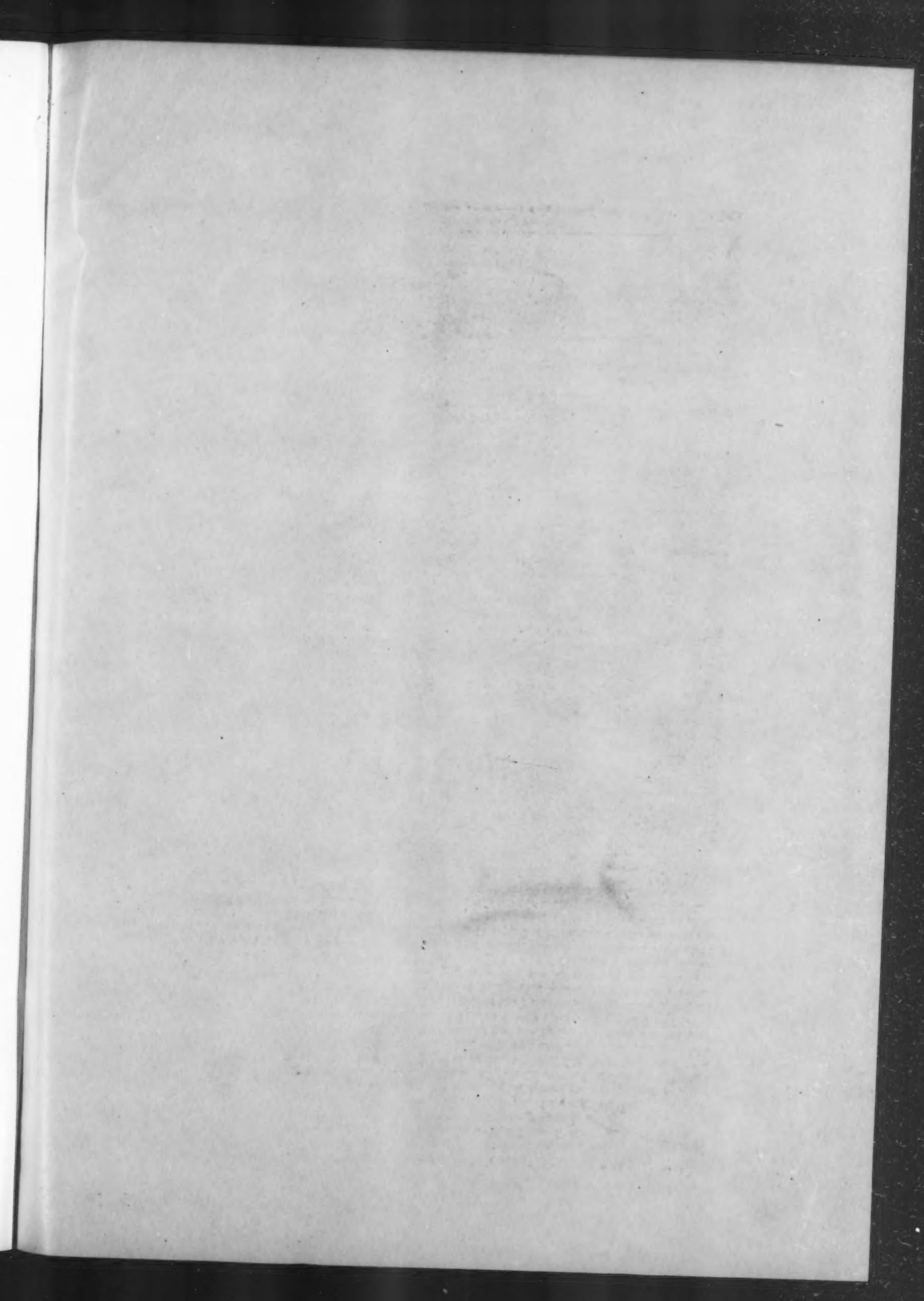
“ The South Kensington Museum soon began to develop; whole collections were bequeathed to it; the treasure augmented day by day. Amateurs consented to place there for long periods precious collections enlarging the field of study. The directors of the Science and Art Department, ingenious in the search for the means of propaganda, opened annexes, multiplying thereby centres of public instruction and the objects destined to awaken thought in the minds of the artists and artisans, and—an instance of popularization unique in Europe—they had the idea of the itinerant museum, to be transported from town to town, to stop in each place long enough to be seen and appreciated, and thus to place under the eyes of the artisans in every centre the objects best adapted to the genius and tradition of the country.

“ The exhibitions of the English schools, by the evident progress made by their pupils, soon recompensed these efforts. The level of public taste was much raised. Art applied to industry becomes the great preoccupation, and powerful minds, fertile imaginations, daring, disinterested writers and artists take the lead of the movement and turn it into new channels. There was too great a tendency towards archæology. With fresh and renewed efforts everything is transformed. Mérimée, our great writer, archæologist, artist, general inspector of historic monuments, returns from London thoughtful, and in a famous report to the Minister of Education utters a cry of alarm. Our decennial exhibitions had given us for some time the first place. Our great art industries now became uneasy. England had overtaken and was about to outstrip us. The movement did not slacken. Who would think, in the presence of such results, of denying the share in them of the South Kensington Museum, which had become the most fruitful source, the

most colossal dépôt of *objets d'art* of all sorts and the most varied and complete types and examples, capable of favouring the development of artistic taste from its simplest forms, as seen in the artisan who overcomes common material, transforming it into a precious object, to the creators, the architects, painters, and sculptors, who embody their dreams and fancies, giving them form, colour, and life, and awakening thought in us while making a sanctuary of the home where we live ?

“ To-day for all of us foreigners South Kensington is a Mecca. England there possesses the entire art of Europe and the East, their spiritual manifestations under all forms, and Europe has been swept into the stream in imitation of England. Berlin, Budapest, Vienna, Nuremberg, Basle, Madrid, St. Petersburg, Moscow, the large towns of America itself have now their South Kitchens; but in the original one of England still unfinished, where the splendour of the start (excessive as it seems to me) contrasts with the inertia of the last fifteen years, the inconceivable treasures are becoming so much heaped up as to be a veritable obstacle to study. How is it possible to study this extraordinary series of textiles of all times and countries, ranged one upon another, overlapping and hiding one another, without proper perspective and proper light? And the draperies, the embossed Italian and Spanish leathers, the carved wood, the iron work, the *cassoni*, the lacquer, placed at such an elevation that one is obliged to mount steps to study their form and colours. And the unrivalled collection of casts of ivories from antiquity to the present time, the precious work of Layard, that unique cast the plaster of which is equal to the original! The collection of musical instruments is quite invisible, in a miserable light like the *azulejos*, the mosaics, and the decorative tablets of the Persians. There will presently be no knowing where to stow the model, one-third size, of the execution of the Camerino of Isabelle d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, where after three centuries we have reproduced the works of Mantegna and Costa, which fate has brought to our Louvre museum.

“ It is not for me to give an opinion on the architectural part of the work to be accomplished. South Kensington is especially a museum for study, and for study a mere box is sufficient, spacious, well-lighted, with as few projections as possible, of no exaggerated height, easy of access, but, above all, with space and light, and lastly, from due respect for art, with decent surroundings, a fine entrance, and no unsafe neighbouring buildings. The architects will be unable to protest. They know that in architecture the external expression of a requirement fulfilled, a form appropriate to the object aimed at, inevitably gives a monument its character. Ornament is neither in the material employed nor on the wall, where it sometimes distracts attention; it is especially in the art object itself, and imagination can find ample scope outside. I desire, therefore, for the entire nation the realisation of Lord Playfair's proposal, the completion of the Victoria Museum for the advantage of art studies and the development of public taste, and this out of gratitude for the facilities of every kind found by foreigners of all nations in the great English public dépôts.”







A HIGHLAND CROFT.

IN THE MARY HOLLOWAY COLLEGE COLLECTION.

88-20-11



*Whence started the Pilgrim Fathers. The Old Pier and Sutton Pool.*  
From a Pencil Drawing by R. D. Hoskin.

## PLYMOUTH.

"TURRIS FORTISSIMA EST NOMEN JEHOVAH."\*—PROV. xviii. 10.



tidal rivers, the inhabitants of the old town of Plymouth might have anticipated the wail of Coleridge's mariner :—

" Water, water everywhere  
And not a drop to drink."

There were wells in the town it is true, but yet not a sufficient or dependable supply of fresh water, and it is pleasant to have to relate that one who had already done much for his country was ready with a remedy here,

\* The motto that the town has adopted is appropriate to the device on the shield:—*Argent, a saltire vert between four castles sable.* The meaning of one and the other will become clear to the reader as he proceeds.

In proportion as the material at the writer's disposal is ample is the task of selection laborious. A glance at the map we reprint will discover the fact that there was promise of History in this particular place before valorous men began making it. Wedged in as they were between two

for it was, we are told, in the year 1590 that the town agreed to Sir Francis Drake's proposal that he "should bring in from the moors the waters of the river Meavy, which, being in length about twenty-five miles, he with great care and diligence effected and brought." Allowance is here made for its windings, as the actual distance is very much less—scarcely a-half, I suppose.

The hero who rounded the world set sail from this town. From the Hoe the Armada was sighted. From Plymouth Rock sailed the Plymouth Fathers, 1620.



*The Barbican, Old Plymouth—Packing Fish.*  
From a Drawing by R. D. Hoskin.



*Drake Island, Plymouth Sound.  
From a Drawing by Rd. Hoskin.*

There remain names such as "Breton Side," to remind us of occasional visits from our neighbours in France, who, as they came uninvited, were also unpopular. Such trifling occasions are incidental to our insular position, and need not detain us here. Let rather the story be told of the siege sustained by the town when the Royalist army surrounded it, and even King Charles came in person. It may be mentioned incidentally that Wenceslaus Hollar, topographical draughtsman and etcher, seems to have accompanied the King's forces. The story agrees with the fact that a singularly accurate view of the besieged town of Plymouth, and of the country around it, was drawn and etched by this artist. What is here shown is greatly reduced from the original, which is, of its kind, a most noble engraving. It is sufficient, however, to show that nearly every high place round about was occupied by the enemy. If the withdrawal of these forces from Plymouth were not a momentous event in the history, not merely of this town, but of the nation at large, it would not occupy so conspicuous a place in my paper. It lasted, in fact, for nearly three years, and it is not claiming too much to say that "if Plymouth had been less staunch and true, the entire complexion of the Civil War might have changed." The King's commander, Essex, before his final defeat, had spoken of Plymouth as a place of "as great concernment as any in the Kingdom next to London," and the Earl of Warwick had written that "the loss of this town would endanger the whole West of England."

We were fortunate, at one time, in having as Librarian Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, who found time to produce, among other things, a very good History of Plymouth. His account of the siege, as the larger part of it is taken from the records of men actively engaged in defending the town, is particularly interesting. A later historian, Mr. Worth, has been able to add some new matter to this, and together with these two works may be mentioned one privately printed which appeared in the year 1888, when the Tercentenary of the Armada was celebrated. It is more properly a monograph than a history, as its subject is the Hawkins family, and the writer, Miss Mary W. S. Hawkins, one of its surviving representatives. The writer evidently thinks poorly of Drake, as she mentions him only to quote what Sir Martin

Frobisher said of the part that he played in this battle of battles.

The history of a man's birth-place, is read when he has reached middle life, will discover to him the "inwardness" and significance of names that were nothing but names to him as a child. The "Freedom Field" above Plymouth, that we used to play in, was so called, we are told, because the path that ran through it was on the bounds of the Borough, and there was right of way for the Corporation. We, however, knew nothing of this, nor that this same field was the site of a pitched battle between the besieged and the besiegers in the year 1643. Its situation is about a mile from the centre of the town, on the summit of Lipson Hill, and the panoramic view from that point is one of the finest that can be obtained

anywhere; but every prospect of Plymouth is pleasing and it would be hard indeed to particularise. This truly historic site is converted now into a recreation ground, in the centre of which is a memorial stone of unusual size and no merit whatever. It is there to remind us, however, that we have had, even as others, a 'Past,' of which a part at least has been profitably spent. It was here that on Sunday, December 3rd, 1643, the Roundhead soldiers of Plymouth made their final rally, and routed the Cavalier army which had surprised the outworks and well-nigh taken the town. The anniversary of this event was celebrated for many years afterwards, and the day was distinguished as the 'Day of the Great Deliverance.' It was then that the town adopted the motto that we find attached to the arms. Of stirring events the few of which we have spoken are memorable, and it would have been hard to have written of Plymouth without mentioning them.

The name of the old town was Sutton, and the property therein was divided between the Prior of Plymton and the Valletort family, the two parts being known as Sutton Prior and Sutton Valletort. There was a votive chapel on St. Nicholas', now Drake's, Island, and another on the Hoe was dedicated to St. Katherine. There were several monastic establishments, and but one parish church. Sutton Pool was the haven, and Cattewater the



*Hollar's Map of Plymouth Sound, 1643.*

roadstead. The Hamoaze at the mouth of the Tamar, a similar roadstead of very much greater extent, is appropriated now by the Admiralty.

In the days of which we are speaking there was no shelter for ships in the Sound, nor was there indeed until the beginning of this century, when the "Breakwater" was built across the mouth of the Harbour. We are told that when news came to Plymouth that the Armada had been sighted down west, the Lord High Admiral was prevented by adverse winds from getting clear of the port and out to the open sea. Farther out, to the west, between promontories formed by the heights of Mount Edgecumbe and Penlee, there is deep water sheltered from all but easterly winds, where ships might have ridden securely. The advantage of this forward

difficult, if not impossible, for the people of Plymouth to treat him as they had treated his father. It is said that a great deal of land that was common before was appropriated for this purpose, and this, as the Hoe is extra-mural, appears very likely.

The position of the "enemie" at various points is denoted by oblong, and the outposts of the Roundheads by triangular, enclosures. They are firing upon the town from over the water—from Mount Edgecumbe, Mount Batten, and other high places. The estuary on the right is that of the River Plym: on the left, dividing Devon and Cornwall, is the Tamar, which, about three miles above Saltash, is fed by the river Tavy. It flows by Buckland Abbey, moreover, which became Sir Francis Drake's property during Elizabeth's reign, and has since remained



*Plymouth Sound from the West Hoe. With Drake Island, Mount Edgecumbe, Penlee Point and the Breakwater.  
From a Drawing by Rd. Hoskin.*

position had perhaps not then been thought of. The good old song of the sea which begins—

"In Cawsand Bay lying,  
The Blue Peter flying,"

belongs to a later date. A line from east to west, across the mouth of the harbour, would connect the Mewstone, made famous by Kingsley, with Penlee Point. The breakwater protects everything within its embrace, so that the vessel that rounds either end is in harbour. Admiralty vessels in need of repair are put into dock at Devonport, Millbay is for trading and passenger steamers, but Sutton Pool and Cattewater as havens for sailing craft remain much as they were. The Fort on the Hoe commanded these waters. It was replaced by the present Garrison immediately after the Restoration, as the date on the gateway shows. Its batteries command the old town on three sides, and it is probable that the restored King's object in building it was to make it

in the family. Nearer the mouth of the same river is Maristow, the seat of Sir Massey Lopes. The numberless rivers and tributary streams which water the county of Devon give us, perhaps, the peacefullest and loveliest valleys that there are in the land. I speak for myself as a Devonshire man; the reader who disbelieves me should be condemned for his sin to read the collected works of our Devonshire Wordsworth, Carrington. He enumerates fifty-five rivers and streams, of which the most important to us in the south, besides those above-mentioned, are the Exe, the Teign, and the Dart. Others of lesser importance are the Avon, the Erme, and the Yealm between Dartmouth and Plymouth. No wonder that a country so riddled with rivers has in it so many "bridges" and "fords" that give names to as many places. What makes them most beautiful is the bedrock of granite through which they scramble along to the sea. Granite does not split into slates like the lime-

stone through which they must run as they slacken their pace and come nearer the town. There is limestone and limestone, however, as the marble pavements remaining in Plymouth abundantly show. The great round-shouldered boulders of granite are sometimes enormous. When disintegrated as by the action of water, they are turned into sand of a sort. What sweet little inland seas they enclose, each with a little toy beach of its own! The stream that runs down from the moors over granite cannot choose its own way. It may tumble the rocks about, and alter their shape by degrees, but it cannot cut through them, or bring them all the way with them. The noise that it makes is incessant, and so soothing withal that I am desolate here where I hear it not.

It will be discovered at once that I cannot discourse

that. Let me try first to give an idea of my feeling for the nearest moorlands, which are those I know best. Does it not multiply the pleasure of riding by ten or a dozen to know that the beast underneath you is at least as exultant as you are? I am never so proud of my country as when I know that my horse is as proud of it too. There was one I was free to ride once because she had kicked everyone off except me. So, at least, I was told. It was foolish to handle her as if you knew the country as well as she did.

Let us return to the map, as I have not quite done with it yet. We said just now that the "Leet," which comes by devious ways into Plymouth, traverses some twenty-five miles of the country. Its value to the inhabitants cannot be exaggerated, and the artist, as if to insist upon it, has



*Old Plymouth and the Citadel from Mount Batten.  
From a Drawing by R. D. Hoskin.*

of the moors as a geologist or as a botanist may; nor am I content with a rod and a line as another Isaac Walton might be. I love my own county, however, and am conscious wherever I go of a feeling of being "from home." If I stand on what they call hills in Surrey, I wonder what I am there for, if not for a view of the sea. It is worth while going inland and upland from Plymouth, for, go you ever so far, you are rising higher and higher, obtaining ever more glorious views. Where hills overlap, and there is a dip in between, what is there so properly fills it as the blue wall of the sea? On the lower slopes of the moors, there are on the downs the most glorious galloping-grounds you can find anywhere; as on Leigh Moor, Whitchurch, and Roborough Downs. I have said little or nothing as yet of my childish delight in the sea, but must presently come to

given it a ridiculously prominent place. Remembering that the rivers and streams that rise on the southern slopes of the moor run anywhere but into Plymouth, we shall see what a veritable blessing this conduit has been. It is one of the prettiest streams in the world, as it travels so fast through mile after mile of bracken and gorse, and is so perfectly pure. There are sour-minded people who write only to dispel, if they can, our fondest illusions, and they have written to say that our hero was too well paid for this noble undertaking of his. Let us be thankful, however, for a piece of good work that is done, remembering that it would never have been done at all if it had been proposed to let the entire cost of the undertaking fall on the undertaker. In those piratical days all enterprise was private enterprise, whether on land or sea, and there was no capable governing body in Plymouth as there is now.



*Mount Edgcumbe.  
From a Drawing by Rd. Hoskin.*

The arrival of the drawings which illustrate this article suggests the propriety of my ending it with a few remarks on the art of the county; but there must be at least a word about Reynolds, as I promised there should be, and to omit all reference to him would be impious. Confessing is difficult until habit renders it easy, and it requires some courage to say that I who was born in Plymouth have never seen Reynolds's birthplace. Nor was I aware until recently that the Plympton one passes continually, as it lies alongside of the rail, is only one of two places distinguished as Plympton St. Mary and Plympton Earl. It is to the latter that the devout are

directed. The great painter's birthplace was destroyed some time ago, and there is little to remind us of him, but there remains the old Grammar School, of about the same date as our citadel (*temp. Charles II.*). It was there that our hero was "educated," as the guide book informs us. His father was master thereof.

The high road into Cornwall from Exeter crossed the Tamar at New Bridge, which may be twenty miles or more above Plymouth, and so on to Liskeard. Below that there was no roadway across, and there is none even now except at Saltash by rail. I have mentioned the fact in order to show how real is the division between us and the simple people of Cornwall. The map makes it perfectly clear that nature has made it, and not the devil, as they would have us believe: we maintain on our side that once over the Tamar he could not get back. I forget what their version is.

The county that boasts of Reynolds claims also the earliest miniature painters, John Shute and Nicholas Hilliard. Cosway, most famous of all, was also a Devonshire man. He died in 1821, and there ended one chapter in the history of the art that he practised.

Now a word about Samuel Prout, born at Plymouth. Owing partly to the active revival of every revivable art, we have heard almost too much about lithography lately. To know what Prout did for Plymouth we must study the soft-ground etchings that he published, or at any rate printed, before he had heard of lithography. Of these there are many in the British Museum (in the Print Room of course), and very delightful they are when come upon suddenly in London, as they read to the writer like letters from home. It might be said of Prout more truly than of anyone else that he left no stone unturned, but more fitly perhaps that during his youth he left no nook unexplored of the region round Plymouth.

I confidently look forward to a good time coming when attached to the present Art Schools there will be a permanent gallery in Plymouth, with rooms set apart for the works of West Country painters, in which the first place will be given to Samuel Cook, who lived and worked in Plymouth. Another is William Payne, of Plymouth, one of England's earliest water-colour painters. A town which has already, in the Cottonian



*The Hoe at Night.  
From a Drawing by Rd. Hoskin.*

Library, the nucleus of a collection that would have delighted the heart of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is not to remain behind others.

My friend, Mr. Hoskin, has placed at my disposal a number of drawings which illustrate admirably the principal points of a very imperfect discourse. The Editor of this Journal has occasionally visited Plymouth, and has expressed a desire to have a view of the Sound from the Hoe, for this he thinks, like every one who has been there, one of the finest sights in England. The artist has here in view Mount Edgcumbe heights on the right, and Penlee Point out beyond. Cawsand Bay is between the two headlands. St. Nicholas' Island is now named after Sir Francis Drake. The tide makes desperate haste to get round it whether rising or falling. On a clear day, on the horizon we see the Eddystone Lighthouse. The long low line of the breakwater does nothing to spoil our view, and, as it helps to complete the idea of a harbour as something to return to and rest in, it even increases our pleasure. Looking more to the west at sundown you will see somewhat more of Mount Edgcumbe. The artist must describe his own picture, so I leave him to tell us

the time of the year, the hour of the day, and the actual extent of his survey. Passing over the statue of Drake on the Hoe, impressive as it may be at night-time, we descend upon Sutton Pool, and wind our way between baskets of fish to the Barbican. We have here a bit of the old town of Plymouth, which is busiest when the "trawlers" come in. The next is a pencil drawing from a point of view outside the same pool. The steps that the boat is making for are just where "Plymouth Rock" stood, I suppose. A stone laid down on the pier has merely MAYFLOWER graven upon it, and the date 1620.

Oh, what know they of harbours  
Who toss not on the sea ?  
They tell of fairer havens,  
But none so fair there be  
  
As Plymouth town outstretching  
Her quiet arms to me ;  
Her breast's broad welcome spreading  
From Mewstone to Penlee.  
  
Ah ! with this home-thought, darling,  
Come crowding thoughts of thee ;  
Oh, what know they of harbours  
Who toss not on the sea ?

ERNEST RADFORD.

## ON SOME OLD MASTERS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

**I**N the museums of the Louvre in Paris and the Uffizi in Florence, which are both peculiarly rich in works of Italian Art, special rooms have long been devoted to the exhibition of the drawings by the old masters. During some few years a similar exhibition, organized by Mr. Colvin, has been in existence at the British Museum, and it is to be hoped that in process of time it may be extended, so as to correspond with the wealth of the collection in really important works of this character. The year before the opening of the exhibition, the trustees of the Museum had acquired the Malcolm collection formed by Sir J. C. Robinson, unquestionably one of the finest collections of old masters' drawings in Europe, and the price that was paid for it, namely, £25,000, will have to be called very moderate, when one reflects that since then, single Italian drawings, for example by Michelangelo, and those by no means among his best, have realised as much as six hundred and even fourteen hundred pounds at public auctions.

An excellent catalogue compiled by the director of the department, Mr. Sidney Colvin, serves as a guide to the exhibition; and it is entirely remote

from my intention to depreciate the merit of this solid and laborious publication, if in what follows I express, and endeavour to support, an opinion of some of the most interesting drawings at variance with their official attributions.

At the outset we propose to deal with three cartoons exhibited in the centre of the room, and containing figures partly life-size and partly above life-size. No. 141 in the catalogue is the "Cartoon for a composition of the Holy Family and Evangelists," of which the accompanying illustration (No. 1) is a reproduction on a very reduced scale. And in this case it is only when standing before the original that it is possible to assure oneself that as a matter of fact the author of the sketch is Michelangelo himself. In the reproduction, it is quite impossible to distinguish between the original work of the master and the numerous retouches of a later restorer. Moreover, the figures in the original being larger than life, the whole makes a grandiose and imposing impression, which it loses almost entirely when brought down to the small proportions of our block.

About sixty years after



Cartoon attributed to Michael Angelo.  
Composition from a Group of the Holy Family. (1.)

Michelangelo's death, the great nephew of the artist, Michelangelo the younger, whose name is even now frequently and deservedly mentioned in archaeological science, caused the Casa Buonarotti in Florence to be adorned with paintings, and this cartoon was made use of for a panel-picture representing the Holy Family, but not without essential alterations. For instance, in the picture as painted, a figure of St. Anne has been inserted between the Madonna and the powerful male figure on the left, while a reed cross has been put into the hand of the boy on the right, in order expressly to mark him out as St. John the Baptist.

The various owners of the cartoon during the last hundred years are mentioned in Mr. Colvin's catalogue; but nothing seems to be known of its earlier history. I believe, however, that I can prove that it already existed in Michelangelo's atelier in Rome. Two days after his death the Roman notary, Robertus Ubaldinus, was commissioned to draw up an inventory of all the goods contained in the house. In the living and sleeping-rooms there is mention made, among other things, of ten cartoons, which are particularly described, and of these four are expressly denoted as *large*. In the second place on the list there stands this entry: *Un altro cartone grande, dove sono designate et schizzate tre figure grande et due putti.* "Another large cartoon, wherein there are designed and sketched out three large figures and two children." The subject is not mentioned here, as in the case of the rest, obviously because it seemed doubtful to the writer.

In a document drawn up two months later the same cartoon is mentioned again, this time with a closer description of the composition. On the 21st of April, in the year 1564, Leonardo, the nephew and heir of Michelangelo and the grandfather, by the way, of the scholar mentioned above, appeared before the governor of Rome in order to claim, as belonging to him, the ten cartoons described in the inventory, with the exception of two, namely, the one which had been awarded to Tomaso de' Cavalieri, Michelangelo's friend, and the "other large one, on which three large figures and two boys are drawn, called the Epiphany, which, by order of the aforesaid worshipful gentleman, has been deposited with me, the notary." (*Et altero magno in quo sunt designate tres figure magne et duo pueri, nuncupato*

*Epifania, dimisso penes me notarium, de mandato ejusdem reverendissimi.)*

From this it follows that the figure on the left was at that time recognised as one of the three kings, offering his gifts to the Christ-child. On this side it looks as if the cartoon had been cut down and reduced, for the whole of the right arm is missing; but even as it is, the conception and design of the figure are perfectly intelligible. The motion of the left hand expresses the

idea of homage very clearly, and the gifts we must picture to ourselves as lying at the side. Similar figures expressing homage are seen in the choir of the blessed, who in the fresco of the 'Last Judgment' surround the *Rex tremende majestatis*. And it is to this period of the master's activity that the present cartoon obviously belongs. Here, as in the other case, Michelangelo has completely emancipated himself from the limits of traditional treatment, with which the clothing of the figures, for instance, cannot be brought into harmony. Besides, the introduction of the youthful St. John into the group is a strange feature. Nevertheless, it is difficult to explain the situation in any other way than that required by the title in the document we have cited. Since the name, 'The Epiphany,' does not occur in the inventory, but appears for the



Virgin and Child.  
Attributed to Raphael. (2.)

first time two months later in the document relating to the distribution of the cartoons, we must assume that Tomaso de' Cavalieri, the confidential friend of Michelangelo, who was interested in the business, gave this information to the notary, who as the possessor of the cartoon must have been glad to receive it. I may observe, in conclusion, that I could never regard the accepted explanation of the cartoon as possible, that, namely, which defines the figure to the left of the Madonna to be St. John the Evangelist, for the reason that the difference between the age of the infant Christ and that of his subsequent disciple was too well known to Michelangelo to allow him to become responsible for such an anomaly. Besides, what does the gesture of the left hand, as well as the whole pose of the figure mean, if we are to explain it as that of an Evangelist?

Opposite the cartoon of the Epiphany there is exhibited a cartoon of the Madonna and Child, bearing the name of Raphael (No. 2). It has come down to us in a far better state of preservation than Michelangelo's; but

here too it is necessary that, before we pass to the discussion of it, we should point out that the reduction of the figures, which in the original are of the size of life, to the limits of our illustration, prevents the great defects of the work from being so obvious to the eye. Under the frame, it is true, we read "ascribed to Raphael"; but that this is not to be taken too seriously, will be readily gathered from the remarks in the catalogue. While, on the one hand, the highest praise is awarded to the artistic qualities of the work, on the other, it is pronounced to be unlikely that the author will ever be determined: "The cartoon is a work of great beauty and power, as to the authorship of which, opinions will always probably be divided." This assertion, so far as I understand it, seems to me to involve a contradiction, for it is undoubtedly the task of Art criticism to find a definite solution for precisely such problems. As soon as Art criticism abandons tasks like this, it abandons itself, that is, capitulates. In the case of works without character and of limited value, it may indeed be not worth while to find and fix definite names; but certainly not when we have to deal with genuine works of Art, which as such have an individual stamp and character. Now I confess that in my judgment, this cartoon in no sense belongs to the last category. One can readily grant that it belongs to the period of the greatest masters of the Florentine school, for the conception is such as we find in the pictures of Fra Bartolomeo, and also of Raphael, but the expression of the heads is feeble and vacant, and the drawing of the forms is so incorrect, that here above all it can only be a question of some third or fourth-rate master, but by no means of such a conscientious draughtsman as Francia Bigio, whose name has been brought into connection with the cartoon. The incapacity of our designer betrays itself most conspicuously in the clumsily drawn arm of the Madonna, and in the uncouth right hand which presses heavily on the hip of the Child. In my judgment it is a matter of little moment to whom one should ascribe so indifferent a piece of bungling. However, the most obvious supposition, as we have already seen, would be that of a follower of Fra Bartolomeo. Among these one and only one achieved any importance, Mariotto Albertinelli, but it would be an act of gross injustice to impute the authorship of the cartoon to him.

We are obliged, therefore, to descend to a still lower level, that, namely, on which we are confronted by such names as Fra Paolino of Pistoia, and Brescianino. And into the merits of the *ἀγάθη ἔρις* as to which of the two may actually have made the design, we do not pretend

further to inquire. More interesting, perhaps, is the question whether such a drawing is worth the sum of nearly £1,000, for which it was recently acquired for the Museum from its lucky former possessor, Col. Sterling, of Glentyan.

If we wish to form a conception of the contrast between this pseudo-Raphael drawing and genuine works of the master's Florentine period, we have only to turn to the drawing in the same collection, numbered 100, and described as a 'Study of a Male Head' (No. 3). It is true that the catalogue tells us that "it does not quite bear his stamp, and is more probably the work of a subordinate Florentine artist under his influence; perhaps Ridolfo Ghirlandaio"; but to this opinion I find it quite impossible to subscribe. I hold that we are entitled as little by the character of the few drawings of Ridolfo

that have come down to us as by that of his pictures, to ascribe to him a drawing so full of beauty and intellectual power as that in question. Here the forms are brought out with great precision, the eye is full of life, the mouth delicately poised, and the modelling has all that softness and tenderness peculiar to Raphael. In the original the head is more than half the size of life. Close beside it there is exhibited a head of about the same size, also in black chalk, an unquestionably genuine drawing of Raphael. A comparison of the two is interesting, because they both belong to the period at which we can follow most closely the course of the master's development. The latter is the sketch for the head of an apostle in the picture of the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' now in Rome. It was painted in the year 1502, at which



Florentine School.—Study of a Head. (3.)

time the influence of his Peruginesque teachers was still predominant in Raphael. On the other hand, the head of which we give a reproduction seems to have been executed about four years later. Both in conception and in execution the influence of Leonardo da Vinci is here quite unmistakable. This comes out most clearly if we compare it with Leonardo's drawings of heads for the 'Cavalry Combat at Anghiari,' now preserved in the National Gallery at Budapest. I look upon this drawing of Raphael as one of the finest specimens of the Italian school in the British Museum.

The original of our illustration (No. 4) is a portrait head of the size of life. It is numbered 96 in the exhibition, and described as follows: "Portrait, said to be that of Timoteo Viti; variously ascribed to Timoteo Viti, Raphael or Sodoma." So here, too, it seems that the doctors differ rather widely among themselves. Now, in the first place, no judge of drawings at the present day could possibly dream of associating the name of

Raphael with this production. Such an attribution is, and was, justifiable only in so far as it necessarily denotes a masterpiece of the first rank. But the natural result of this misuse of the name of Raphael has been a not unimportant confusion in the determination of pictures and drawings. In the case before us, Timoteo Viti is mentioned by the side of Raphael, and yet one has only to cast a single glance at the portrait-drawings of Timoteo exhibited in the same place (Nos. 94 and 95) to convince oneself that this attribution, at least, has not the slightest real ground to rest upon. To Morelli belongs the credit of having recognised that the author of this drawing must be looked for completely outside the Raphaelesque circle and he proposed the attribution to Sodoma. However, my own opinion is that we must go further afield still; and that we shall find the real master in a totally different direction.

At the outset, if we examine the technique closely, we shall see that not only black and red chalk, but also pencils of various other colours have been employed in the execution. The blond beard, for example, has been drawn with a yellow crayon. Now I do not know a single instance of the use of variegated crayons in drawings of the Italian Renaissance, while, on the other hand, in the case of German masters of the same period, it is by no means uncommon. No one, in fact, employed

this method with greater skill than Hans Holbein, the younger, in his drawings of portrait-heads.

We should be fully as justified in explaining the subject as the portrait of a German as that of an Italian. In fact, the former supposition is the more probable of the two. Finally, as regards the costume, I believe that this form of head-dress never occurs in Italian pictures and drawings, especially of the Renaissance period, while we come across it often enough in the works of the German artists. It is not without hesitation that we venture at the present time to carry the process of critical determination one step further, for our knowledge of the artists of the German school is defective throughout. The number of original works that have been preserved is out of all proportion smaller than is the case with those of the Italian schools. Only so much appears to me to be certain, namely, that the master must have belonged to a South German school independent of Dürer; but I might go further, and maintain that in point both of style and of technique, his head bears a close resemblance to the drawings of the younger Holbein belonging to the early period of his sojourn in Germany, and from this point of view there are individual drawings in the museum at Basel, that have a special value for comparison.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.



*Portrait of T. Viti.*

*By himself, probably. (4.)*



*Interior of the Glyptotheca : Roman Art.*

## "NY CARLSBERG GLYPTOTHECA" AT COPENHAGEN.

WHEN the International Exhibition of Art at Copenhagen opens its gates to the public on the 1st of May, one man, Mr. Carl Jacobsen, the indefatigable Danish patron of arts, will more than any other person have reason to be proud of the result. This he can be with full justice, for on that day the large collection of sculptures, "Ny Carlsberg Glyptotheca," of which he has made a present to his country, will be opened to the public in the new and beautiful building erected for this purpose.

I am, therefore, led to believe that it may be of interest to the readers of THE ART JOURNAL, many of whom are doubtless going to visit this exhibition in Copenhagen this summer, to hear a little about the man who has been the leading spirit in this undertaking, and to whom the Danes are indebted for the collection of sculptures in honour of which the exhibition is to be made.

Carl Jacobsen was born in Copenhagen on the 2nd of March, 1842, of a family that always has been admirers of art and science, and liberal patrons thereof. His father, J. Chr. Jacobsen, proprietor of the large brewery "Gamle Carlsberg," was a man of warm patriotic feel-

ings, and so greatly interested in science, that on his death he bequeathed the whole of his property, the brewery included, to the "Carlsberg Fond," an institution that had been established by him for the support of Danish matters of art and science, as well as to the "National Historical Museum" that had been founded by him in the castle of "Frederiksborg"; and the son, following in the footsteps of his father, has proved himself the supporter of everything that might benefit and confer honour on his native country. As a child he was deeply impressed by the works of art he saw at his own home, as well as his travels at a later date, specially a long stay, which as a young student he made in Rome, had a great influence on his views.

It was, therefore, in accordance with these views that Mr. Jacobsen, as soon as his means permitted him to follow his inclinations, took upon himself to exercise this mission in reality, and it was not long before he was able to do so. The brewery "Ny Carlsberg," which he built in 1871, increased rapidly under his energetic direction to be one of the largest on the Continent, and, soon after, his enthusiastic admiration of art set its first fruit by the establishment of the "Albertina Legacy," which

deed alone is sufficient to characterise the man and his views. It was named after the famous Danish sculptor, Albert Thorvaldsen—whose works in the museum in Copenhagen that bears his name have exercised an enduring influence on the development of taste in Denmark. The revenues derived from the "Albertina Legacy" are employed to procure classical works of sculpture from the past and the present time for the adornment of the public places and gardens in Copenhagen. Characteristic is also the last paragraph in the charter of foundation of this legacy, in which is said that the legacy should be named after Thorvaldsen, as it was to the art of this great man that Mr. Jacobsen was indebted for his first idea of establishing the said legacy.



*Interior of the Glyptotheca : French Art.*



Interior of the Glyptotheca : The Empress Room.

But the "Albertina Legacy" was only the first of a long series of donations that Jacobsen has given to his native town. During the next years donations followed year by year, the most important of which are:—The Ny Carlsberg legacies, £60,000, one-fourth of which was to be used for the benefit of his workmen and assistants, another fourth for the building of a beautiful and artistically adorned church in the parish where he lives, and the third quarter in assisting to defray the expenses incurred by the building of the "Danish Art Industry Museum." The last portion of the legacy was used for the Glyptotheca, when in 1888 Jacobsen made over his large collection of sculptures, "Ny Carlsberg Glyptotheca," to the State of Denmark.

The beginning of this unique collection, "Ny Carlsberg Glyptotheca," was made in 1882, when Mr. Jacobsen bought several of the works of the two Danish sculptors, H. V. Bissen and J. A. Jerichau, two of the most important of the school of sculptors that followed after Thorvaldsen, and it was once more Jacobsen's enthusiasm for Thorvaldsen that guided him in his choice, when he made up his mind to save the best specimens of the works of the Thorvaldsen school.

With a nucleus of five sculptures by Dubois, Honorary Foreign Royal Academician of London, Gautherin, Delaplanche and Baujault, the collection was opened in 1882, but it increased rapidly, and it is now, if we leave Paris apart, the best and richest collection of modern French sculptures. None of the great names are wanting, and they are all represented by originals of their principal works. We see here 'The Florentine Singer,' by Dubois, the little statue with which a new and flourishing age was inaugurated for the art of sculpture. Furthermore, the same master's 'Connetable de Montmorency'; 'les Premières Funérailles,' by Barrias; Chapu's 'Jeanne d'Arc'; 'la Musique,' by Delaplanche; Gautherin's

'le Travail,' and 'Diana,' by Falguière; as well as Dubois' and Roty's medals.

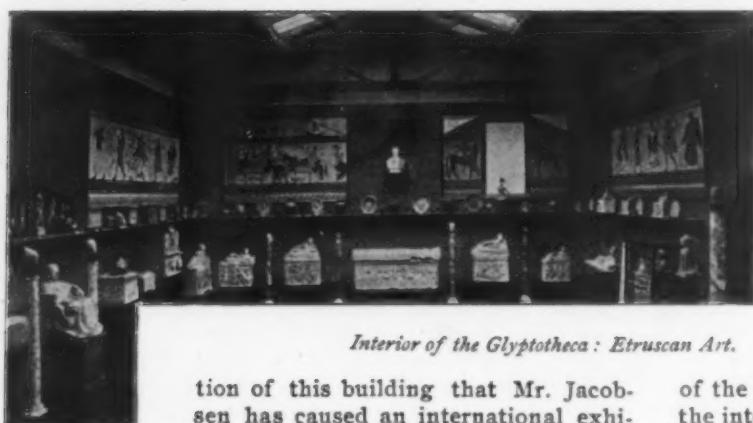
In the hall of the empresses we find two statues of the Danish princesses that have been elected to bear the crowns of England and Russia, namely, the Princess of Wales and the Dowager Empress of Russia, modelled by Chapu and Gautherin; and two noble specimens of modern French art. In the English section we see Lord Leighton's 'Athlete with a Serpent,' Bailey's 'Eva,' and MacDowell's 'Day Dream,' etc.; and also Germany, Italy and Sweden are represented by works from their most prominent artists. However surprising it may be to see so abundant a collection formed by a single man, it must by no means be supposed that this is all; for the antique collection of sculptures, as regards quantity and quality, is a worthy appendix to the two other collections, and it is not, on the northern side of the Alps, equalled by any other private collection.

Knowing by experience that the collections of a private man only will be of value to the proprietor himself and a few interested persons, and that the great public never would embrace such a thing with the interest and attention it really deserves, unless it had to be responsible for the preservation, maintenance, and enlargement of same, Mr. Jacobsen and his wife, a daughter of Mr. Stegmann, merchant in Edinburgh, resolved in 1888 to make the city of Copenhagen a present of the whole modern section of the Glyptotheca, thus preventing the collection from being dispersed or destroyed. It was furthermore stipulated that it should be a public collection, that the Government and the municipality of the city of Copenhagen should be contributors with £30,000 each, and that the municipality should give the site.

This munificent donation was received with thanks from all parties in 1889, and the donors once more showed their liberality by giving £30,000 to the institution, to be used for the preservation and enlargement of the collection. As soon as matters had come to this prosperous end, the erection of the new and monumental building that was to hold the collections was commenced under the superintendence of Mr. Dahlerup, architect. The building is to be finished this spring, and the collections installed, and it is in honour of the inaugura-



The old Glyptotheca.



*Interior of the Glyptotheca : Etruscan Art.*

tion of this building that Mr. Jacobsen has caused an international exhibition to be held this summer. This exhibition has been favoured with marks of sympathy

from all parts of Europe, amongst others, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has taken great interest in this undertaking, and it will be a worthy inauguration of a great work, and the best way by which Mr. Jacobsen, the indefatigable patron of arts, could make public the opinion he always so strongly advocated. Let me, therefore, conclude with the wish that this great rendezvous of artists in Copenhagen may be of advantage to all its members, as well as to the public that will have the benefit of getting acquainted with the works of art, and not least to the honour

of the man who devoted all his energy to bring about the international exhibition which we shall hope later to describe.

OVE TRYDE.

## EXHIBITIONS.

IN the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, one of the best drawings was the 'Shylock and Jessica,' contributed by the President, Sir James Linton, and illustrated opposite. It was more dainty in treatment than his 'Rosalind,' and more attractive in colour than his quieter 'Wallflowers'; and it had the merit of showing to advantage the soundness of his technical method. Another skilful manipulator, Mr. E. J. Gregory, was represented by a delightful little subject, 'The Miller's Daughter'; and Mr. W. Rainey, from whom good work is always to be expected, showed an excellent open-air study, 'Sea Poppies,' and a clever character drawing, 'The Scapegrace.' Professor Hans Von Bartels proved once more by the 'Dutch Interior,' his only contribution, how great is his ability to manage emphatic colour, and to arrive at a clear statement of technical facts. There was good character too in Mr. H. S. Tuke's 'Old Steersman,' and in Mr. Walter Wilson's sketch portrait of 'John Chester, Esq.' Excellent landscapes were contributed by Mr. R. B. Nisbet, whose 'Dark Moorland' was really admirable in treatment; and by Mr. Moffat Lindner, whose 'View of Christchurch' was remarkably fresh in colour and true in effect.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers succeeded in gathering for their fifteenth annual exhibition nearly three hundred etchings. In general merit it was certainly satisfactory, but it contained little that could claim

to be vividly remembered. M. Paul Helleu's dainty fancies were, as usual, deserving of high praise on account of their grace of line arrangement and decorative charm; the sincere and intelligent archaicisms of Professor Legros showed no loss of those qualities which have made them deservedly appreciated; and the solemn gravity of his followers, Mr. Strang and Mr. C. Holroyd, had undergone no change. Sir F. Seymour Haden in the four plates which he contributed was, perhaps, seen to exceptional advantage; his power to treat subtleties of tone and delicacies of atmospheric effect was most agreeably displayed in 'The Early Riser.' Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. C. J. Watson, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Colonel Goff were, perhaps, most deserving of notice among the remaining contributors.

It is hardly possible to avoid the conviction that the Royal Society of British Artists is at present suffering from a sort of debility caused by growing a little too fast during recent years. The enormous accession of members

to its ranks which has been brought about quite lately does not seem to have had the desired effect of strengthening the periodical exhibitions. The shows are, in fact, becoming rather stereotyped, too much like those that have preceded, and limited too much to work of the same class. In the exhibition which opened at the end of March some of the best things were landscapes:



*Study of a Lioness.*

*By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.*

Mr. H. A. Olivier's 'Traveller's Joy, Asolo,' Mr. J. Noble Barlow's 'Dorset Meadows,' Mr. G. C. Haité's brilliant 'Night shall end the tumult of the day,' and Mr. E. R. Frampton's 'Bit of the Harbour, Polperro,' for instance. Mr. Manuel's curious imaginings, of which 'The Circus Girl' was a good example, are always interesting; and Mr. Oscar Eckhardt, an artist who is much akin to him in feeling, was represented by some clever water-colours. Mr. R. Machell's 'Exiles' was a good illustration of a particular type of imaginative decoration.

Nothing could be selected by way of contrast more remarkable than the show, held at the same time by the Fine Art Society, of drawings of animals by Mr. J. M. Swan. There was nothing tentative or uncertain about this exhibition. It was from end to end a distinct statement of conviction, an assertion of opinion based securely upon the most accurate observation. None but an artist who knew his subject perfectly could have brought together such a succession of exact statements, expressed, moreover, by little more than a momentary gesture. What he desired to record was the type and personality of each animal, its manner of movement, its typical attitude. With what success he carried out his intention, the 'Pumas' and the 'Study of a Lioness,' which we reproduce, show beyond question.

A small but very excellent show of pictures and drawings by James Maris lately occupied the Goupil Gallery. It was fascinating as a demonstration of the versatility and astonishing technical capacity of this most admirable of modern Dutch artists.

The sixty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy has been opened in Dublin with the usual ceremony by the Viceroy, but unfortunately, as a set off to this gay show there is a note-

worthy absence of practical appreciation, and the sales this year are almost too few to be chronicled. Yet the collection is a good one, some of the landscapes, as for instance Mr. J. J. Inglis's bold and daring 'Borrowdale,' the second largest canvas upon the walls, and Mr. Alexander Williams's characteristic 'Valley of Tonaton,' and 'Donagh, Achill Island,' being worthy of a place in any collection, whilst the animal painting is decidedly above the average. Mr. William Osborne, probably the oldest Academician, and who now must be very nearly reaching the allotted three-score years and ten, has no peer in Ireland in his idylls of dog life, and each canvas that he has sent is full of evidence of his fine taste, his clever hand, and his exceptional knowledge of technique. Mr. Alfred Grey has a number of cattle pieces, each characterised by his excellent drawing and colouring, and by the strength of his rendering of the mountain and moorland which he depicts so admirably. Mrs. Moberley's 'Waiting for a

Game,' a fine study of a fox terrier, will bear careful study, and in most respects is not unworthy to be classed with the best examples of animal painting in the galleries. Mr. Kavanagh, too, has some good work, his level beaches and long reaches of sand and strips of sea forming charming frame-work for the seaweed-gatherers and patient horses waiting for the load.

The Hibernian Academy is not strong in marine painters, and with the exception of Mr. Shore, whose contributions each year show decided progress, and who undoubtedly has a future before him, and Mr. Caterson-Smith, whose 'At the Kish' certainly merits high commendation, the Members do not affect the sea. Mr. S. M. Lawrence's 'On the Trackless Deep,' a small water-colour drawing, exquisitely delicate in colour, and with a sea that is alive under the great liner lazily lifting upon the ground swell, has a charm and strength that



*Shylock and Jessica.*  
By Sir J. D. Linton.



*Pumas.*  
By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

most of the other marine pieces want to some extent, pure and clear as it is and without the slightest evidence of effort.

There are almost too many portraits upon the walls. Mr. Doyle Penrose's 'Lord Russell of Killowen,' may, perhaps, be accorded the first place, and the Hanging Committee have given it the position of honour; and Mr. Walter Osborne's masterly 'Sir

Thomas Moffett,' the second. Both are excellent, the two artists alike having triumphed over the technical



Landscape.

By René Billotte.

Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, and this affords an opportunity of examining his range.

difficulties of judicial and academic robes.

M. René Billotte is almost unknown in England, but his landscapes are so fine in quality, with a strength yet subtlety so charming, that sooner or later he will be held in as high estimation as Cazin or Lhermitte, or any of the younger masters of France. A collection of his recent works has been brought together at the

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE following works have been acquired by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery:—William Morris, by G. F. Watts, R.A., presented by the artist; John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal, by Samuel Sidley, presented by the artist's son; Amelia Opie, modelled by P. J. David d'Angers, and Sir John Bowring, modelled by the same artist, two bronze medallions, presented by the Director. The following have been purchased:—Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, K.G., an early painting of the school of Holbein; Adam, First Viscount Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, by H. P. Danloux; Harriet Martineau, by R. Evans; Henry Fawcett, the original model in plaster for the alto-relievo portrait executed by Miss Mary Grant for the memorial fountain on the Thames Embankment; Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., and Charles Stewart Parnell, original casts from busts executed by Miss Mary Grant; John Tradescant, the younger, attributed to William Dobson; Thomas Cartwright, Bishop of Chester and High Commissioner for Ecclesiastical causes under James II., by Gerard Soest; William Chaffinch, the famous "backstairs" courtier and servant of Charles II., by John Riley; Sir Henry Sydney, K.G.,

Lord Deputy of Ireland and father of Sir Philip Sydney and Mary, Countess of Pembroke; a contemporary portrait, artist unknown.

LETTERS OF RUBENS.—We are requested by Mr. Max Rooses, Conservateur of the Museum Plantin-Moretus, at Antwerp, to ask owners of autograph letters by Rubens to communicate with him. M. Rooses is publishing a very important series of letters by the great Flemish painter, but he finds traces of correspondence in England, of which he cannot find the actual owners. M. Rooses is a serious *littérateur* and his work is very important for England, as Rubens had many correspondents in this country.

Keeping the general forms very closely to the settled character of old English ware, Messrs. Doulton, with their usual felicity, have designed a set of jugs, from which we give an illustration. These Victorian Jugs are specially made to commemorate the "Diamond Jubilee" of The Queen. They are in fine harmonious tones, rich and full but not overdone, and worthy the world-famed studios whence they come.



Jugs designed by Messrs. Doulton & Co.,  
To commemorate the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's Reign.



*The Message.* (p. 168.) By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

*The Picture the Property of Mr. T. Richardson, 43, Piccadilly.*

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1897.

GAZING at the kaleidoscopic panorama which the canvases on the Academy walls again present this year, the observer may well be pardoned if many varied trains of thought and altering points of view possess his mind and vision. The clamour and strife nowadays raised by conflicting schools would induce the belief that art is a progressive science, capable of all those startling and revolutionary discoveries which scientific invention is constantly overtaking. Yet the truths, ideals, and standards of art were long ago found out and fixed; the only reasonable development, or rather variation, lying in the power of expression. The glorious march of science in the Victorian era has been largely responsible for the illusion that changed forms of expression in art are discoveries of new truths and new ideals, and in the championing of this theory so much has been written and said that a chronicle of it would cover all the framed space of the present exhibition. In one thing is to be found at once the cause and excuse for this ambitious claim of the present-day painter. There never was a time in the history of British art when more stress was laid by artists on the mere making of a picture as opposed to the inspiration which caused it. The gospel of thoroughness, so earnestly preached by the pre-Raphaelites, has borne fruit a hundredfold, and is chiefly responsible for this material regard for method which some would ascribe to French influences only. It is in this increased standard of technical efficiency, how-

ever, that much hope for the future may rest, for the greatest achievements of the highest forms of artistic



*Gleaners.* (p. 174.)  
By H. H. La Thangue.

*By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.*

imagination have been always marked by the accompaniment of the completest knowledge. As regards the popular appreciation of art, it is indisputable that the various forms of art education have done much in the present reign to encourage a right-minded understanding in a great number of persons whose sympathies would otherwise have not been awakened.

The unique historic importance of 1897 is a quite sufficient reason for scanning the record of the Royal Academy Exhibition of sixty years ago. On the east wing of the National Gallery frontage there is now an unused entrance over which may be traced the words "Royal Academy of Arts." It is a commentary on the marvellous reign of Her Majesty to recall the fact that 1837 was the first year of the Academy's habitation there.

The critic of the *Athenaeum* of the period wrote:—

"This sixty-ninth exhibition of the Royal Academy must be a memorable one to the veteran pilgrim in search of incorporated art. How strange to him to stop short at St. Martin's, to be defrauded of the toilsome ascent of the staircase at Somerset House, and of his annual complaints about 'the virtues in marble' stowed away in a bandbox! The New Exhibition Rooms at the National Gallery, however, must, we think, satisfy the most sturdy *laudator temporis acti*."

With Burlington House in mind, all this has an especial quaintness, and it is additionally interesting to find the names of Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Sydney Cooper in the same catalogue which contains those of Turner, Landseer, Wilkie, and Etty. Mr. Watts's contributions were two portraits of young ladies and 'The Wounded Heron.' Mr. Cooper had established his reputation as a cattle-painter, the critic above mentioned stating that his cattle-piece would "find a home with some of those whose talk is of bullocks."

In summing up the exhibition the same authority pronounced that there was a predominance of the "sensual" over the "spiritual" school. It was the year of Etty's 'Sirens and Ulysses' and 'Samson and Delilah,' the latter subject being also chosen by Chalon. Callicott's 'Raffaelle and the Fornarina' met with marked favour, and the exhibition was a public triumph for Wilkie, who made a direct appeal to the taste of the period with his 'Cotter's Saturday Night'; as did Landseer in the 'Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.'

Turner's 'Street in Venice' and 'The Parting of Hero and Leander' aroused much acrimonious discussion. The first caused "aching eyes" to some, and to others the second was "full of impudent suggestion."

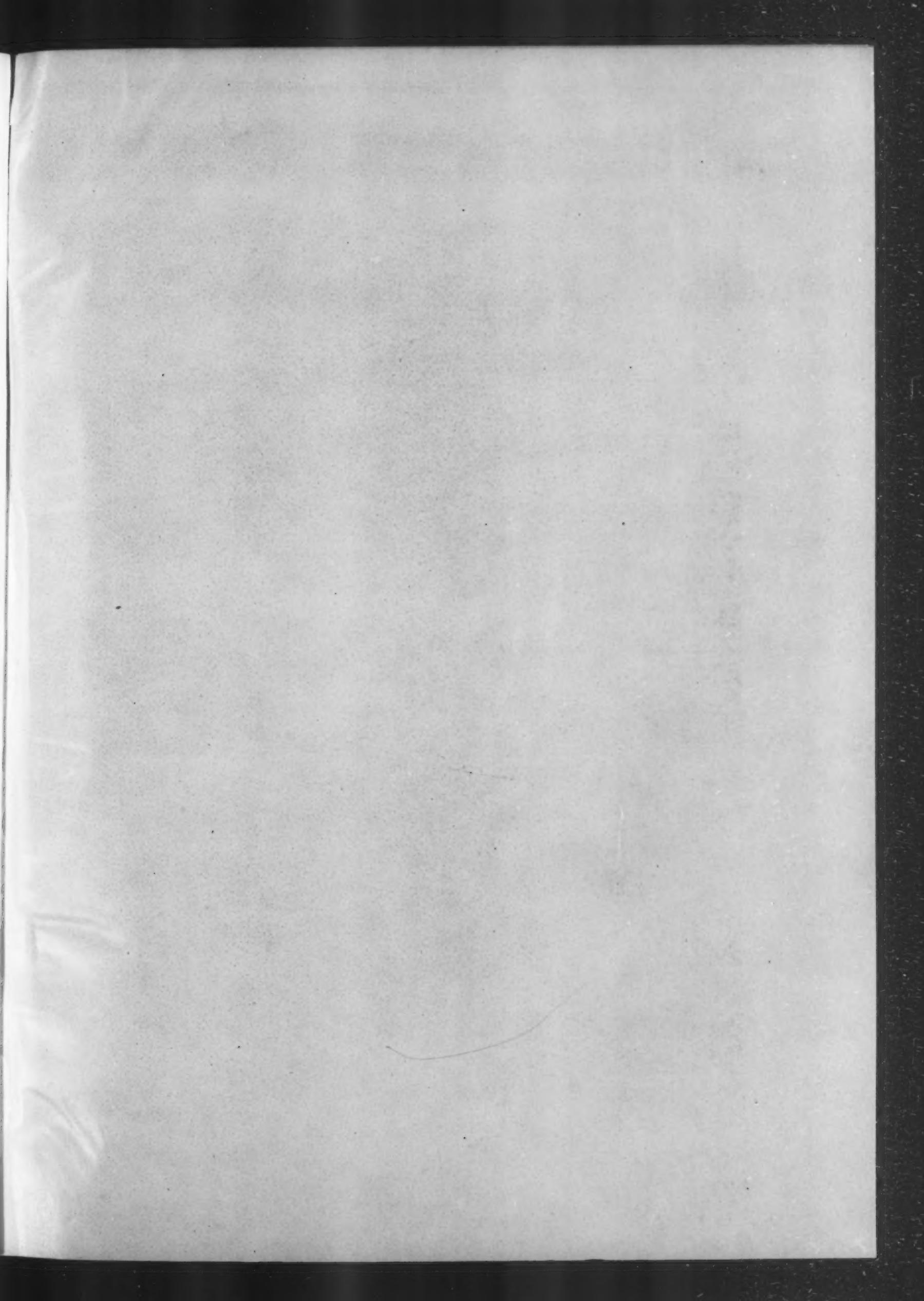
In view of the success of Mr. Waterhouse's 'Hylas and the Nymphs' in the present Academy, it is worthy

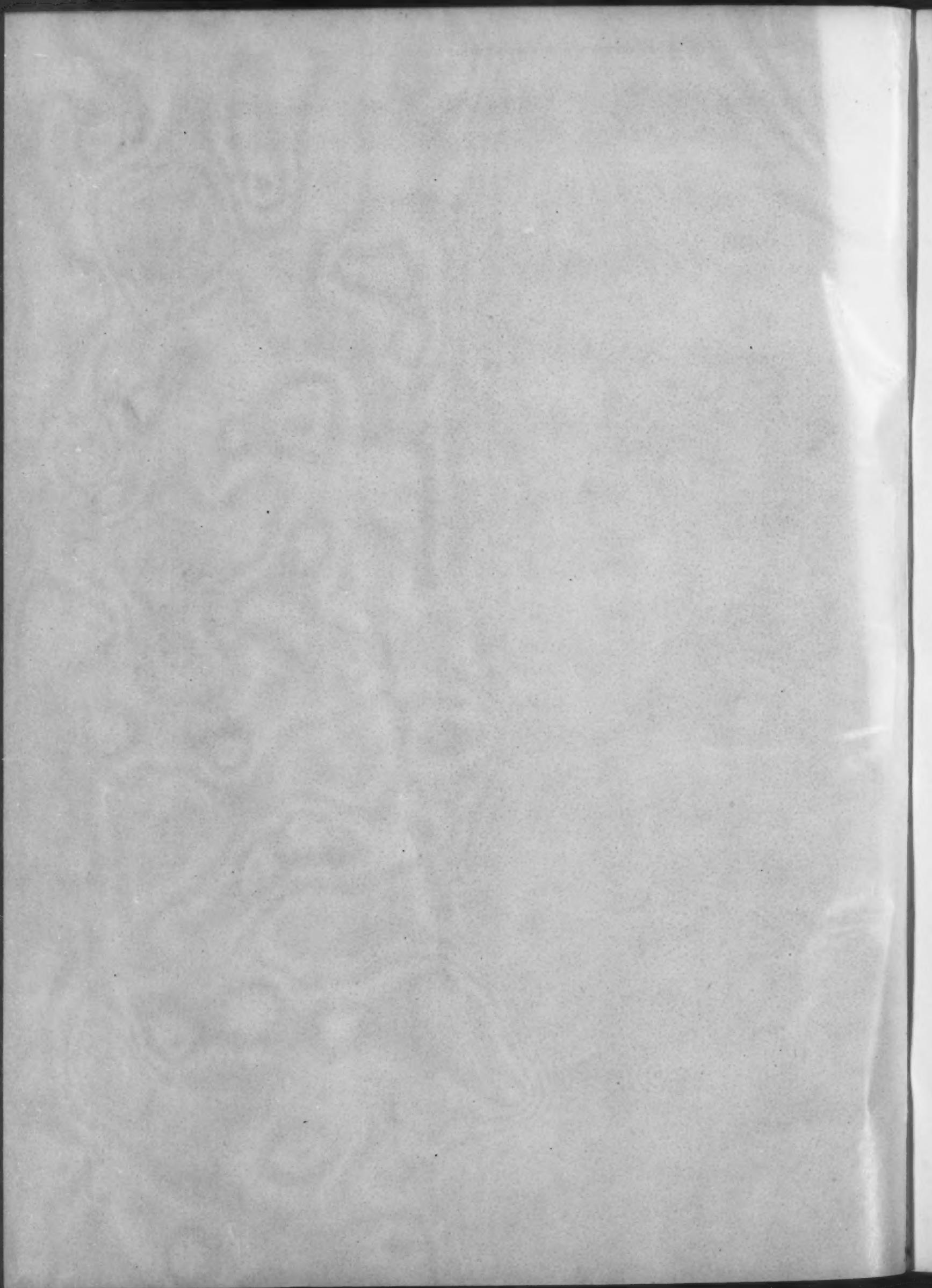


*Miss Dorothy MacCallum. (p. 165.)  
By G. F. Watts, R.A.*



*After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century (p. 165.)  
By G. H. Boughton, R.A.*







From the Original Drawing by J. M. W. Turner

LOP M

"BOULTER'S LOCK, ON THE THAMES."

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF MR. CHARLES J. GALLOWAY, THE OWNER OF THE COPYRIGHT

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"*The Shortening Winter Day is near a close.*" (p. 174.)  
By Joseph Farquharson.



*"And there was a great cry in Egypt."* (p. 170.)

By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

of notice that Gibson's fine group of the same title, now to be seen in the National Gallery, was one of the chief attractions of the Royal Academy sculpture-room in 1837. Lastly, the catalogue contained evidence of recent bereavement, for the fine 'Arundel Mill and Castle' had to be described as the work of "the late John Constable, R.A."

A similar melancholy note has to be struck again this year. In the last exhibition the figure of the disconsolate Clytie reminded all of the loss of Leighton. Now his great successor is gone, and no more do we see evidence on the Academy walls of the clear and vigorous art of Millais. Bearing in mind these untoward losses, there is a temptation to ascribe to them much of the paralysis which seems to have seized upon the artistic effort of the last twelve months, as represented by the recognized leaders. There is the old complaint about the lack of works of imagination, the plethora of the commonplace, the harping on the old string, and the picture which still stands unfinished in the studio. But, as we have seen, the regret about the absence of works of imagination is always recurring, and will never cease until the secret of manufacturing genius is

discovered. Encouragement of the sinewy sort is also necessary, disappointing as it is that enthusiasm and daring are becoming less and less evident. As regards the general level, so long as the number of trained artists increases there will be abundance of good sound work to fill any Academy with the virtues of mediocrity. In one respect the present exhibition is remarkable, and that is in the number of works of portraiture of real excellence.

It would seem that the advance in this direction is coincident with the decline in the imaginative side. The rise of Mr. Sargent is one of the meteoric incidents in art, and it is sufficient at this stage merely to state that his portraits this year will increase his great fame and clinch his recognized position as one of the chief portrait painters of the end of the century.

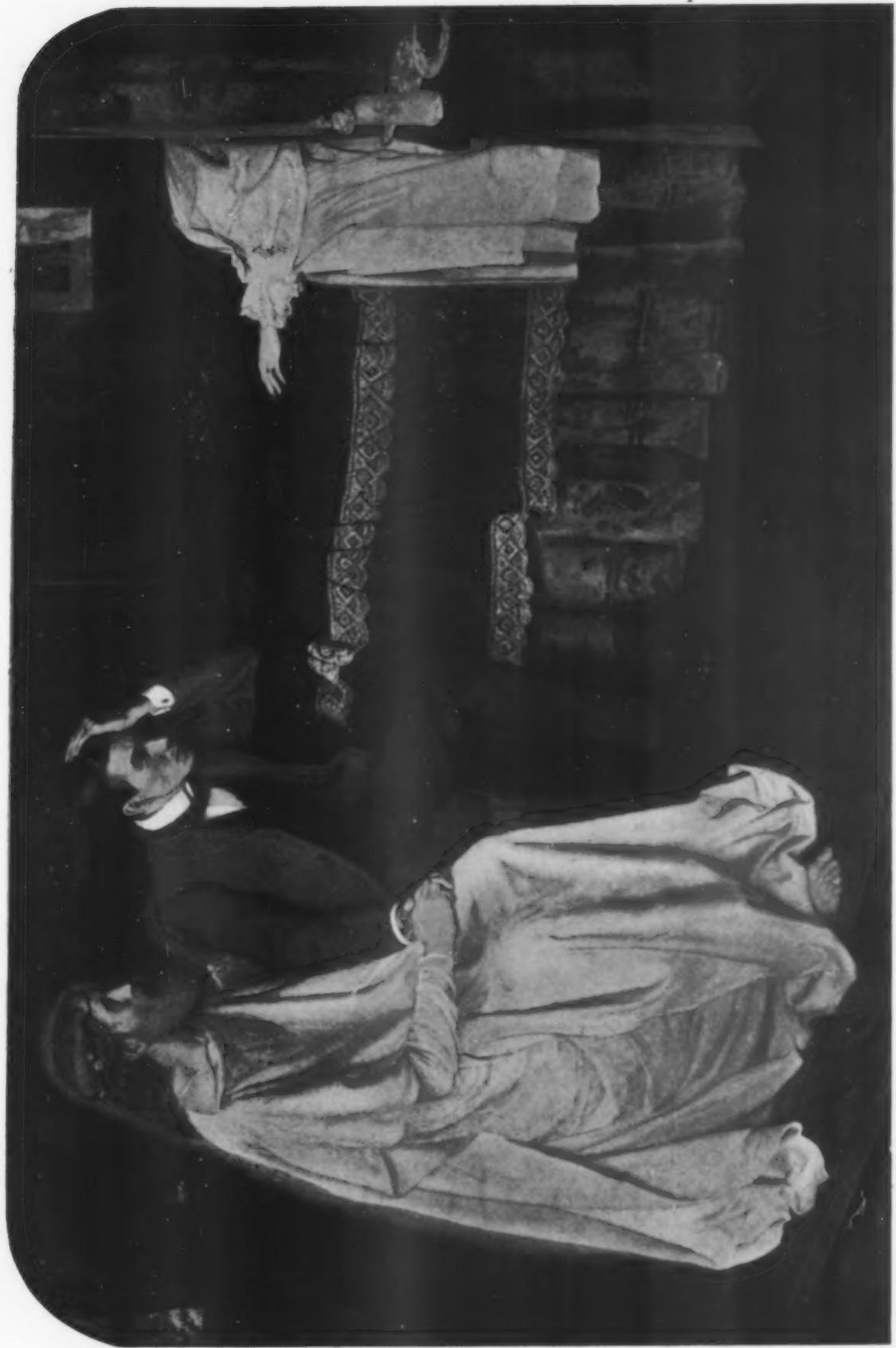
Surveying the principal picture of the year, it will readily be admitted that no painter must have felt the difficulties of production more keenly than the President. At one time it was gloomily surmised that he would be unable to be represented at all, but happily this disappointment has been averted. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the arduous duties of his dual office



*Autumn Floods.* (p. 174.)

E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A.

*The Comforter.* (P. 181.)  
By Bijom Sharav.





*The Silence of the Morning.* (p. 174.)  
By Alfred East.

The additional labours, however, which the adequate representation of British art at the Belgian Exhibition this year entailed upon him, should be mentioned, not only as instancing the difficulties he has had to overcome, but as affording also another reason why many leading painters have been unable to concentrate their attention on the Academy, in this year of all others.

Once again in 'Phyllis' Sir Edward Poynter gives us one of those classical subjects which call for the exer-

cise of his refined and academic powers of expression. As in the case of Neobule, she is the Phyllis of Horace, whom the amorous poet invites in an ode to come to spend the day with him in honour of Maecenas. There are the inducements of mellow wine and becoming ivy:—

"Est mihi nō  
num super-  
antis annum  
Plenus Alba-  
ni cadus: est  
in horto  
Phylli, nec-  
tendis apium  
coronis  
Est hederæ  
vis."

The latest of the poet's loves has come, and here she is gaily



*Autumn Morning—Ploughing.* (p. 174.) By G. Clausen, A.R.A.  
By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.



*Hampstead from the Viaduct. (P. 174.)*  
By David Murray, A.R.A.

crowning herself with ivy, and admiring the effect in a hand mirror. The overspreading tree gives cool shade, and the green of the trunk sends into relief the fair flesh tones of the vain nymph who seeks to arrange to the fullest advantage the wreath and rich purple berries in her hair. Away beyond, a calm blue stretch of scene adds idyllic charm to a composition which seems faithfully to breathe the spirit of its classical inspiration.

'The Message,' which happily we are permitted by Mr. Richardson, of Piccadilly, to illustrate on p. 161, well displays the President's *penchant* for the depicting of classic architecture which forms the plan of so many of his conceptions. Black marble columns arranged in the correctest perspective, lead up to a temple. On a balcony overlooking a quay, two maidens rest, one holding a letter. A young mariner is putting out to sea, and it is to be supposed that he has found the opportunity in departure to leave the missive. Be this as it may, the effect is pleasing, even if the impression is unavoidable that none of its essentials are new, and that the President has again indulged in another exercise to illustrate his academic skill and undeniably gifts of finish and elaboration.

That an example of the art of Mr. Watts should be found hanging on the walls of the Academy this year is one of those remarkable instances which attest the wonderful powers of this great artist. Attention has already been directed to the fact that the catalogue of 1837 contains the record of his exhibiting in that year, so that an especial interest is attached to the portrait, reproduced on p. 162, of Miss Dorothy MacCallum in the present Academy. Mr. Watts's retirement from official rank has doubtless been the reason for his not being represented by some work illustrative

of his imaginative genius such as the singularly effective group 'The Infancy of Jupiter,' seen in the last exhibition. The present year has indeed been a triumph for him, the display of his collected works at the New Gallery having made more clear than ever his extraordinary powers, whether exercised in the subjects of imaginative decoration or portraiture.

It might seem that the triumph of Mr. Abbey's spectacular effect of last year's 'Wooing of the Lady Anne' has been the touchstone to Mr. Boughton in the production of his fine 'After Midnight Mass, 15th Century' (page 162). Mr. Abbey's composition was a wonderful scheme in strong blacks and pronounced reds, in support of a convincing effect of dramatic movement. Pale whites and darkened reds are at the foundation of Mr. Boughton's scheme, and as regards action and life a full, if different, measure of success may be claimed. Troops of worshippers stream out of church after Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Snow is on the ground, and torch-bearers light up the path

for a noble lady attired in a garb of the faintest pink and set off with white ermine. A page in scarlet hose and doublet holds her train, and one well in the foreground uplifts a lighted torch. On the left the people stand and watch the throng pass by. There is no crowding in the picture, and the snow in front of the building adds a

feeling of breadth. It is, indeed, a profitable reversion that Mr. Boughton should have eschewed landscape this year and turned again to the class of subject which first made him famous.

Mr. Frank Dicksee is, apparently, determined that the charge of monotony of subject shall not be laid against him.

'Dawn' is an attempt to translate and symbolize Shakespeare's description of the rising of the sun, "flattering the mountain-top with sovereign eye." On the summit



*Jack, Son of Elmer Speed, Esq. (p. 180.)  
By Luke Fildes, R.A.*



*The Pool in the Wood, Helmsdale. (p. 174.)  
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.*



*Elated.* (p. 182.)  
By Arthur C. Cooke.

the nude figure of Dawn in diaphanous and glowing drapery majestically rises against a gorgeously coloured sky. Below, at her feet, Night, in deep blue, stealthily departs into the misty and encircling shades. The painter has certainly succeeded in avoiding the difficulties of cheap symbolism.

Again, the defection of Mr. Marcus Stone from the ranks of romantic genre has to be recorded, the production of yet another example of facile grace to which his admirers have long since grown accustomed having been delayed by the unfavourable season and Mr. Stone's academic duties, which he takes with much laudable seriousness.

Mr. Arthur Hacker is possessed with a similar spirit to that of Mr. Dicksee in endeavouring to avoid the danger of painting in a single groove. Scriptural or religious motive has still a fascination for him, but it cannot be said that this class of subject tempts him to adhere to the same technical methods of treatment. 'And there was a great cry in Egypt' (page 164), for instance, presents a marked change from last year's daring study 'The Cloister or the World.' The figure of the destroying angel sweeping by the doomed city, sword in hand and face averted, is a majestic realization of the dread missioner, even if the conception is more suggestive of a Fury or Valkyr rather than that of Azrael. The colour scheme of clayey yellows and green-greys accentuates the death motive; there is a spirit of solemnity about the pale walls of the city, and in the

distance dim lights and the uplifted hands of mourners complete the idea.

At the other end of the gamut is the delightfully idyllic 'Sea Maiden.' Argyra, for it is Ovid's nymph that

Mr. Hacker has in mind, advances with streaming green tresses, holding a shell, towards the poor frightened shepherd who kneels in ecstatic bewilderment in the sand at her feet.

Patches of blue water give charm of colour and throw up the brilliant yellows of the dunes seen in full sunlight. The dusky skin of Selimus also heightens the fairness of Argyra, and the browsing herd beyond fulfil the Achaian pastoral. There is a curious affinity to some of the work of Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, in this pleasing canvas. The third effort of Mr. Hacker's is a half-length portrait of an invalid lady. The green cushion against which the head of the sitter leans intensifies the hectic beauty of her complexion and the extraordinary brilliancy of the eyes. As a portrait it is almost too convincing, yet there is no gainsaying the cleverness and resource which it displays.

The Newlyn motive of rugged simplicity and materialism is again present in Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'Christmas Eve' (opposite). For the composition of his picture he has, as usual, drawn upon life as he finds it, with very little suggestion of dramatic or imaginative aid. He has transcribed faithfully what he has seen. It is Christmas Eve in Penzance. In the foreground, half-a-dozen fishermen



*Isabella. (p. 183.)  
By Miss Henrietta Rae (Mrs. E. Normand).*



*Puritans. (p. 182.)  
By Edgar Bundy*



*Christmas Eve.* (p. 170.)  
By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.

are giving an amateurish rendering of some seasonable air. Largesse is quite evidently expected from the proprietor of the Dock Inn. In the middle distance a hawker with his barrow full of oranges is surrounded by children, some of whom are rushing away to listen to the music. At the end of the street the lit-up windows of the church complete the picture. This commingling of artificial light with twilight is the one piece of subtlety the painter allows himself, and yet it is assuredly the *raison d'être* of his work. The light of the lamp outside the Dock Inn, the naphtha light of the hawker's barrow, the dull lights in the street beyond, culminating in the glowing windows of the distant church, are each realized with so much technical skill that momentarily the observer is ensnared—he hears the music, he is in Penzance.

In the silvery river scene 'Across the Stream,' Mr. Forbes has sought inspiration from Tal y Bont. The picture is rather a tribute to his versatility without being wholly convincing that a great landscape painter has been lost in the artist. 'A Red Room in Holland' is a more successful excursus. A homely Dutch interior is vividly presented with much happiness of tone and colour variety. The painter's love of detail has abundant scope, and there is afforded just one cue of

personal interest and curiosity in the attitudes of an aged couple who are engrossed in the turning over of the contents of an old oak chest. On the whole, Mr. Stanhope Forbes's contributions this year are not behind his reputation, and if in his characteristic work there is a mastering insistence upon adherence to the matter-of-fact view of life, there is yet always present evidence of technical capacity which should go far towards soothing unsympathetic detractors.

The tendency to become a specialist in theme is well illustrated by Mr. Blair Leighton, who once again takes refuge in a sanctuary subject. Even if the chronicle of Ingulf of Croyland is now deemed worthless by historians, it may yet afford ideas to painters, and Mr. Blair Leighton has taken full advantage of it. 'In Time of Peril' (opposite), depicted in his picture are a knight, his wife and boy, who arrive at the river entrance to the monastery and seek asylum. The grey figure of the friar who opens the door is excellently set.

Prominence is unnecessary, the action and intention of the composition are well achieved in the anxious attention of the fugitives awaiting the monk's acquiescence to their request. In the bottom of the boat are stowed the valuables of the family, hurriedly picked up at the moment of flight. These afford



*The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. (p. 151.)  
By W. W. Ouless, R.A.*



*St. George. (p. 176.)  
By George Hitchcock.*

*In Time of Peril.* (p. 172.)  
By E. Blair Leighton.



Mr. Blair Leighton a capital opportunity, and as his *coffrets* and "properties" have been most carefully chosen with an eye to accuracy of period and richness of colour, the picture gains considerably thereby. The canvas is so picturesque and well balanced that Mr. Blair Leighton might take heart of grace and attack some subject of strong genre, for which these exercises seem to be preparing him.

Mr. Colin Hunter still shows abundant evidence of his perfect knowledge of the art of reproducing scenes whose charm relies on sea or water of any kind. The famous salmon river flowing through Helmsdale, in Sutherlandshire, has afforded him a congenial subject for his largest canvas, 'The Pool in the Wood' (page 168). The view is taken from just below a small spate, and the rich yellow scheme of the picture, further enriched by the patches of purple heather, is wholly suggestive of the season of autumn. There is no figure to intrude or jar upon the harmony of this beautiful transcript. The smaller 'Day of Rest' is of another character, but, in quality and tone, of equal merit.

Hampstead, which had such a fascination for Constable, has enthralled Mr. David Murray, who has in the present exhibition three large views. They are marked by his well-known grasp of harmonious proportion and power of suggesting atmosphere in its subtlest passages. The fine view 'From the Viaduct' (page 167) reveals these qualities of the painter at his best and marks yet another advance. The clever style in which Mr. Murray paints begins to mature in quality, and this is one of the best works he has done. 'Deeside' is equally agreeable, and forms a remarkable contrast to the Viaduct. Mr. Waterlow is also represented by some worthy examples. He delights in choosing some open southern expanse and limning it in full tones of light and colour. The most ambitious of his canvases, 'Autumn Floods' (page 164), is a glowing rendering of flooded country seen in the light of a clearing sky. There is no suspicion of reserve or restraint in the handling, and half lights and half measures find no support from Mr. Waterlow.

If Mr. MacWhirter does not make the success which he last year achieved in the broad 'Sleep that is among the Lonely Hills,' there is still considerable force and quality in the landscapes now on view, of which 'Alpine Meadows' is, perhaps, the most convincing in treatment and intention.

In 'The Silence of the Morning' (page 166) Mr. Alfred East makes a successful endeavour to catch the light of dawn breaking through tall sombre trees. A faint yellow line of colour here and there along the horizon gives the summer note, which is carried out by the full foliage. The sleepy peasant in the flat-bottomed boat sustains

the leading idea in a composition which is a wonderful combination of those masses and details which the keen student who would truthfully follow nature must unerringly observe and present. 'The Sleepy River Somme' is a landscape pitched in another key. Golden poplars are reflected in the sluggish but limpid stream. There is, perhaps, a tendency to sharpness of tone in the water reflections, but the arrangement is harmonious and cleverly built up. One misses this year, however, such a delicate piece of imaginative landscape fancy as the same artist's 'Pastoral' of the last Academy, wherein could be detected a sympathetic leaning to Barbizon influences.

Mr. H. I. a Thangue's triumph in this year's Academy is unmistakably clear. Advancing from strength to strength, he has made for himself a position which irresistibly demands the fullest recognition. At times

his admirers may have felt it necessary to qualify their praises on account of his apparent display of unnecessary strength and vividness of treatment amounting to harshness. But in the 'Travelling Harvesters' (opposite) he has found a subject of fine opportunities. The picture is indeed the gospel of the true *plein air*. The figures of the weary harvesters, plodding along with their moving tent, are represented with telling effect, and idea of motion towards the spectator is curiously aided by the returning ferry boat. Reflected in the wanderers' sunburnt faces—note the blood-red ear of the man—is the glow of the sun, which might indeed be the title, as it is the key, of the picture. 'A Summer Morning' is a refreshing study of light through trees on a stream; but in 'Gleaners' (page 161) he reaches a level he has not hitherto attained. Reminiscent of Barbizon, this comparatively small picture is probably the most

artistic work in the Academy of 1897, and in any case it is a splendid work of art.

Mention of this master naturally suggests the work of Mr. Clausen, whose 'Autumn Morning—Ploughing' (page 166) contains charming passages of colour, with the bay and grey horses, the yellow of the ploughman, and here and there a poppy, the whole being bathed in atmosphere. His most ambitious work, 'The Mother,' is a strong study in blue. The mother leans over her sleeping child near a window, around which faint muslin curtains are draped. The coverlet of the bed, the revealed portion of the mattress, and the child's face seem, however, too much of a pattern, undeniably clever though the scheme may be. 'The Old Barn' is another favourite subject with Mr. Clausen.

Mr. Joseph Farquharson's 'The Shortening Winter Day is near a close,' which we reproduce (page 163), is another excellent work of an advancing artist. The shimmering sunlight on the woodland coming through



Prof. Mitchell, D.D., St. Andrews. (p. 180.)  
By Sir Geo. Reid, P.R.S.A.



*Travelling Harvesters.* (P. 174.)  
By H. H. La Thangue.

the trees beyond is faithfully realised, and the painter has well overcome the problems of reflected light which the snow on the ground has entailed. The alert figure of the fox in the foreground is well placed, and gives life to the composition.

Of the vivid school of landscape artists, Mr. George Hitchcock has for some time used his art as the vehicle for illustrating what may be generally described as superstitious subjects. He has met with a fair measure of success hitherto, and the latest example of his talents, 'St. George' (page 172), if arousing various unsettled questions, shows much solid work. The forest scene, in which he has set his two figures, has been skilfully rendered, but to the prosaic mind there is a certain tameness and irresolution in the attitudes of the patron saint with haloed head, and of the princess seated behind the tree.

Mr. Arthur Buckland's 'Valley of Flowers' (opposite)

at the head of the net, and the dark outlines of the heads of the busy fishermen stand out clear against the horizon. All around the sea is rippling. It is unquestionable that the success of the composition is founded on this dexterous management of the lights.

Mr. R. W. Allan has attacked another problem in his spirited canvas 'The Wild North Sea,' and, it must be owned, with convincing results. His picture is an endeavour to convey the sense of an atmosphere laden with spray, and the idea is strikingly realized. There is abundant evidence of masterly technique in the presentation of the long wave-beaten harbour wall, with the figures of sailorfolk in perspective, and the rocking shipping in the shelter. This wild fury of waters has also occupied Mr. Hemy in a second canvas, entitled 'Lost,' in which a rock-bound coast is furiously assailed by the tumbling breakers, bearing on their crest a shattered empty boat. Mr. Peter Graham's early



*Pilchards. (p. 176.)  
By C. Napier Hemy.*

is of the order of romantic landscape; a forest glade, in which rhododendrons, along with many coloured wild flowers, are conspicuous, being the background for his subject. "She placed a crown of gold upon my head which brought forgetfulness of all things"—a richly robed knight kneels at the feet of a stately woodland nymph, and if a few discordant notes of colour are struck, there is no lack of spirit and grace in the canvas.

To leave landscape for a while and to turn to the marines, attention is immediately directed to the splendid achievement of Mr. C. Napier Hemy's 'Pilchards,' illustrated on this page, which has worthily been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. It is no exaggeration to state that the picture is one of the finest sea pieces seen at the Academy for some years. The crew of the smack have just made a haul. The net is stretched taut across the picture, and held by a dozen hands in a boat on the right. A red and gold sky betokens a lurid sunset, and there is a sheet of strong light

predilection for sea subjects has returned to him, and his 'Where nought is heard but lashing wave and seabird's cry' hangs as a pendant to Mr. Hemy's 'Pilchards.' The picture is executed in his most vigorous style, and is suggestive of the fact that, popular though his inland river spate views undoubtedly are, he can find better opportunities of expression in these freer and more expansive exercises.

On the other hand Mr. Wyllie has sought calmer prospects, and in 'The Winding Medway' (page 179), fills his canvas with a lofty view of the Kent river near his home. The foliage in the foreground is not so daintily finished as it might be, and momentarily arrests the eye before following the windings of the broad river below, in which the distances are well suggested by the various sand-banks and sailing-boats.

Mr. Wyllie has avoided subjects of which naval patriotism is the inspiration, and save two works by Mr. Thomas Somerscales and Mr. Thomas Davidson, there are no pictures with sea-fights for motive. In considering

*The Valley of Flowers.* (P. 176.)  
By A. H. Buckland.



what may be termed romantic marine studies, it becomes a matter of regret to find that Mr. Swan has sent nothing to this year's Academy to remind his admirers of the beautiful 'Sirens,' and also to find that Mr. William Stott of Oldham has been unable, through illness, to complete his work.

Mr. Herbert Draper's 'Calypso's Isle' is a promising essay. The rich purple blue sea has a Müller-like richness of tone, and the figure of the nymph toying with mirror and coral necklace is well posed, but one certainly misses that delicate flesh treatment which so eminently marked the work of Mr. Swan. 'The Golden Shore,' by Mr. Olsson, with brick-red cliffs, and sirens disporting, is clever, and 'The Bathers' of Mr. Lionel Walden deserves passing mention.

In 'Aphrodite's Realm' Mr. Wetherbee has produced a highly decorative effect, and Mr. Collier Smith's knowledge of the sea has helped to throw into fine relief his 'Sea Witch.'

It is time now to refer to the characteristic works of two such differently inspired painters as Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Abbey. 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' which was, disappointingly, not ready for last year's Academy, now hangs as one of the chief works in the large room, and, fortunately, it is possible to reproduce it as a large plate in this number. The picture eminently illustrates the acute judgment of M. de la Sizeranne, who estimates the art of Mr. Waterhouse as a combination



*Miss Joan Thornycroft. (p. 184.)  
By Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.*

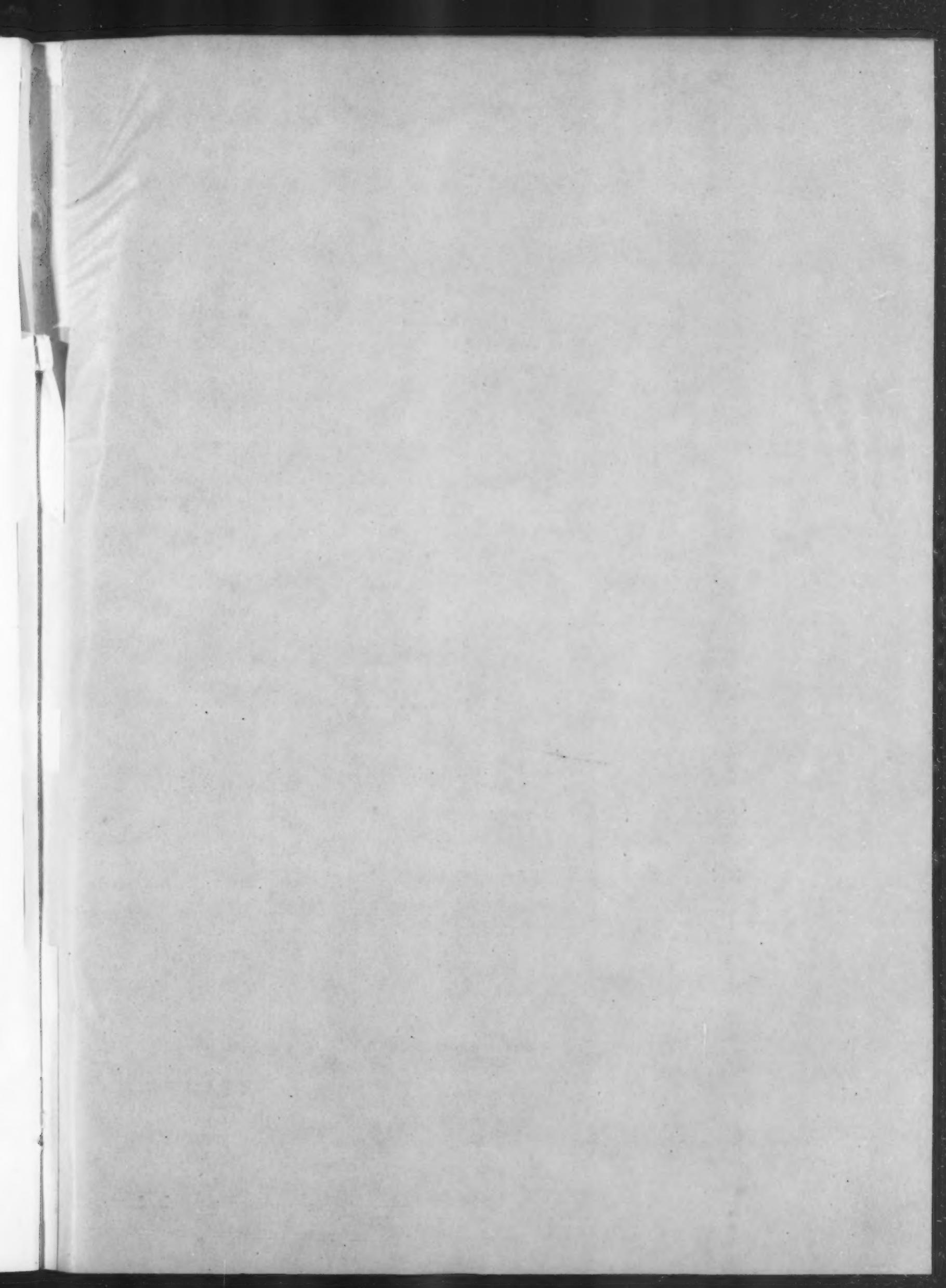
of the better attributes and intentions of Leighton and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In the gracefully moulded form of the doomed Argonaut there is all that love of anatomical beauty in which Leighton revelled. The Naiads wear no look of native witchery; theirs is a sad and sympathetic welcome, tinged with that ascetic mournfulness which, in an intenser key, is the dominant note of the art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Mr. Waterhouse, then, has interpreted the myth from the solemn view of impending doom to Hylas, and suggests none of that gladness which the classic legend's under-current of blissful immortality contains. In the fashioning of his picture he has conveyed the impression of a great stillness. The gnarled roots of trees form a trellised ceiling—green cactus and pale lilies the

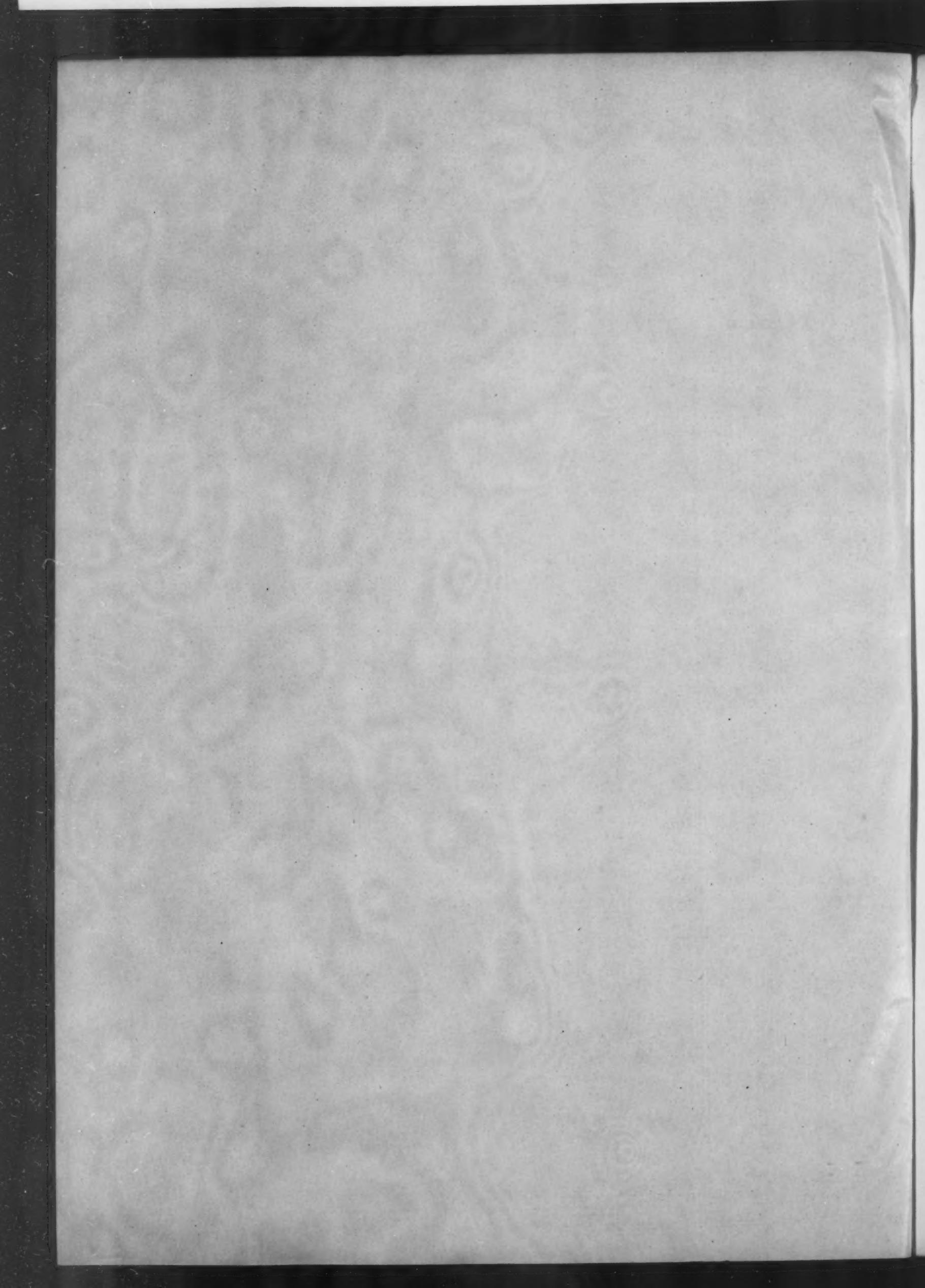
floor—of a tomb. It is, indeed, in a picture of this standard that one is compelled to recognize the convincing force and charm of the higher gifts of the imagination when used as the source and mainspring of the painter's craft.

What, then, shall be said of the forceful imagination of Mr. Abbey, who has again gone to Shakespeare for his subject? Under the guise of decoration he contrives to express much of the strong dramatic feeling which first had its expression in his picture of last year. The 'Hamlet' of this Academy is literally a *tour de force*. Fierce tragic tension is the chord, and consequently we



*In the Time of Lilies. (p. 183.)  
By George C. Haité.*







"HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS."

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have none of that stirring irresistible element seen in 'Richard's Wooing of the Lady Anne.' There are, however, again the commanding blacks and reds, and a purple and gold separately sustained by Hamlet and Ophelia. Mr. Abbey's exercise naturally recalls Maclise's version. The comparison of the two brings into prominent relief the differences which can exist between artists. Maclise was a mighty draughtsman, and none better than he could outline the human form. But when modelling and colour were demanded to complete the picture, his art failed, and his unerringly outmarked figures remained flat. Save the curiously lighted figure of Ophelia—suggestive of self-luminous powers—the forms in Mr. Abbey's canvas are so many living things set at distances from the spectator appreciably felt, and in lights accurately gradated. The tragedy of the theme is conveyed rather by the tones of colour than by insistent dramatic convention, although in the lowering faces of the darkened King and Queen, the seeker of theatrical effect may find some slight reward for his pains. Surely Ophelia's face is that of Mr. Waterhouse's 'Lady of Shalott,' as the lighting is Mr. Abbey's.



P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret. (p. 184.)  
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

Mr. Gregory's 'Boulter's Lock, On the Thames,' is a picture for which his public have long been waiting. Our frontispiece gives a very good idea of this successful work. The canvas is literally filled with teeming life and action, and shall we say, the conspicuous brand of infinite pains? It is the kind of picture which foreign critics recognize as national; it is in fact the three-volume novel in art, the guide-book and encyclopaedia of the manners and customs of the English people. The bewilderment which a first glance at the work produces, is due to the variegated hues demanded by the subject, and, more still, to a certain want of atmosphere, of light, and of shadow. But there is no denying the actuality and vividness of the crowding forms so well grouped and presented. The strenuous man in the punt is vigorously realized, and he hardly requires as relief the figure

of the lazy, fleshy man in the stern of the boat on the right. The advancing dingy with its animated crew is most spiritedly painted, and gives the first strong note of life to the flotilla just bursting away from the opened lock. Save in the objections mentioned, which certainly prevent Mr. Gregory's work from attaining the high



The Winding Medway. (p. 176.)  
By W. J. Wyllie, A.R.A.

standard he has evidently set himself, the picture wins a success almost commensurate with the time, trouble, and patience expended upon it. The picture enters the well-known collection of Mr. C. J. Gallaway, who already owns a large number of Mr. Gregory's works.

As already stated, the advancing claims of portraiture during the past few years have been most marked, and the cause is not far to seek. Gradually the overwhelming genius of Mr. Sargent's art has conquered. Individualism, which first often jars on the taste of even the public striving to appreciate better things, has now become familiar, and familiarity in art breeds recognition. Those who saw nothing but rebellion and heresy in Mr. Sargent's early work now acclaim him; but this, of course, has nothing to do with the real merits of his work. By this time the public taste is attuned to the methods which he, in turn, has learnt from Velasquez and Vandycck — methods which seem at times in danger of hurtful repetition. It comes then as a welcome variant to find such a portrait as this year's 'Hon. Laura Lister.' Here is the very essence of a child's archness and grace revealed on canvas. The note of triumph, inseparable from Mr. Sargent's portraits of women of character or of beauty, gives place, in this portrait of a child, to a wondrous suggestion of engaging simplicity. The end is achieved by the simplest means. Clad in a grandam robe of silky satin relieved with pale blue muslin sleeves and cap, the child is depicted standing against a pedestal, on which she rests her tiny hand. The pose is natural and lifelike, but the charm of the portrait centres itself in the attractive presentment of the child's expression of watchful pleasure on her face pitched just at the right angle and setting. It is a

portrait to be remembered, of a totally different manner of treatment, for instance, from Mr. Luke Fildes' 'Master Jack Speed' (page 168) in which reminiscences of Milais' 'Bubbles' and, to go further back, Lawrence's 'Master Lambton,' are unavoidably recalled, and detract from the effectiveness which is otherwise obtained.

Mr. Sargent's larger work is in reality a family group wherein are exemplified his accustomed methods. The sharp angle of the floor, the Louis-Quinze tapestry lounge, and the various accessories, particularly of costumes betokening wealth and position, are all in evidence in the portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer.

The unerring brush-work of the subject is remarkable even for a work by Mr. Sargent. The pink dress and flesh tints of the mother are presented with admirable finish, but, perhaps, the excellence of the group chiefly

depends on the clever introduction of the figures of the boy and girl standing behind the settee. The cleverness of resource which Mr. Sargent delights in displaying, when desirous of idealizing his compositions, is well illustrated by the adroit arrangement in the hanging of the mother's dress, whereby a deficiency in stature, if not wholly supplied, is yet decoratively concealed.

If M. Benjamin-Constant does not this year send such a vigorous example of his art as was given us last year in the delightful portrait of M. Blowitz, his portrait of the Earl of Ava, in the second gallery, is easily recognisable as coming from his hand, and forms one of the most distinctive profile portraits in the Academy.

Sir George Reid has achieved a success of another

kind in his telling portrait of 'Professor Mitchell, of St. Andrews' (page 174). If the art of the portrait-painter be not only to give to the simplest observer the



"The Sea hath its Pearls." (p. 183.)

By W. H. Margetson.



The Answer. (p. 181.)

By P. H. Calderon, R.A.

means of the readiest identification or subject, but also to the more exigent critic an index—an introspective—of character, then the portrait of the Professor, seen at once on entering the first room of the Academy, fulfils the conditions of these higher demands. In its way the portrait is a convincing exemplar of the more subtle methods of analysis which the newer school of Scots artists—harking back, perhaps unconsciously, to Raeburn—is especially affecting, and the undoubted success of Sir George Reid's masterly accomplishment throws only into a shade of deep disappointment the non-representation in this year's Academy of such forces as Mr. Lavery and Mr. Guthrie.

The clever portrait of Mrs. McCulloch, by Mr. Coutts Michie, deserves a better position, and the portrait by Mr. Lorimer is also worthy of mention. Before touching upon the works of more established men, the two unconventional but striking portraits of 'Masters of Hounds,' which stand in the name of Mr. Charles Furse, call for particular notice. Disadvantageously hung though they are, it is impossible to escape their pronounced merit.

For some time it has been felt that Mr. Herkomer has not continued the succession of portrait masterpieces which some years' consistent output led his admirers to expect. But two at least of his exhibits this year show a welcome continuation of his characteristic ability. The general verdict will doubtless point to the 'Madonna' as the most inspired example of his collection, and certainly the artist has been able in this clever composition to strike a note of poetical intenseness. The tall and lissom figure of his model, superbly posed and draped in effective black, is excellently set, and the colour scheme enhances the wistful expressiveness of the grey-blue eyes, an expressiveness which is decidedly the painter's motive. In a great measure the portrait is a reminder of the 'Miss Grant' of Mr. Herkomer's earlier times. 'The Hon. Mrs. E. Bourke,' which hangs in the large room, is the other example meriting especial notice, and its qualities are certainly those of mellowness and delicacy aided by the natural and lifelike attitude of the sitter.

Mr. Ouless is another of our representative portrait-

catalogue the most convincing are that of Lord Lister, and that of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., which is hung



*Tigress and Cubs at a Stream. (p. 183.)*  
By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

well in the first room, and is reproduced on page 172.

The two portraits by Mr. Briton Rivière are also excellently planned, the introduction of animal pets proving once again the painter's skill.

Mr. Calderon's 'The Answer' (page 180), if scarcely a portrait in the literal sense, being an imaginative inspiration, may be mentioned here as another example of his refinement and finish. The effect is simply gained: the creamy-white dress of the perplexed maiden is delicately worked, and the expression and pose alike are charming.

The honours which have recently fallen to Mr. Shannon's lot naturally draw attention to the portraits which accompany his accession to official rank. It is unfortunate that it has grown almost inevitable to compare his work with that of Mr. Sargent, for it is undeniable that he possesses a distinction and aptitude which go far towards making his art individual. He has essayed a

quasi-civic portrait in that of 'Clare Sewell Read,' and has attained a high mark of technical efficiency. The child's portrait, 'Jill,' would have had a signal success had there been no 'Hon. Laura Lister' this year. The green-robed maiden has a decided charm, but the comparison with Mr. Sargent's masterpiece is unavoidable, and diminishes the effect of a skilful piece of portraiture.

In this year's Academy there is an unusual leaven of religious subject pictures which, in treatment, hint at being founded on the examples of Dagnan-Bouveret, Von Uhde, and Bérard. Mr. Byam Shaw has certainly been inspired by



*When the Tide is Out. (p. 184.)*  
By James S. Hill.

painters whose work keeps up the level of his reputation, and of the portraits standing against his name in the 1897.

the last-named in the composition which he calls 'The Comforter' (page 165). A young widower sits at the

bier of his beloved dead—restrainedly depicted by a white hand and sleeve, the face being shielded by a hanging curtain. His attitude is one of profound despair just broken in upon by some heaven-sent solace, which the Divine figure on the mourner's right too vividly suggests. The introduction of this figure is of course the *raison d'être* of the work. A radiant border line around the Saviour accentuates the spiritual side, but this aid seems hardly necessary. There is neverthe-

Lady Butler's 'Steady the Drums and Fifes,' which still reveals this famous lady painter's instinctive grasp of martial scenes, also serves to point the fact that this year witnesses the bound into fame of another lady artist. Miss Kemp-Welch's 'Colt Hunting in the New Forest,' purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, is a clever study of horse action and foreshortening, combined with excellent picturesqueness, which will cause many to hope that at last the promised woman painter has arrived.

The third Chantrey purchase, Mr. David Farquharson's 'In a Fog' (page 183), is an unusual atmospheric problem to be seen grappled with on canvas, but the success of the picture is unmistakable.

Of the pictures which illustrate a theme or set themind moralizing, the Academy is naturally a ready harbourer. Many of these might be executed in black and white to better purpose, and in truth even the best of them seem to gain point and excuse in translation. Some of these, however, have merits which demand special notice. 'The Whist-players,' for instance, by the Hon. John Collier, is of a very high order of true genre, in which the painter has set himself a task from which many would shrink. It is in fact an exercise in portraiture under difficult and voluntarily-imposed conditions of artificial lights. The four card-players seated at the table are thrown into exact relief, and there is



*A Flood.* (p. 183.)  
By Fred Morgan.

less much praiseworthy accomplishment in Mr. Byam Shaw's canvas, which should be set off against the garish 'Love's Baubles,' which, obviously intended to show that the art of the pre-Raphaelites can be revived, serves rather to suggest some species of spontaneous combustion.

Mr. John Bacon's 'Peace be to You,' hung in a prominent position in the third gallery, shows promise in a certain effectiveness of interior lights, but he has by no means succeeded in giving an impression of nobility or grandeur associated in the mind with the representation of the supernatural.

a great sense of realism and life in the picture which forcibly attracts the observer and momentarily puts him in the place of the player hesitating about the lead.

Mr. Edgar Bundy is another painter who has won a great reputation by character pictures. His 'Puritans,' reproduced on page 170, relies on effective grouping and coherent expression, helped considerably by an avoidance of the melodramatic. A similar faculty of restraint is shown by Mr. Arthur Cooke in 'Eloped' (page 169), although he might have evinced it further by leaving the title to tell the story—for which the figure of the bridegroom toasting his bride is sufficient, without the

somewhat theatrical auxiliary of the post boys seen through the window of the hostelry.

Mr. Fred Morgan continues to send effective illustrations of subjects of direct appeal to the sympathies, without encumbering his work with too many technical problems. 'A Flood' (page 182) is just the kind of picture dear to the benevolently minded, anxious to be stirred by the subject portrayed. One can readily imagine the interest aroused by the figure of a mother who has clambered to the roof of her cottage with her babe in her arms, and a little girl, as a last refuge from the rising waters. The story is about to end happily, as a rescuing boat is seen approaching.

Gathering the threads together, it now becomes incumbent to allude in brief terms to works which demand mention before this article is brought to a close.

Miss Henrietta Rae's 'Isabella' (page 170) is a clever piece of decoration, in which the spirit of Keats's poem is delicately suggested, although the marble columns are somewhat vaguely fashioned, and throw no gage down to such a master as Mr. Alma Tadema; whose tiny 'Watching,' in the second room, marked though it be by the evidences of his great technical powers, arouses regret that a more ambitious work is not exhibited in his name. Mr. Swan's 'Tigress and Cubs at a Stream' (page 181), if not in itself disappointing, as the small picture is alive with fine action and quality, still makes us remember that he has another *métier* and that his famous 'Sirens' of last year has no successor in this. In the room in which Mr. Swan's picture hangs there is a small transcript which the true art lover should not miss. Reference is made to Mr. Edward Stott's beautiful conception 'Sunday Night.' Mr. Stott's art is his own. He has the poetical point of view—that fine gift of vision which is meant in the true reading of the phrase "eyes were made for seeing." Nothing could

be more redolent of peaceful quiet and holy calm than this evening scene around a peasant's cottage. Mr. Coutts Michie's 'Salet el Magreb' is perhaps not so truly attuned, but it is nevertheless a pleasing pastoral.

Close at hand hangs a harmonious scheme of decorative figure painting, which Mr. Margetson calls 'The Sea hath its Pearls' (page 180). A stooping figure of some sweetly clad maiden picks up the tiny shells on a curving shore, and the waves lap gently at her feet. The effect is simple, and a delicate blending of blues,

yellows, and greens is the note of the theme. Two ambitious works stand in the name of Mr. Scott Tuke and Mr. Lorimer. The first, named 'Beside Green Waters,' relies more on the gracefully modelled forms of the bathers than on the pale green colour scheme of the whole. Mr. Lorimer's 'A Dance' is a skilful study of an interior. The light of the moon comes through the windows and throws their shadow across the floor. In the centre two hooded candles throw up the face of a laughing girl who dances with a crowing child in her arms. The face of the woman at the piano is also dexterously portrayed, and there is a curious echo of Mr. Orchardson in the picture with the massed yellows of the walls.

Other works which will win suffrages are the fine landscapes of Mr. Austen Brown, Mr. Arnold Priestman, Mr. Frank Dean, and Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, whose 'Dawn of Night' is a noble and harmoniously composed picture. Mr. Charles Sims, who last year painted a stalwart allegory of riot, death, and festival, has done much better in a fine open sunshine scene briefly entitled 'Childhood.' It is a work of the greatest promise, and evidences a remarkable know-

ledge and understanding of full light. Mr. Geo. C. Haité's spirited picture 'In the Time of Lilies' (page 178), is one of the best subjects this versatile artist has produced, although one cannot help wishing for still more careful drawing in the figures. Mr. J. S. Hill's



*Young Indian Leopard and Tortoise. (p. 184.)  
In Silver. By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.*



*In a Fog. (p. 182.)  
By David Farquharson.*

'When the Tide is Out' (page 181) is remarkable for truth of tone.

If sculpture has not its votaries in this country to the extent of appreciative admirers abroad, it is not for the want of distinguished and gifted exponents. The most pronounced piece of individualism is Mr. George Frampton's composite statue of 'Dame Alice Owen.' In reviving the art of uniting the effect of marble and bronze with colour, Mr. Frampton has performed a laudable task with remarkable thoroughness and skill, and his enterprise deserves the highest encouragement.

The portrait head of the great Breton artist, 'M. Dagnan-Bouveret,' by Mr. Onslow Ford (page 179), is one of those interesting examples of the success generally attained by the best artists in the representation of each other.

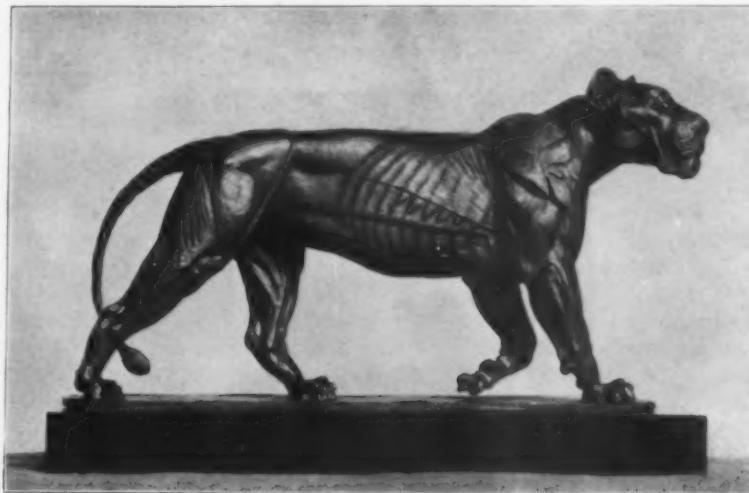
Mr. Hamo Thornycroft does not show any ambitious subject this year, confining himself to portraits, one of which, 'Miss Joan Thornycroft,' the interesting head of a young girl in relief, is reproduced (page 178).

Mr. Swan's 'Leopard and Tortoise' (page 183) is a forceful anatomical study which only an observer of his experience and opportunities could accomplish. Another fine example of patient art is Mr. Briton Rivière's masterly study of an 'Anatomical Lion' (on this page), which, it is no secret, has occupied the artist for many years in its effective realisation.

The silver ewer and rose - water dish executed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, if different in intention from the superb 'St. George' of last year, is yet a worthy example of the art of the sculptor-smith, which Mr. Gilbert of all others is

doing so much to advance. Lastly, it is meet to mention the fine group 'The Swan Girl, Hervör Alvit, and her Companions,' by Mr. George Simonds, the statue of 'Isis' by Mrs. Ada F. Gell, and the cleverly fashioned 'Nymph of Loch Awe,' here illustrated, which the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest have purchased from its fortunate sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy.

A. C. R. CARTER.



*Anatomical Lion. (p. 184.)  
By Briton Rivière, R.A.*



*The Nymph of Loch Awe. (p. 184.)  
By F. W. Pomeroy.*



*Pencil Study for Spaniel. Sir Benjamin West's favourite Lapdog.  
By James Ward, R.A.*

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.\*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

JAMES WARD, R.A.

*Born 1769. A.R.A. 1807. R.A. 1811. Died 1859.*

THAMES STREET, in the very heart of the City of London, with its narrow thoroughfare thronged from morn till night with the picturesque forms of busy life, always to be found in the vicinity of the ports or harbours of large mercantile towns, would, even in the present day, afford a most congenial and suggestive neighbourhood in which an English artist might pass the early years of his childhood. But in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when no doubt the skies were bluer, and the costumes of the cosmopolitan population more quaint in colour and variety, it must have formed an environment that could not fail to have had a healthy influence on the youthful imagination of such a truly English artist as James Ward, who was born there on October 23rd, 1769. The robust energy which is displayed so conspicuously in all the works of this painter, is somehow just what would be expected from one brought up amidst the manly toil and never-ceasing activity of Thames Street.

Very little is known of these early years of his life. Owing to some untoward family circumstances he had but a small amount of ordinary education, and we learn that when twelve years old he was sent to join his elder brother, William Ward (at that time articled to J. R. Smith, the mezzotint engraver), who employed him chiefly as an errand boy.

James Ward, however, knew how to use his eyes, and occupied his spare time in making drawings in chalk on any bits of paper he could obtain; and after serving an apprenticeship of nine years to engraving (seven and a-half with his brother, and one and a-half with Smith), an accident led to his trying his hand at painting. A

picture by Copley, which was in his brother's charge for engraving, was injured and James Ward volunteered to repair it. Succeeding in this, he tried to paint a picture on canvas, and subsequently carefully studied the works of George Morland (with whom his family was on intimate terms, and who lived with them at this time at Kensal Green); and so closely did he imitate his manner, that certain unscrupulous dealers bought his pictures at a low price, and after signing them, it is said, with Morland's name, sold them at a much higher rate. Competent judges declared that Ward's pictures had better qualities than those of Morland, and that those who were deceived were gainers by the fraud. We are told that these works were exported largely to Ireland and France; and they are probably still sold as genuine Morlands.

James Ward, however, had far too much spirit and individuality to remain long as the mere imitator of another man's style. Resenting very bitterly the



*Pencil Study of a Girl.  
By James Ward, R.A.*

\* Continued from page 335 of THE ART JOURNAL  
for 1896.

criticism on one of his exhibited works, 'A Bull-Bait,' that "it was by a pupil of Morland," he determined to discard for ever this brother-in-law's delightfully liquid and facile execution; and with the view of developing his own power, devoted what spare time he had from his occupation as an engraver, to the study of anatomy and animal painting. His heart was evidently more with the brush than the burin, though with this latter implement in his early career he attained much success and considerable emolument.

His first commission was to engrave Sir William Beechey's 'Review,' and a plate by him, from Rembrandt's 'Cornelius the Centurion,' is still much prized by collectors. In 1794 Ward was appointed painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, and for many years was chiefly employed in painting portraits of favourite animals. He soon afterwards entered his name as a candidate for the Associateship of the Royal Academy, but being principally known as an engraver, he did not at first succeed, for it was for his works as a painter in oil that he solicited the honour.

How strong his preference for painting to engraving was, may be judged by the fact of his having surrendered the fair prospects of a popular engraver for the future fame of a painter, and this at a time when he was earning £2,000 a year with the burin. At the suggestion of West and Sir George Beaumont, he painted several large pictures to make known his skill in that higher branch of art; among them were 'Boa Constrictor seizing a Horse,' life-size, 'Deer Stalking,' 'Bulls Fighting,' 'Bull-baiting,' and others.

The exhibition of these and many similar pictures, at length gained for him the reputation as a painter which he desired, and after his name had appeared on the list of candidates for some ten years, without even securing a vote, he was at length in 1807 elected an Associate, and was raised to full membership in 1811, on the same night as, and immediately after, Wilkie.

In 1817 Ward gained the premium offered by the British

Institution for 'An Allegory of the Battle of Waterloo,' and was commissioned by the Directors to paint a large picture from the design for £1,000. This picture was exhibited in the Egyptian Hall in 1820; but excitement about the great victory had already greatly abated, and the exhibition proving a failure it came to a sudden termination. The picture was subsequently hung up at Chelsea Hospital, but was eventually taken down and rolled up, in which state it has been left ever since. Its dimensions were 35 feet by 26 feet.

Following up this fanciful idea, Ward next painted sundry religious allegories — 'The Star of Bethlehem,' 'Triumph over Sin,' 'Death and Hell,' 'The Angel troubling the Pool of Bethesda,' and others, none of which were favourably received, although his scenes of animal and rustic life, intermingled with these more venturesome works, still displayed the great abilities of the artist. One of his most remarkable pictures was painted in 1820—22, as the artist himself informs us, at the suggestion of West, in emulation with the celebrated picture of a bull by Paul Potter; it represents, in life-size, a bull, cows, calf, and some sheep in a meadow. This picture is now in the National Gallery. In the catalogue the bull and cows are erroneously called of the Alderney breed, but the bull is obviously a



*The Bacchanalians.  
The Diploma Work, in Oil, of James Ward, R.A.*

short-horn, and the cows of no particular breed at all. It was exhibited in 1823 at the British Institution, and was painted for Mr. Allnutt, of Clapham. Mr. Allnutt and Sir John F. Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, were at this period Ward's principal patrons. Besides this large picture the National Gallery possesses three other specimens of Ward's art, viz., 'Gordale Scar, Yorkshire,' 'Harlech Castle,' and 'Regent's Park in 1807'; while in the South Kensington Museum there is the fine picture of the 'Bulls Fighting,' and three smaller examples.

James Ward's pictures are remarkable for their vigorous boldness and originality; they arrest the attention at once. His delight is in rather startling effects of line and light and shade, which at times lays him open to the

charge of exaggeration; a fault, however, which one soon overlooks on account of the many beautiful passages of tone and colour with which his works abound. His favourite scheme of colour and love of curving line, seem derived from the enthusiastic admiration with which he had evidently studied the works of Rubens. His knowledge of the anatomy of the animals he portrayed was very remarkable. A fine example of the use to which he put this knowledge can be seen in the masterly way in which the white fighting bull, in the picture in South Kensington Museum, is so to speak "built up" and put together by his powerful brush work. In the rendering of the human subjects introduced into his pictures, Ward is not always so successful, though in his sketches and drawings from nature, of children and peasants, numbers of charming examples can be found. His technique was in all cases sound and thorough; he had a perfect mastery of the difficulties of glazing, and with the exception of a few cracks in their extreme depths, his pictures have stood the test of time well.

The illustrations for this notice have been taken chiefly from sketches in the possession of the painter's grand-daughter, Mrs. E. M. Ward, to whom our thanks are due. We have selected them partly because this artist is so amply represented, as regards finished works, in our national collections, but more especially as they afford an interesting clue to his methods of study and the development of his compositions.

Ward does not appear to have taken much part in the business of the Academy during the forty-one years that he was a full member. He served the regulation two years on the Council three times, 1813-14, 1821-22, and 1830-31, but on the three following occasions when his turn came he declined to serve; nor do his attendances at general assemblies appear to have been

very frequent. Almost the only occasion on which his name appears in the minutes of either body is in 1814, when there is the following entry on the Council minutes of January 7th, in that year:—"Mr. Ward presented to the Royal Academy, a work containing observations on two extraordinary fasting women, for which the chairman (Sir Thomas Lawrence) returned Mr. Ward thanks in the name of the President and Council." This book is still in the library, and is entitled, "An Account of Mary Thomas, of Tanyarl, in Merionethshire, who has existed many years without taking food, and of Ann Moore, commonly called the Fasting Woman of Tutbury, accompanied with Portraits and Illustrative Etchings. By James Ward, Esq., R.A." The dedication runs as follows: "To the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, Baronet, President of the Royal Society, the supporter of science by a liberal and enlightened

patronage, the disseminator of knowledge by many ingenious productions, and eminently distinguished by the devotion of wealth to the cause of Literature, this short narrative of some singular aberrations in the animal economy (*sic*) is dedicated with perfect respect and esteem by the Author." There are seven large plates from

sketches by Ward, giving portraits of the two fasting women, and views of the houses where they lived. He appears from the narrative to have originally thoroughly believed in both women. Ann Moore, as stated by Ward in an appendix, was subsequently proved to be an impostor, and he admits that his belief in Mary Thomas, who had died in the previous year, was thereby somewhat

shaken. It is a curious story, and is quaintly told. The veteran Academician continued to exhibit until 1855, having contributed altogether 298 works to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy since he was first repre-



*Portrait of James Ward, R.A.  
By J. Jackson, R.A.*



*Regent's Park in 1807. From an Etching after the Picture  
by James Ward, R.A., in the National Gallery.*

sented on its walls in 1792, besides 91 works to the British Institution. Towards the close of his long life, he appears to have been in pecuniary difficulties, as at the beginning of 1858 he applied to the Council of the Academy for some assistance, and received a grant of £50, and at the end of the same year a similar sum was granted him in response to a letter from his wife speaking of his increasing infirmities and the need of help to provide necessities for his failing health. His death took place in his ninety-first year, on the 17th of November, 1859.

James Ward was simple and unpretending in manner, and a sincerely religious man. The personal history of many artists is linked with his : he was brother-in-law of George Morland, father-in-law of J. Jackson, R.A., the portrait-painter, and father of G. R. Ward, the engraver, whose daughter, the widow of E. M. Ward, R.A., has herself contributed many works to the exhibitions of the Academy.

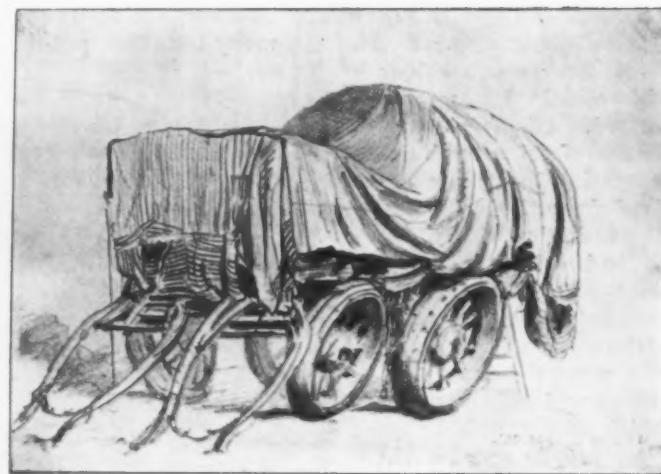
#### HENRY BONE, R.A.

*Born Feb. 6th, 1755. A.R.A. 1801. R.A. 1811. Died 1834.*

THE decoration of porcelain at the close of the eighteenth century was still distinctly a Fine Art, the ornamental groups of flowers and little pictures adorning the cups and plates at that period being generally executed with taste and care by the actual hands of the artists who designed them. Henry Bone, the son of a cabinet-maker at Truro, was, in his youth, one of those whose genius was devoted to this branch of Art.



*Portrait of Mrs. George Morland.  
By her brother, James Ward, R.A.*



*Pencil Study of a Wain.*

*By James Ward, R.A.*

He was apprenticed early in life to a china manufacturer named Cockworthy, first at Plymouth and afterwards at Bristol. The knowledge of the operation of fire upon colours thus obtained no doubt led him to seek a further development for his art in enamel painting. In August, 1778, he removed to London, and earned a subsistence by making devices for lockets and other things, and painting miniatures.

His first attempt at an enamel picture was a reproduction of 'The Sleeping Girl,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in 1780 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a portrait of his wife. From time to time he executed a number of copies of celebrated pictures by the old masters, and by Reynolds, on a scale hitherto unattained in enamel, among them being one of Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' which was sold for the large price of 2,200 guineas. Besides these works and many enamels from his own miniatures, Bone executed a series of portraits of the Russell family from the time of Henry VII., now at Woburn Abbey; also a series of portraits of the principal Royalists distinguished during the Civil War, some of which were completed after his death by his son, H. P. Bone.

Another great work on which he bestowed infinite pains, with but little or no pecuniary reward, was a series of portraits of distinguished persons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which he enamelled from the Royal and other collections, varying in size from 4 to 13 inches. These remained in his possession till his death, when, in accordance with a request left by him, they were offered to the Government for the sum of £5,000, about half their estimated value; the purchase, however, was declined, and the entire series was dispersed by auction.

Bone was appointed enamel painter to the Prince of Wales in 1800, and in the following year a similar appointment to the King, George III., was conferred upon him; he also held the same post under the two succeeding sovereigns. His election as an Associate took place in 1801, and was followed ten years later by his promotion to the ranks of the Academicians. As has already been stated, his work was by no means remunerative, and in 1832 he was compelled to apply to the Council for a pension. At his death, which took place on December 13th, 1834, a successful appeal was also made by his family to the Academy for a contribution towards the expenses of his funeral.

## THE NEW GALLERY AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

THE number of pictures in the New Gallery which are important in treatment as well as in scale seems this spring to be perceptibly less than usual. So many of the men whose contributions have in bygone years been centres of attraction are now unrepresented that there seems something lacking in the character of the show. Several artists also who have sent before a series of canvases depend now upon single examples of their skill. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, for instance, shows only one picture, 'Love and the Pilgrim' (wrongly given in the catalogue as 'The Pilgrim of Love'), but fortunately this is an extremely fine instance of his power to treat an allegorical motive in accordance with the best principles of decoration. Mr. Waterhouse, too, sends a single canvas, 'Mariana in the South,' which is quite admirable in its charm of technical treatment and in its management of colour; an especially happy expression of the particular view of art which makes everything that he produces so absolutely individual. 'Paris on Ida,' by Mr. Watts, is hardly as interesting as the greater canvases which he has exhibited of late years, but it has his usual grasp of decorative design and rich harmony of colour. His portrait of his wife is more fascinating on account of its refinement of manner and beauty of characterisation, and there is an excellent illustration overleaf of still another class of decoration afforded by the 'Primavera' of Mrs. Adrian Stokes. Mr. Napier Hemy's 'Flemish Calvary,' a curious departure for a successful sea-painter, depends for its unquestionable success upon its strength of design and ingenious distribution of colour masses; and the want of a sufficient appreciation of these essentials makes ineffective Mr. George Weatherbee's well-intentioned 'With Pipe and Dance.' As a piece of pure realism Mr. La Thangue's 'Autumn Morning' could hardly be surpassed; it is handled with amazing freedom, and in colour it is eminently agreeable; while there is more imagination and consequently more poetry in Mr. E. Stott's 'Village Inn,' a quiet twilight effect of the most subtle character. His 'Summer Idyll' is good as a scheme of colour, and is marked by the right spirit of romance.

1897.

By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.



*The Village Inn.*

By Edward Stott.

which comes from intelligent handling are Mr. J. M. Swan's 'Tiger and Tigress' and Mr. Robert Little's 'Italian Landscape.' Mr. Swan has succeeded in suggesting not only the movement and action of his beasts

Chief among the portraits in the exhibition are Mr. Arthur Melville's masterly 'Martin White, Esq.,' Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Lord Ross,' and Mr. Sargent's 'Mrs. George Swinton.' In some respects Mr. Melville's picture is the best of the three, for its reserve and simplicity give it a charm which would have been lost if a more obvious method had been adopted. Mr. Sargent, with all his astonishing freedom of brushwork, seems to lack something in the way of discretion, and discounts his real power by asserting it too loudly. Mr. Boughton's 'Esme, Daughter of T. C. M. Robb, Esq.,' is a fascinating picture of a child, treated with delightful refinement of colour; Mr. F. M. Skipworth's 'A. L. Baldry, Esq.,' is worthy of high praise as a piece of sterling workmanship; Mr. H. S. Tuke's 'Miss Kitson' is good in colour and very ably painted; and Mr. Jacomb-Hood's 'Miss Mabel Wallace' is pretty and yet quite efficient technically. Landscape is soundly expressed by Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Alfred Hartley, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Homer Watson, and Mr. East, whose 'Idyll of Spring' is happily composed and charming in its delicacy. Allegorical pictures by Mr. P. Burne-Jones, M. Fernand Khnopff, and Mr. H. A. Olivier are also important.

In the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, one of the chief successes is that made by Mr. Arthur Melville with his 'Spanish Bull-Fight,'

than which he has rarely produced anything so well adapted to display to advantage his power of draughtsmanship and ability to express an immense amount of detail without aiming at mere surface elaboration. In distribution of light and shade, and management of aerial perspective, this drawing is most admirable; and its unusual size makes it especially remarkable as an achievement in the water-colour medium. Two other pieces of work which have emphatically the attractiveness

and the texture of their fur, but has given also a very happy rendering of the effect of light and shade under masses of thick-growing trees through which the sun gleams faintly. Mr. R. W. Allan's 'Fresh from the Sea' is his best contribution, a breezy, wholesome study of sea and rocks; and Mr. David Murray's 'Cut Timber' is a fine effort to deal with masses of strong colour and to grapple with exacting problems of light and shade.

The exhibition of the New English Art Club, which was open until the last week in May, was un-

usually interesting, because it presented in particularly strong combination the special attributes of the society. It was serious and sincere, free from eccentricity, and abounding with earnest effort. Not many of the pictures and drawings it contained could be dismissed as unworthy of attention, while many examples of really excellent painting were to be found on the walls of the gallery; the best contributions came from Mr. H. Tonks, whose 'Blind Man's Buff' and 'The Rent in the Gown' were markedly dainty in colour and skilful in suggestion of action; Mr. P. W. Steer's 'Richmond Castle' was one of the best landscapes in the whole gathering, while his 'Spanish Lady' presented distinct beauties of brushwork; Professor Fred Brown, whose 'Easy Pose' was of great merit as a study of the nude; Mr. Buxton



*By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.*

Knight, who exhibited four serious and well-judged landscapes; and Mr. J. E. Christie, who was represented by his large composition 'Vanity Fair,' lent by the Corporation of Glasgow. Mr. Arthur Tomson's best works were a sombre little landscape 'October,' and 'Heifers,' a group of cattle in a meadow. Mr. Lindner sent three delicate marine subjects, and an extremely clever water-colour; and Mr. H. B. Brabazon showed several of his admirable notes of atmospheric colour. Two notable pictures, 'Limehouse Reach' and 'A Breezy Day,' by the

late C. E. Holloway, were also included.

The City Fathers are singularly fortunate in their Art Director. In face of the strong rivalry in London of the collections at Earl's Court and of the Crystal Palace, and of the Brussels, Copenhagen, and Venice exhibitions on the Continent, Mr. A. G. Temple has brought together a superb gathering of the best of the Victorian era paintings. The pre-Raphaelites are particularly fine, and generally this free exhibition under the auspices of the Lord Mayor and his Council reflects the greatest credit on the Director and the Art Committee. The public show their appreciation by entering literally in crowds all the time, and doubtless during the Jubilee fêtes the Gallery will meet with great attention from visitors to London.

## PASSING EVENTS.

IT is certain that the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy are bound to give offence on every occasion they exercise their functions, but it is seldom they err so greatly as they appear to have done this year. A good example of M. Harpignies, one of the finest landscape painters in France, and a disciple of the best Corot traditions, was not hung, and two fine portraits by Mr. Lavery of Glasgow, were also returned to their author.

GENERALLY speaking, the Council this year were much opposed to any show of Impressionism, if it implied looseness of design and drawing. In fact, in Academic circles, it is being said that the time has come to make a decided stand in favour of accuracy of line and conscientiousness in composition. The continued

applauding in the press of Impressionist work gives rise to serious thoughts in the Academic mind, and we may prepare ourselves for a great effort to be made to change current opinion on the subject. But we fear purely Academic work will never regain its former position in England.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed by the Government to consider the question of the housing of the Wallace Collection. As we have already said, we hope that it will remain in Hertford House. The principal objections which have been made to this suggestion are, first, that Manchester Square is too far away from the centre of London and the other National collections, and second, that great risk will be run by fire, owing to the surrounding buildings. It is true that Hertford House

is some distance from the National Gallery and South Kensington, but it is a matter of opinion whether it is advisable to have all the public collections concentrated in one part of the Metropolis. Very few visitors, after carefully going through the National Gallery and the Portrait Gallery, for instance, would care to continue without a break through such collections as South Kensington and Hertford House, whereas a rest, and a drive in the open air from Trafalgar Square to either South Kensington or Manchester Square would refresh them and help them to enjoy what would otherwise become an extremely trying and arduous labour. Another advantage in having the collections distributed about London is, that anyone finding themselves with an hour to spare in town, would be able to spend it very pleasantly without having to go any great distance. From a student's point of view the advantage of keeping the collections together is obvious. But surely our National Galleries and Museums are for the edification and recreation of the people as well as for the students. There is little doubt that steps can be taken to prevent any risk being run in case of fire in the surrounding buildings.

THE following works have been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest:—'Pilchards' by C. Napier Hemy (£1,200), 'Colt-Hunting in the New Forest,' by Miss L. E. Kemp-Welch (£525); 'In a Fog,' by David Farquharson; and 'The Nymph of Loch Awe,' a marble statuette by F. W. Pomeroy.

M R. WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A., has received a commission from the Scottish Board of Manufacturers to carry out the mural decorations in the hall of the National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh. Mr. Hole is now in Italy studying some of the Old Masters, in the hope that it may assist him in the work.

THE verdict of £50 and costs awarded to Mr. Joseph Pennell in his action against Mr. Walter Sickert of *The Saturday Review* showed that the British jury dimly understood the point in question, although it is likely that had the libel not been mixed up with difficult artistic questions, the damages would have been set down at a larger sum. What was not settled, however, is, "What is a lithograph?" and no publisher has been enterprising enough to present a set of "transfer lithographs," or drawings executed on transfer paper, and laid down mechanically on the lithographic stone. The verdict was a small triumph for Mr. Whistler, who was one of Mr. Pennell's chief witnesses, for the great artist has done better work on transfer paper than anyone else has done either on lithographic stone or paper.

AT the Royal Academy Banquet, held on May 1st, the President, in replying to the toast of the Royal Academy, stated that the Tate Gallery will be opened by the Prince of Wales some time in July.

A MONG the attractions of the Art Section at the Victorian Era Exhibition, to be held at Earl's Court, will be a Collection of Engravings of the past sixty years, brought together by the indefatigable Mr. Algernon Graves. In spite of the regrettable condition of the Art of Engraving at the present day, this exhibition should be interesting and instructive.

THE Printellers' Association having been founded in 1847, celebrated its jubilee by a banquet in London on the 6th of May. The chair was occupied by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., who was supported by a dozen of the best-known members of the Royal Academy. In an interesting speech on engraving, he stated that the Council of the Royal Academy had under consideration a revival of electing Academician and Associate Engravers. Sir William Agnew, Bart., who for twenty years was President of the Printellers' Association, made an excellent speech describing the operations of the Association.

WE have again to draw attention to the "Pictures of the Year," issued from the offices of THE ART JOURNAL. Not only are every one of the 220 works reproduced actually hung either at the Royal Academy or the New Gallery, but they embrace most of the principal pictures on the line. This is in its way quite an achievement, when we take into consideration the fact that the book is published on the opening day of the Academy. We may be permitted to note that a rival publication prints nearly 200 works also, but one-third of these have been rejected, and are not to be found on the walls of the exhibitions.

#### OBITUARY.

T HOMAS HOPE McLACHLAN, who died at Weybridge on 1st April, was a landscape painter of acknowledged position. The refined poetical sentiment that pervaded his work is, unfortunately, so rare that his untimely death will be felt as almost a calamity to the Art of this country.

Tender and delicate in his feeling, rich and subtle in his colour, with almost classic grace of composition, his pictures were always distinguished, and appealed most strongly to his brother artists and to all who have a true appreciation of what is dignified in Art. With the qualities that were his he could never have been popular, but for years lovers of Art have looked for his work in the exhibitions with increasing interest.

Hope McLachlan was educated at Cambridge, where, in 1867, he was bracketed Senior in the Moral Science Tripos. He practised at the Bar for several years, but his strong love for Art led

him to adopt painting as a profession. He has been a constant exhibitor at all the leading galleries and was a member of the Council of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

The personal charm of Hope McLachlan was great, and a large circle of friends mourn his loss.



Thomas Hope McLachlan.

## RECENT ART PUBLICATIONS.

ONE of the most competent etchers in this country is Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., whose works are greatly sought after by the connoisseur. Mr. Hole has just completed the large plate of 'An Idyll of 1745' from the hitherto unpublished painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. This, one of the strongest etchings by Mr. Hole, will be issued at the end of the year as the premium plate for subscribers and purchasers of THE ART JOURNAL for 1897, and a small number of artists' proofs will be ready shortly.

Mr. Hole has also recently completed a charming plate, 'Maternal Cares,' from the painting by Mr. Robert Alexander, R.S.A., which is being issued by Messrs. McOmish, Dott and Co., of the Scottish Gallery, Edinburgh. Mr. Alexander is now the best-known animal painter in Scotland, and in this fine picture of dog life, mother and puppies, he is seen at his best. Mr. Hole has been completely successful, as usual, in rendering all that the picture suggests, and it is worthy the attention of those fond of such subjects.

Another of Messrs. Dott's publications is an important photogravure entitled 'Listenin' to Raison,' by the Swan Electric Engraving Company, after Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. The block gives an idea of the composition, which is one of the best of the many humorous Irish subjects painted by Mr. Erskine Nicol.

There have been few works on the Fine Arts recently published in this country, but one or two less important publications deserve notice. Mr. D. N. S. Crange continues his monumental work on "THE CHURCHES OF SHROPSHIRE" (Hodson, Wellington), and in the third section just issued he deals with the buildings of Wenlock and the

Hundred of Overs. The famous church of Much Wenlock receives the great attention it deserves, and the illustrations and text are well printed. "MODERN HOUSE INTERIORS," by T. Butler Wilson, architect (72, New Bond Street), is a sensible sixpenny pamphlet for architects and those arranging to build themselves a home.

In continuation of the series of Etchings of Public Schools, Messrs. Beynon, of Cheltenham, publish nine Etchings of Westminster by E. J. Burrow, and 'The College Hall' and 'The Cloister Walk' are the best of these interesting plates. The same publishers issue a set of seven etchings of Lincoln's Inn, four by Miss E. Piper, and three by Mr. Burrow. Some of Miss Piper's work bears evidence of haste, but the 'Lincoln's Inn Hall' is a subject which has tried her capacity for patient hard work, and the result is a charming plate and, perhaps, the best this successful etcher has accomplished.

We cannot too warmly praise the project of Messrs. George Bell & Sons to publish a series of monographs on the great English Cathedrals. Mr. Gleeson White and Mr. E. F. Strange are the Editors, and the first five of the series—on the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Salisbury, Rochester, Chester, and Oxford—are a promise of a most excellent and useful collection of handbooks. The illustrations are selected with knowledge and are printed with skill, and generally the work is very well done.

Preparing for the summer season, Messrs. Reeves publish two practical handbooks, "HINTS TO SKETCHERS," by C. J. Vine, and "SOME ENGLISH SKETCHING GROUNDS," by C. G. Harper, the latter particularly good.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall issue a shilling "CATALOGUE OF CASTS," for the use of all kinds of Art Schools, and Messrs. Ginn a manual for teachers and students on "LIGHT AND SHADE," by A. K. Cross, of Boston, U.S.A. Messrs. Service & Patton continue their excellently illustrated books with "IVAN-HOE," illustrated by C. E.

Brock, "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," with drawings by Lancelot Speed, and "SHIRLEY," by Charlotte Brontë, with a series of well-drawn illustrations by F. H. Townsend. The same publisher has also begun an illustrated edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Romances. The blocks are also by Mr. Townsend in his most successful vein, and the printing is very good.



"Listenin' to Raison." By Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.  
McOmish, Dott and Co., Edinburgh.



*Solitude.* By Harpignies.  
(*Medaille d'Honneur, 1897.*)

## THE PARIS SALONS OF 1897.

### THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

IT being generally agreed that artists as a whole are not a far-seeing class, from a business point of view, it is difficult to understand why the collection of works of art at the Champs-Élysées Salon is this year so very weak. If it could be believed that artists are holding back in order to make, as they might, a great effort for the Exhibition of 1900, then a good reason might readily be found. But in these days of difficulty for the living artist, it is not to be credited that, three years before the event, artists are already preparing for the first great artistic event of the new century.

In any case the fact remains that for many years—certainly over twenty—so monotonous and uninteresting a collection has not been brought together in the Palais de l'Industrie. The demolition of the part of the building toward the west has caused a welcome change in the arrangement of the rooms, and instead of the collection spreading itself east and west from the central hall at top of the chief staircase, the rooms extent eastward, and round the building to the south, until what often were the water-colour rooms are again touched. The alteration in plan ought to have made more variety to the spectator, but nothing seems to rouse the visitor, and, as the French say, the whole collection “leaves one cold.”

The sculpture, which as usual is displayed in the garden in the centre of the palace, is, however, equal to past collections; and speaking generally it satisfies and interests those to whom the desire to “see all round,” makes them prefer sculpture to a painting, of which one side only can be examined with pleasure!

The scarcity of exciting incidents in pictures has permitted the jury to devote its attention to something more beautiful and less ephemeral for the honours of the year. Without serious competition in the voting, the much-coveted chief French artistic honour—the Médaille d'Honneur—has been awarded to M. Harpignies for his ‘Solitude,’ of which we print a small reproduction at the head of this article. This picture embraces all that is best in French landscape art of the time. M. Harpignies, although not claiming artistic kindred with the masters

of Barbizon, is more nearly allied than any living painter to what was finest in Corot and Daubigny. The present picture, ‘Solitude,’ is a most worthy successor in quality to these great painters: the composition is unobtrusive but completely beautiful, the colour of the trees and landscape low in tone, while the sky palpitates with the warmth of late sunset. Often Harpignies has been justly accused of unnecessary hard outlines, but in ‘Solitude’ no such reproach is possible.



*The End of the Day.*  
By Lhermitte.

The event of last year which has borne most artistic fruit was the visit of the Czar and Czarina to France. The escort which met the royal yacht, and conveyed it to Cherbourg, appears to have carried at least a dozen eminent French marine artists, and each has devoted many square yards to depict the characteristics of the event. In storm and sunshine, wind and fair, the escort and visitor make for France, and several pictures of the great grey French men-of-war in windy weather are very imposing in their design and execution.

Next year probably we shall have all the terrible incidents of the frightful fire at the Bazar de la Charité; but it is to be hoped, that artistic good sense will prevent the realisation of the too-harrowing facts of an event, which has penetrated deeper into French thought than any other during the present generation.

After the picture of 'Solitude' by Harpignies, the most interesting picture artistically is 'The Poppy Harvest,' by Jules Breton, an artist who continues his triumphant way even after the allotted threescore years and

Of the more purely Parisian subjects is the subject opposite, by Pierre Outin, 'During a Shower;' a scene evidently in one of the old squares in Paris, such as the Place des Vosges, still standing near the Bastille. The young Parisiennes, caught by the rain, have found some mud-spots on their garments, and one looks anxiously at her dress while she shows a remarkably pretty ankle. An officer of Hussars similarly taking shelter from the shower, stands stroking his chin, and doubtless clearing his throat in that way pecu-

liar to young manhood, when seeking to attract the attention of the other sex. That the girls understand this clearly enough is shown by the way one of them looks towards the handsome young soldier. Such a picture occupies a very subordinate place in the Salon, and there are in the 4000 exhibits in the Palais de l'Industrie many similar canvases, but few or none equal this charming picture by Outin, which comes almost as well in black and white as in colour.

Foreigners to France are made very welcome in the



*The Poppy Harvest.*

By Jules Breton.



*The "Etoile Polaire" and the "Standard," escorted by the French Squadron, approaching Cherbourg 5th October, 1896.*

By Eugène Dauphin.

ten. This important picture—important in quality as well as in size—is gay with the bright poppies, and full of the strong artistic expression so long successfully maintained by the master.

Salons, and many of the most remarkable pictures are from the palettes of American and Scottish and other strangers. The Americans have always been strong in these exhibitions, and while they await the development



Copyright, 1897, by Pierre Outin.

DURING A SHOWER.—IN OLD PARIS.

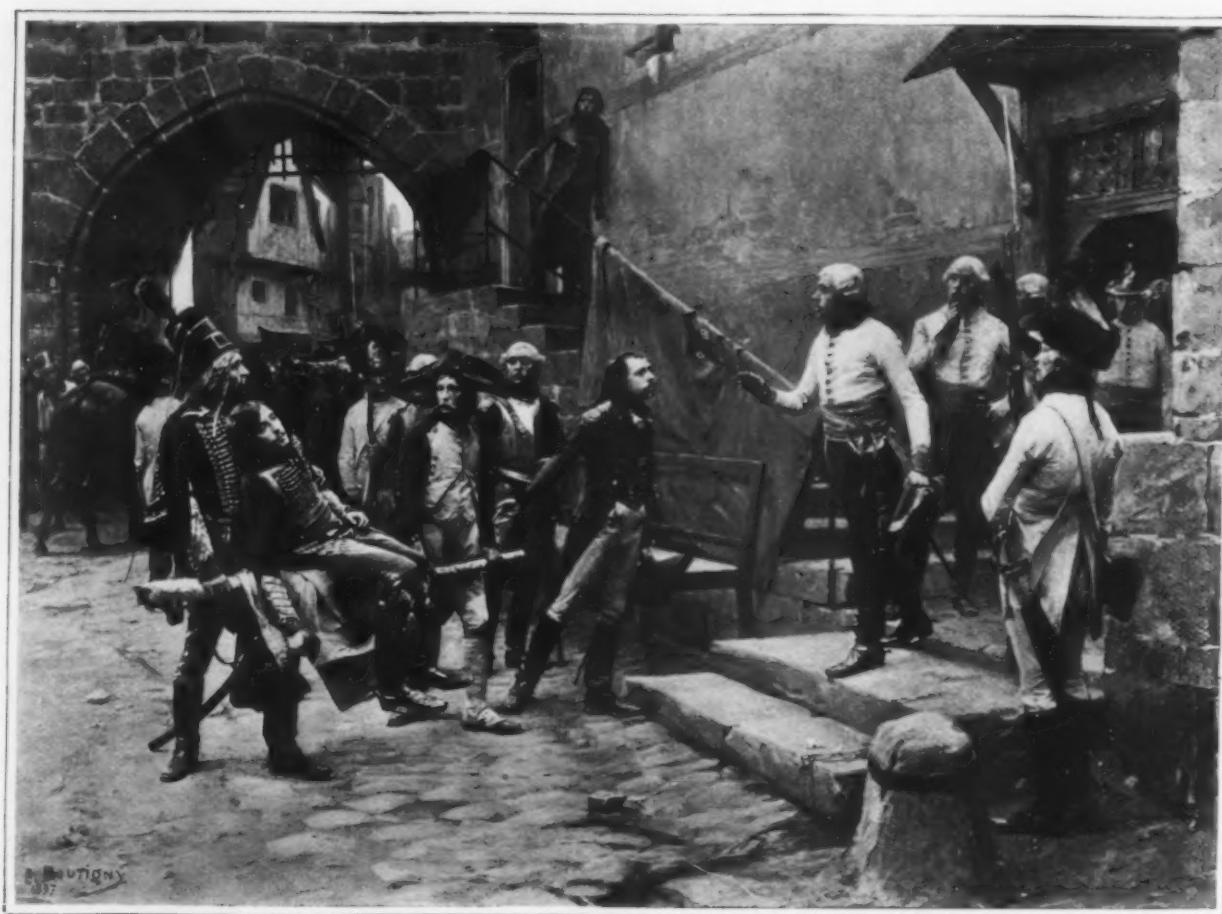
By Pierre Outin.

of their own national school, they are content to be everything and anything but of their own country. Mr. H. O. Tanner, for example, who declares himself a pupil of Bouguereau and T. Robert-Fluery, contributes a very fine picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus, small in size, but full of a rich Rembrandt quality, well worthy of development. Roybet, another painter enjoying a full brush, sends a portrait not far short of Frans Hals, but unwisely too near the Dutch master's style. Henner is disappointing, and his colour is far from good this season, while Bonnat, in a somewhat vain endeavour

themselves on the humanity of the opposing general, and carry their mortally wounded leader to the enemy's camp, their reception was itself a powerful exponent of the great reputation Marceau had already attained. He was buried at Coblenz, but in 1889 his remains were taken in state to the Pantheon of Paris.

#### THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Space fails to enable much to be said on the collection at the Champ de Mars. It was decidedly better artistically



Copyright, 1887, by Emile Boutigny.

*General Marceau, wounded at Altenkirchen in 1796, handed to the Enemy.*

By E. Boutigny.

to find new themes for his too matured brush, has essayed to paint landscapes, and an eagle with a rabbit. These reveal new possibilities for the famous portrait painter, but they are too ill digested to augment his reputation.

Military history in pictures is too deeply settled in France to be ever changed, and year by year we have numberless canvases devoted to the great deeds of the nation's heroes. In the picture of which we give an illustration on this page, is represented the Revolutionary General Marceau handed to the custody of the enemy, on being mortally wounded, when covering the French retreat at Altenkirchen. Marceau, one of the greatest of the generals of France, died at 27, after only about four years' service of the greatest activity. He was beloved as much for his courage as for his courtesy, and when his officers in the press of battle had to throw

than the Old Salon, and a far higher tone prevailed throughout. The highest level was touched by Lhermitte in his 'End of the Day,' of which we print an illustration. This canvas, one of the finest of the great artist, is full of tone, strong in colour, yet reticent in execution; a picture to live with and likely to be more admired every time it is looked on. The Scottish school, represented by Mr. Guthrie in portraiture, and Mr. A. K. Brown in landscape, were much discussed. Jacques' statue of J. F. Millet, to be erected at Greville, near Cherbourg, where the peasant painter was born, is a very striking work, showing the artist seated and dressed in peasant costume. The landscapes of the Norwegian, F. Thaulow, were of very fine quality, and this artist's work is to be noted. Cazin was as delightful as ever, and René Billotte exhibited the Quarries and misty scenes for which he has become famous.

## *..The Herd-Boy's Song..*

**M**ooley cow, mooley cow have you not been  
Munch-munching all day where the meadows are green?  
No doubt it was pleasant,  
dear mooley, to see  
The clear running brook  
and the wide-spreading tree;  
The clover to crop, in the  
river to wade,  
To drink the cool water  
and lie in the shade;  
But now it is night — they  
are waiting for you"  
The mooley cow only said  
"Moo-o-o!"



"*The Mooley Cow.*"  
From a drawing by Jas. Allan Duncan.



Photo, Bedford Lemere.

The Dining-room at Dawpool.

## ART IN THE HOME.—III.\*

### THE DINING-ROOM.

**I**N resuming the subject of the Decoration of the Dining - room we give two illustrations showing tapestried walls: one in the French character, with panelled spaces, which occupy the place of pictures; another shows the Dining-room of Mr. Ismay's house at Dawpool, by Mr. Norman Shaw.

In the latter case the tapestry is hung as in old halls, and fitted in parts which are specially arranged for it. This method of decoration is very limited when the adoption of old tapestry is desired. Those who would have tapestried walls have first to find the tapestry, and afterwards arrange their room.

Another illustration shows painted walls, which are so panelled that they do not admit of pictures, or even call for them for artistic completeness. This example is the work of the late Mr. Devey, who executed many important interiors. In his early practice he worked under the old English influence, but latterly much that he did showed a distinctive later English and French influence.

Another illustration shows a fine mantel - piece by Grinling Gibbons, with plain walls.

As the Dining - room in large houses is specially used for the function of dining, it can well be spared for the principal meal of the day, while in smaller houses it has often to serve for all meals, as well as to share with the

drawing-room the uses of a library or parlour. When required only for dining purposes, this apartment should have given to it a distinctive character which might well be towards a more sedate and architectural effect than is imparted to the drawing-room, and where there is ample space, it may be said that the apartment can be wholly under artistic control. In country houses the plan of including the main or garden entrance in the Dining-room area is often very desirable, as much artistically can be made of the screen or curtaining, and a feeling of freedom and space is obtained. When there is not much ground to work upon for a conserved apartment, the plan of a wide opening between the Dining-room and Parlour and Drawing-room, gives also the feeling of freedom, but for the arrangement of furniture and pictures the openings are objectionable.

In small rooms, such as are generally in our city houses, a feature can sometimes be introduced at the sideboard end by the recessing of the wall. For example, in a house where there were cupboards between the Dining-room and Library, advantage was taken of part of the space for an arched recess for the sideboard. The Kitchen being downstairs, provision was made at the side of the recess for a lift, connecting with the kitchen-passage below. Apart from the pleasant effect of the arched recess, the setting back of the sideboard was a distinct advantage on entering the room. Where a recess is not possible in a small room, the sideboard need not necessarily be of the accustomed depth, which is rarely under two feet. Twelve inches is about all that is required for what is usually stored in the cupboards, and if a folding flap arrangement were adopted for a service table as part of the sideboard, the cupboard space could be carried in the height and many artistic devices could be contrived in the cupboard panels and recesses.

The dining-table has passed through many changes, the requirement of expansion being always apparent in its construction. In a picturesque room two or more groups may be arranged for, while the separate tables may be so devised that on occasion they may form one long table. A dining-table holding its own expanding leaves within its frame-work is found useful when pantry space is limited. The old-fashioned leaf-holder is generally a clumsy article. The great weight of the



Photo, Bedford Lemere.

A Dining-room with  
Panels of Tapestry.

\* Continued from page 121.

dining-table is an objection, and there is no merit in massive legs. As little weight as is consistent with strength is desirable. An oval or circular table allows all the guests to see each other. High-backed dining chairs are objectionable, being in the way of service; they should not be higher than three feet, but in the case of

the top and bottom chairs, more height gives room for design, and is not in the way, as there is room for service at either side of a square-headed table.

The decoration which is most harmonious with the uses of the Dining-room is of a restful, autumnal character. A variety of tints might be selected from, such as reds, golden browns, and olives. Mellow mahogany furniture is suitable with any of these colourings, but oaks and walnuts agree best with olives or tints inclining to olive. The carpet for warm coloured walls is best of a prevailing neutral tone. The ceiling and frieze may be rich, gathering up all the colouring of the apartment; but if any choice objects are displayed on the walls the ceiling is best when very quiet, of plain tints, woodwork, or like old plaster. The colour pitch of a room on these lines may be high or low, according to the temperament of those who use it, and the amount and quality of the light admitted to it.

A more exciting scheme is a contrasted arrangement of colour. To start with, let us suppose the viands served on the linen cover to be generally of a warm tint, and the condition of the guests to be very comfortable, the prevailing colour of the walls might be a full greyish blue, with suggestions of grey yellows and olives in the unobtrusive design, and a touch of suitable reds; while on this, as a background, there might be



Photo, Belford Lemere.

A Dining-room in Richmond Terrace.

By the late George Devey.

prints, autotypes, or selected oil and water-colour pictures, and blue and white china and brass-work to heighten the effect. The furniture for this method should be of a warm colour, mellow mahogany with inlay being perfect. The carpet might be of a rich colour, of tawny red or olive. In the colour scheme the importance of the table

cover and seat covers is apt to be overlooked. The colour of the seats is always best when it is quiet, and does not disturb the wall scheme. The table cover, with flowers placed on it, may always be made a strong feature in the colour scheme, either to give coolness and rest, or to strengthen the whole of the effect.

A sense of cheerfulness is given to small rooms by confining the fulness of colour to the lower wall spaces and making the frieze space decidedly light. The Pompeians understood this treatment for their small chambers.

A skilled architect of a bygone generation, introduced a strip of mirrors as a frieze. This experiment was interesting, but a more legitimate scheme is the lightsome frieze over a plate shelf, or picture belt with an unobtrusive treatment of ornament in relief or colour. One point in connection with plain relief work in friezes, is that the parts opposite lights have no effect, the light and shadow of the modelling being lost, and some slight grounding of colour always seems necessary. A gilded frieze is not open to this objection, as the metallic lustre reflects surfaces and tips of light, and the general colour is fine, and suitable for most schemes.



Photo, Belford Lemere.

Mantelpiece at Stoke Hall.

By Grinling Gibbons.

#### ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

The Entrance Hall and Staircase should be, as regards light



*Room at Norton, Midlothian, showing a recessed Sideboard.*

opening from them, and be pleasant on entrance from the outside. For example, if the wall colour in the Dining-room be red, and that of the Library or Drawing-room yellow, the Hall would be best of a bluish or greenish tint however neutral. Each section would thus retain its colour value, but the kind of blue or green employed should be such as to be harmonious with what you pass from into the house, whether from sea, hills, lawn, or pavement.

In country houses ample light is desirable in the Hall, and such a scheme of decoration and colouring should be adopted as will not be depressing when turning from the enjoyment of natural objects without. In town houses a different idea is necessary, and a cheerful effect from lighting and colouring contrasting with the dulness of the street should be aimed at. Old oak effects, which are so much in vogue, require ample daylight, and where there is not good light, a bright effect, such as can be obtained from light or painted woods, is preferable.

Where space permits, a roomy covered space, answering to the Atrium of the ancients, can be employed to excellent purpose in our modern arrangements, and the air and lighting should be such as to suit plants.

The Entrance Lobby or Hall, in most town houses of a moderate size, is often very disproportioned, the width being too little for the length and height. Seeing that it is not much more than a passage, a little may be taken off the height by arching or coving the ceiling that the proportions may be improved. An illustration is given of this treatment in a street house in Edinburgh. The lowering of the screen to the elliptical arch was necessary to conceal the stair-steps.

The glow of a fire in the entrance is always kindly in chilly weather, and is useful for tempering the atmo-

sphere of the house. And the ingle-nook, to which we have already alluded, always forms an attractive feature where the space and style of the interior admits of it.

Cleanliness, utility, spaciousness, and picturesqueness are the points to be observed in arranging this portion of smaller houses, and as much of the homely feeling introduced as the conditions will admit.

In large dwellings the methods restricting the main stairway to the first floor, obtaining for it suitable pro-



*Entrance Hall in Palmerston Place, Edinburgh.*

portions, is clearly a good architectural plan, and if well lighted from the roof, or one side, good spaces for pictures can be obtained.

A typical seventeenth-century staircase at Cromwell House, Highgate, is given as an illustration, which shows the easiest method of ascent by short flights, and at the same time gives scope for artistic treatment. Occasionally we find in this period, open framework fencing off the entire well space between the flights of steps. And one naturally thinks of this enclosed well as a position for a lift where there are upper floors, for the elevation of luggage, fuel, &c.

From this elementary square staircase the tasteful designer always feels constrained to enlarge towards bay windows, additional landing spaces, and alcoves, particularly when they can be conveniently situated near the public rooms and children's apartments. When possible, some arrangement should always be made for shrubs and flowers, either in glass spaces or in tubs or boxes.

The railing or balustrading is always a strong feature in the design of the staircase and galleries, and with the use of marbles, woods, and iron, either massiveness or lightness are attainable. The upright baluster, however shaped, agrees well with the raking lines of the treads, while curved lines, as in scrolls of wood and iron, are often restless.

In narrow staircases, where the flights of steps repeat each other, the breaking up of the wall spaces into divisions, which might be differently coloured by horizontal bands, is often done to good purpose, and the soffits or under sides of the flights are worthy of artistic consideration.

In the decorative methods for hall and staircase work, there being often large and irregular surfaces, it is generally necessary to adopt an inexpensive method of introducing colour. And the ordinary wall-paper meets this want, but it is evident that patterns which have an architectural basis conveying a suggestion of an upright or horizontal structure in their design are the best. In the use of relief wall coverings, of which there are now so many varieties, there is a temptation to over-elaborate-

ness, but with suitable architectural design and restraint in colour, a good keynote may be obtained for the whole interior. The tougher textures in these embossed fabrics are particularly suitable for dados; where the walls are most likely to be injured, inexpensive treatments being used above the dados.

In painted work, a free, large Pompeian method can be adopted with good effect, but the colour sense required for this is rare. What one often sees executed



*Staircase in Cromwell House, Highgate.*

for Pompeian work is far wrong in colour as compared with the walls of Pompeii or the slabs in the Naples Museum.

There are indications of the likelihood of obtaining ere long, decorative treatments of large surfaces in good colour, with some well-designed points. The appearance of a school or combination for such work would be welcomed.

W. SCOTT MORTON.  
(*To be continued.*)



*Sheerness, Guardship saluting.* (p. 202.)  
By Henry Dawson.

## THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE COLLECTION—II.\*

IF poor Henry Dawson could have foreseen the day when one of his four-foot canvases would fetch in the open market £600 (one picture which he sold for £75 has realised £1,400), it might have gone some way towards cheering his sadder days of poverty — those days when, in order to earn the bare necessities of life, he was compelled to paint "pot-boilers." That this painter's exclusion from the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy prevented him from rising to the right level of his own art is one of the most glaring instances of the evil wrought, of course unwittingly, by Academic injustice. It was only six years before Dawson's death that his pictures obtained a good position on the Academy walls. Immediately their market value rose in a manner unprecedented, and he was then offered more to sign his work than he had originally received for the picture. It is grievous to think that it needed no more than just treatment from the Academy

during his middle life for things to have been with him as full of happiness as they had been full of sorrows. Dawson founded his style upon his great predecessor, Turner, not with the subservience of an imitator, but with the power of a master, and the influence is to be seen in 'Sheerness, with the Guardship saluting,'\* illustrated here. The Royal yacht is steaming up the river in mid-distance. Though not one of the painter's most ambitious works, it worthily represents him, and the reproduction conveys fairly well an idea of its aerial effect.

The power of the picture is in the sky, and the rolling masses of cumuli bear the reflection of the setting sun.

There are two pictures in the Gallery by J. MacWhirter, R.A., 'Night,' reproduced on this page, on the wall near the Crome, and 'Spin-drift,'† on Screen I. The latter is the finer of the



*Night.* (p. 202.)  
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

two; perhaps nothing more full of poetry has ever been

\* Canvas 32 by 50. £577 10s.

† Canvas 32 by 56. £315. Collection of Edward Hermon, Esq., M.P.

seen from the artist's brush. 'Spindrift' means the spray of the sea caught up and whirled away by the wind; and here the eye of the artist has grasped the



*Snow Scene. (p. 203.)  
By L. Münthe.*

opportunity of producing from scant materials a fascinating picture. The spray blown across the shingle, filling the air with its particles of sea-dust, gives an atmosphere worthy almost of Turner's own feeling, and the sentiment in the conception of the old grey horse is truth itself.

One is drawn in sympathy towards the dear old creature who, "with measured beat and slow," treads out his accustomed steps in the face of the driving wind. The earlier work, 'Night,'\* has a slumberous poetry ably conveyed, except for the presence of the two figures on the sloping shore; but Mr. MacWhirter, in quoting Byron's lines—

"Night, most glorious night,  
Thou wert not made  
for slumber,"

excuses the introduction of the group, and we feel

"The silver light,  
which . . .  
Sheds beauty and deep  
softness o'er the  
whole,  
Breathes also to the heart and o'er it throws  
A loving languor which is not repose."

The free use of the palette knife here shows what skilful manipulation can do with simple tools when a correct eye guides the hand, in producing the hard,

\* Canvas 39 by 65. £283 10s. Collection of Edward Hermon, Esq., M.P.

rugged surfaces of the rocks, solid and rigid as to their substances, yet transparent in the dark shadows of the night.

The works of Herr Münthe have sometimes been made targets of reproach, because he does not vary his theme. A wet or snow-covered road, dark trees or cottages against an evening sky, an angry sunset, and, it has been said, you have any one of his pictures. Well, if that is fair condemnation, much the same sort of thing can be said of many cherished painters, whose reputations are undisputed. Münthe always depicts the peculiar moods of nature towards which his sympathies lie with an unerring precision, and the 'Snow Scene,' No. 8,\* reproduced on this page, is an effective illustration of his particular excellence in technique. It is, next to the Troyon already described,† decidedly the best foreign picture here, and represents one of the fjords in Norway. The broad extent of water, frozen completely over, is covered with snow, and the very atmosphere is loaded with frost. A cold occupation, indeed, must be that of the poor shivering mortals, some of whom are warming their hands in their pockets, and stamping their feet to force circulation into their freezing veins. Having broken and sawn holes in the ice, they have set traps of bent wood and line for the purpose of catching the fish, when they come to the surface of the water, in these ventilators. The fish, when caught, are dried, and serve for their winter food.



*The Missing Boat. (p. 206.)  
By Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.*

Just above this is another winter scene,—

"Grim winter on the sea,"

It is E. W. Cooke's 'A Dutch Beurtman aground on the Terschelling Sands—in the North Sea after a

\* Canvas 50 by 81. £451 10s. Collection of William Lee, Esq.

† See page 132.

'Snowstorm,' No. 7.\* Now, when Cooke was in the early prime of life, formulating his style, and when he would be most susceptible to the influence of an older and stronger man, J. M. W. Turner was painting his marvellous conceptions of 'The Snowstorm' period, which, by the way, was also the outcome of a North Sea experience.

In the list of British landscape painters the name of "Old" John Crome must be given a position of great prominence. The complete sense of accuracy, which is the conspicuous property of his genius, makes his work excite the deepest interest and admiration, and, in spite of the obscurity and remoteness in which he worked and lived, his art is as worthy of ranking on a level with Constable's own as is that of Corot, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau.

An artist is a student of nature to the end of his life, seeking to discover new truths, never failing to add more and more to that store of knowledge which will carry him to the goal of his ambitions, and the more opportunities he has for cultivating his art, the better for him. Crome had few opportunities; he was poor, by birth, in education, and in personal appearance, and it was his genius in painting landscape nature that alone gained him the few excellent friends he had. The advantages that would attend him in the present day would carry him far beyond even what he achieved during the much-interrupted period of his life's work. As it was, he, and the little school of Norwich painters taught by him, produced works so noble, and so worthy of special recognition, that long years afterwards, in 1878, the Council of the Royal Academy devoted a separate exhibition at Burlington House to their honour. The 'Woodland Scene,' No. 6,† was painted in 1813, and the subject most probably was studied in one of the country by-roads near Norwich, where Crome used to wander and think of his beloved Hobbema. His leaning towards this Dutchman's style is evident in a

charming bit of distance on the left of the picture, exquisite alike in colour, drawing, and technique.

The popularity acquired by Mr. B. W. Leader's sunset scenes makes his later pictures well known to most people. I refer to that long series of gorgeous evening effects which commenced with 'February Fill Dyke,' and 'In the Evening there shall be Light.' But there are not many of the ordinary exhibition-goers of the last ten or fifteen years who would readily recognise in the vigorously painted 'Rocky Bed of a Welsh River' \* the work of this facile artist. It is a boldly conceived upright canvas showing a view of the river Llugy, near Bettwys y Coed. It is

autumn in the picture, when the water is low and simply trickles round the lichen-covered boulders. In the winter the quiet stream becomes a rushing river, and changes its present peaceful character to that of a foaming torrent, roaring over the huge rocks with a noise that can be heard miles away. A close inspection of this Constable-like canvas will enable the observer to judge for himself the sound and meritorious technique in which the picture is executed. There is no evidence of the haste,

the result presumably of popularity, a suggestion of which has, unfortunately, crept into some of his later works. This subject has all the force of a Ruysdael, and, as may be seen from the illustration which forms one of the large illustrations to this number, is full of poetry. The tall dark firs in the middle of the stream raise their heads high above the outline of the distant hills and carry the deep shadows up against the bright sky. Less usual in subject, though possessing more of the nature of the same painter's later work, is 'Unterseen, Interlaken,' No. 16.† As an explanation of this unusual choice of a scene, Mr. Leader says, "I was struck with the picturesque old buildings, and thought they would make a good picture."

In 'An Anxious Moment,' Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., has produced an amusing picture with a strong *raison*

\* Canvas 42 by 66. £430. Collection of Edward Hermon, Esq., M.P.

† Panel 31 by 48. £550. Collection of Fuller Maitland, Esq.

\* Canvas 48 by 36. £283 10s. Collection of T. F. Walker, Esq.

† Canvas 34 by 48. £357. Collection of William Lee, Esq.



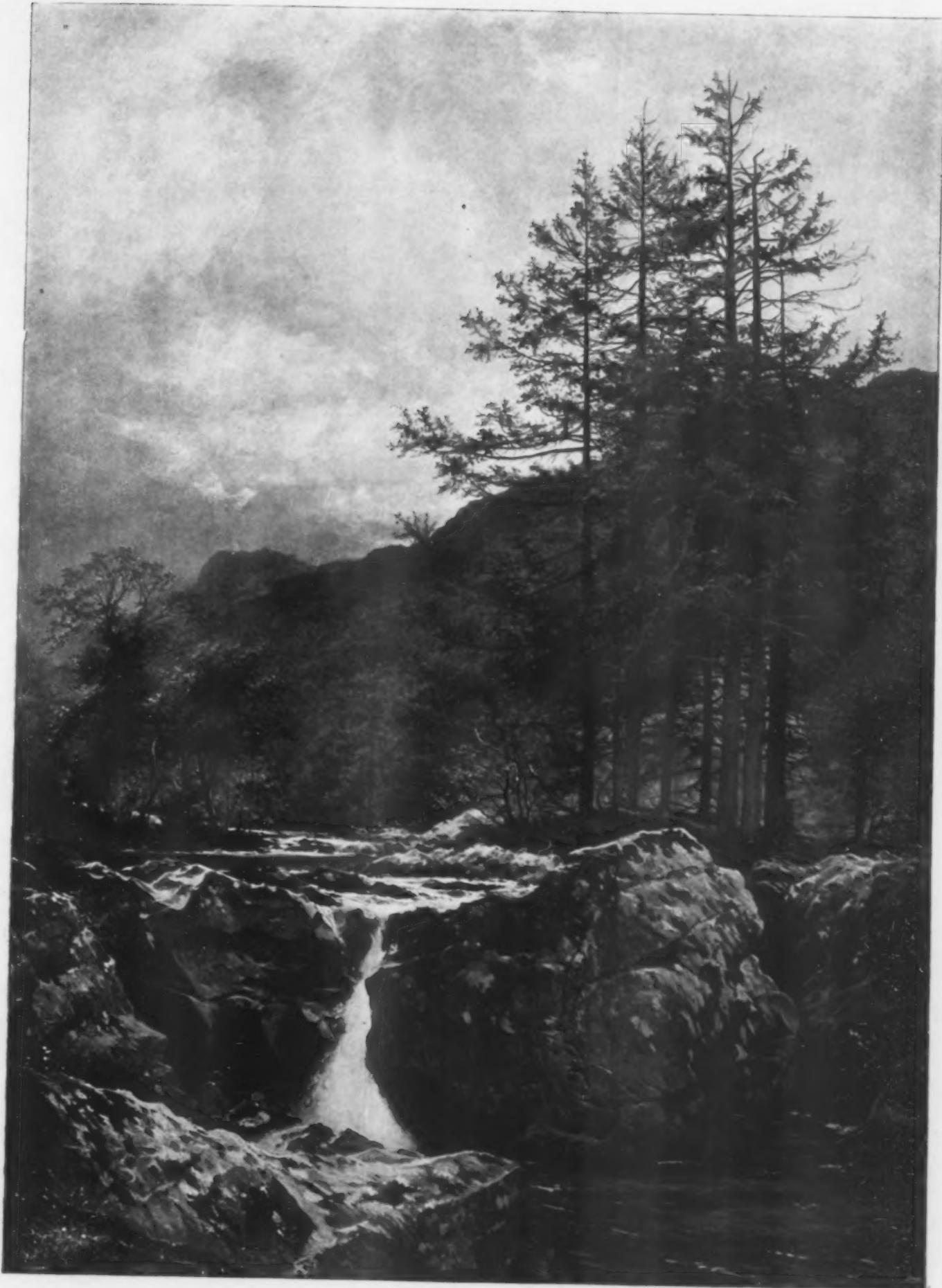
*Expectation.* (p. 206.)

By F. D. Hardy.



*Early Sorrow.* (p. 206.)

By J. H. Le Jeune, A.R.A.



THE ROCKY BED OF A WELSH RIVER.

BY H. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

In the Royal Holloway College Collection.

13 H. W. Leader.



*d'etre.* Like Landseer's, his best subjects convey to us in some form or other the moods, sympathies, and sentiments of the lower animals. This perfect appreciation of the passions depicted in the creatures was to be seen most of all in his 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' where the superstitious humility of the beasts is eminently picturesque. In his 'Circe and the Friends of Ulysses' the various moods of servility in the pigs, and again in 'The Unclean Spirits entering into the Swine' the headlong fear of the swine, there were powerful motives of the highest importance. But in the work now under consideration Mr. Riviere has turned to bird life, and given a voluminous record of the natures and characters of geese. A number of these wary creatures are passing out of an orchard into a narrow passage where they come suddenly upon a suspicious-looking object, which is really an old

black "top" hat, battered

out of all resemblance to its original form. Some excuse may be found for the anxiety depicted in the straining attitudes of these poor birds, for in the days of Fenianism and dynamite who, especially a goose, could know what the contents of such a "parcel" might be? It suggests the most uncomfortable possibilities, and though their ignorant brethren behind are crowding forward to catch a glimpse of the mystery, those in front are overwhelmed with consternation. The picture, for which Mr. Holloway paid £1,732 10s. (or, it may be interesting to note, at the rate of £91 3s. 8d. per goose), recalls two others by the same artist, 'The Last Spoonful'—the anxiety of anticipation—and 'A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase'—the anxiety of pursuit.

'The Departure of the Diligence, Biarritz,' \* is by

\* Canvas 35 by 50. £451 10s.



*Taking Rest.* (p. 206.)  
By Thomas Faed, R.A.



*A Flaw in the Title.* (p. 206.)  
By E. Blair Leighton.

Abraham Solomon, the painter of the celebrated pictures 'Waiting for the Verdict' and 'Not Guilty.' Solomon, like many other men of genius, died when in the prime of life, at the age of thirty-eight. This work was the last he completed. The bustle of travellers here preparing to set out on their journey compares favourably with the scene Mr. Frith has represented in 'The Railway Station.' The sentiment is quieter, the colouring richer and more harmonious, and the several incidents represented do not detract from the composition of the picture as a whole. The distant view of the uphill street is charmingly picturesque. 'A Street in Cairo,' by David Roberts, R.A., is a characteristic and celebrated example of the painter. It was formerly in Mr. E. Bicknell's notable collection, and is an interesting instance of the remarkable rise in the prices of Roberts's pictures. The artist received fifty guineas for it in 1846, and in 1863 it realised £530 5s., while twenty years later Mr. Holloway paid £745 10s. for it. 'The Cauld Blast,' by J. H. S. Mann, is a pathetic picture of an old Scotchman tenderly protecting his little granddaughter from the cold winter wind.

In his effective subject, of which an illustration is given on page 203, 'The Missing Boat,'\* Mr. E. Nicol, A.R.A., has, without being in the least degree morbid, produced a work in which lies all the elements of a tragedy. The spectator may at will conjure up in his imagination the sequel to this subject. An hour ago dawn broke upon this scene after a night of storm and tempest; a dreary night of anxious watching it must have been to the young wife who is straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of her husband's boat. The father, an old fisherman, has come down with her and her boys to the pier-head, and his experienced eye seems to have discerned a something which he is endeavouring to persuade her is the long-looked-for craft. The ancient mariners farther on have their doubts about it, though, and if their expressions go for anything, the poor wife, like Hero of old, will have watched in vain. Let us, however, believe that the weatherbeaten Scotch sailor knows better than to deceive his daughter with false hopes. His is a keen eye, and he is pointing with a determination that seems to admit of no dispute, and it is evident that in his opinion the bread-winner will soon weather the gale and be restored to his anxious friends. The effect of wind and spray is cleverly caught, and the expressions of the faces and the family likeness of the three generations are excellent.

\* Canvas 34 by 46. £703 10s. Collection of T. F. Walker, Esq.

Another well-known Scotch painter is represented in 'Taking Rest,'\* by Thomas Faed, R.A. (see page 207). It is an early work of the artist, and, if less ambitious than usual, has a refined quality of technique.

The story told by Mr. Blair Leighton in the picture reproduced on the previous page, might have been made more clear to the observer. Apparently the young man to the left of the table is the owner of the parchment which is being so doubtfully scanned by his lawyer. But the former bears a careless, happy-go-lucky expression which does not quite fit in with the subject, 'A Flaw in the Title.'† Its dramatic possibilities have been to some extent lost in the portrayal of actual detail. Mr. Blair Leighton revels in actual detail.

Painstaking in its mechanism, as this work undoubtedly is, one cannot help feeling that if the artist would give us a little less of the visual representation of nature, of the outward seeming of things, we should gain more of the mental impression. "Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together." More of the heart and less of the hand would make Mr. Blair Leighton's pictures even more admirable than they are.

Turning for a moment to Screen II., where there are a dozen beautiful little cabinet pictures, I can at present only note three of them. These are 'Early Sorrow,'‡ by J. H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 'Expectation,'§ by F. D. Hardy, and 'After a Storm,'|| by C. Stanfield, R.A. Of the first, the sweet, sad-faced little girl may be seen by the reproduction, on page 204, to be a typical Le Jeune. The illustration, of course, suffers for the want of the delicate colouring, but it nevertheless successfully tells its story. Hardy's delightful little interiors are so widely known that a lengthy reference to this one, which is reproduced on the same page, is needless. It is painted in his best manner, and is an excellent example of this clever painter. I hope to have more to say about Stanfield in a future article, when referring to his large and important works, 'The Pic du Midi,' and 'Battle of Roveredo.' The present work speaks for itself in the illustration given herewith.

C. W. CAREY.

(To be continued.)

\* Canvas 33 by 25. £745 10s. Collections of J. Farnworth, Esq., and E. Hermon, Esq., M.P.

† Canvas 24 by 36. £162 15s. Collection of T. Taylor, Esq.

‡ Panel, 12 by 10. £54 12s. Collection of T. F. Walker, Esq.

§ Panel, 9 by 12. £99 15s. Collection of S. Mayou, Esq.

|| Millboard, 8½ by 13. £162 15s. Collection of S. Mayou, Esq.



*After a Storm.* (p. 206.)

By Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.



*Landscape.*  
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.



*Landscape.*  
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.

## NEW GAINSBOROUGHS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE generous gift recently made by the Misses Lane to the National Gallery of six Gainsboroughs and a small oval portrait of the master by Zoffany, is one of the most acceptable that the great collection of British masters has received for a number of years. Made with commendable simplicity, without flourish of trumpet or roll of drum, it is quite possible that it may be underestimated, and the more so because the pictures included in the gift, though exquisite of their kind, are not exactly of a sensational character. Each, however, is charming in its particular style, and one of them—the portrait-study of two dogs—shows Gainsborough in a rôle in which he was not hitherto to be studied in the national collection. The Misses Lane are the daughters of the well-known engraver and member of the Royal Academy, Richard T. Lane. Mr. Lane was a grand-nephew of Gainsborough. The pictures presented by his daughters once belonged to Miss Gainsborough, and were preserved in her home at Acton. After her death they passed into friendly hands, and then through the new owners into those of Mr. and Mrs. Lane. We learn that the small picture by Zoffany was, in Gainsborough's family, thought to be the best portrait of him. We propose to refer briefly to the new additions one by one; though it may be readily conceded that they introduce themselves, with the unmistakable frankness of appeal peculiar to Gainsborough, and thus call for no detailed analysis.

The 'Portrait of Miss Gainsborough' represents the painter's elder daughter—the one who gave to the Royal Academy of Arts the fine portrait of her father, by himself, to which reference is almost invariably made when a likeness of the great English portrait-painter and landscapist is required. It will be remembered that the younger daughter, Mary, married Johann Christian Fischer, the well-known hautbois player, whose portrait by Gainsborough at Hampton Court is a masterpiece of the very first order. Both sisters were depicted by their father in a superb canvas of unusual dimensions, and

unusual solidity of technique, which was, by its owner, Mr. S. Whitbread, contributed to the memorable Gainsborough Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. The picture added to the National Gallery, and here reproduced, is believed to be the one mentioned in Fulcher's "Life," as "Portrait of one of his daughters—of the size of life, the head nearly in profile, relieved from a light sky, and surrounded by an oval, etc." It stands in many respects a complete contrast to the fashionable portraits of the artist, supreme as these are in swiftness and certainty of execution, as in elegance and vivacious charm. The head of the sitter, who lacks beauty yet commands sympathy, is modelled with surprising firmness and precision; and indeed, in no essential element of the portrait is there any of that shirking of which the English Van Dyck could on occasions be guilty. Those whose ideal is Gainsborough's "fashionable beauty" portrait, may at first be a little disappointed with this work; yet it has certain qualities, both of conception and execution,



*Rustics with Donkeys.*  
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.



*Two Dogs—Tristram and Fox.*  
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.

which give it a place of its own, certainly not below even the most attractive of these. Admirable is the skill, veiled by seeming ease, with which the half-length is placed in its oval open to the sky; the folds of the overhanging drapery, which breaks the monotony of the simulated frame, just giving to the whole that air of impromptu which so *intime* a portrait may fittingly have. In his pictures of the world in general, Gainsborough sought for, and triumphantly achieved, the qualities of vitality, sprightly grace, joy of existence; in family pieces—as here—he allowed the note of pathos to dominate.

The portrait-group of two dogs, 'Tristram and Fox (?)' is, of its class, incomparable. It is worthy to rank on terms of equality with the famous 'Pomeranian Dog and Puppy,' about which, in "Nollekens and his Times," J. T. Smith tells so amusing an anecdote. In the latter, which has more important dimensions than our picture, we have the hairy favourites of Charles Frederick Abel, the violin-player, who were so often portrayed with and without their master, by Gainsborough. In a well-known full-length of the player by the painter, lent by Mr. C. J. Wertheimer to the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1894, one of these dogs lies comfortably under the table. In the beautiful 'Perdita (Mrs. Robinson),' of Hertford House—that masterpiece, the opalescent sheen of which enables it there to bear unabashed the neighbourhood of Velasquez and Van Dyck—a Pomeranian, perhaps one of these, gives his company to the fair one, and makes an important element in the light, bright colour harmony. The 'Tristram and Fox' of the National Gallery needs no new description, since, in as good a reproduction as was obtainable under the circumstances, it is before the reader. The background has unfortunately darkened, so that the admirable *désinvolture* of the composition—careless only to the casual observer—is partly lost, and with it some of the contrast between the intense eagerness of the one beast, and the sleepier, yet not wholly unwatchful aspect of the other. Were ever dogs painted with the swift mastery of brush, with the marvellous comprehension of the true "doggy" nature, revealed both here and in the picture just now mentioned—save, indeed, by Velasquez? The Spanish master is no doubt supreme in the painting of dogs as

in the painting of their masters. Still, those who sat to him were, as a rule, splendid monumental beasts, not less remarkable for dignity than for life. A nearer approach to vivacity marks those who keep guard over the infant Don Balthasar Carlos in his portraits by the court-painter, but even here the keynote is repose. To accompany the frigid hauteur, the mechanical distinction of the Spanish monarch, prince, or grandee, mere canine impatience would be out of place. As compared with Gainsborough's vivacious truth and unaffected simplicity, how forced does the method of a Landseer appear, who seeks to fix the interest of the beholder by showing him the soul of a man in the body of a dog!

The two small landscapes are charming examples of Gainsborough's earlier manner. The one with the beech-tree in the foreground must have preceded its companion in point of date. It belongs clearly to the Suffolk period, and recalls, in tonality as in general style, the important work, 'Great Cornard Wood,' which now faces it in the National Gallery. The harmony is one of delicate greys, buffs, and greens, the chief motive of the picture being the skirt of a wood, in which forest-trees and the underwood round their roots make a delightful tangle. To many this unobtrusive truth, this communing with nature face to face, will prove more attractive than the sweeping breadth, the sunset splendour, the occasional emptiness and *à peu près* of the later time. Mr. Walter Armstrong, in his admirable monograph devoted to Gainsborough (Portfolio series), has pointed out that at this stage he must have been influenced by the Dutch landscapist, Wynants. If, however, he can be said to be here under such an influence, it must be owned that he is paraphrasing very freely with constant reference to nature, and altogether *en mieux*. The pendant landscape appears to me to be of somewhat later date. It may belong to the next stage in the artist's career—the Bath period—but as to this I should not like to be positive. The dominant influence is here no longer the landscape art of Wynants, but rather that of Ruysdael or Hobbema.

The least satisfactory thing in the small group of new additions is the monochrome sketch in oils—or heightened in the lights with oil colour—"Rustics with Donkeys." This betrays a certain false *chic*, a certain hastiness without true certainty or expressiveness, of which the



*Portrait of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*  
By Johann Zoffany, R.A.

master, in his moments of slap-dash, was quite capable. And then there is always something dolly and mechanical about Gainsborough's children—be they even the famous rosy-cheeked cottagers, or the ragged gipsy urchins. It is here that he, the married man, compares so disadvantageously with Reynolds, the bachelor. Nobody would want to take up Gainsborough's simpering little beings, and hug them to squealing point, as Horace Walpole, of all people, longed to do when he looked upon one of Sir Joshua's loveliest, the little girl in the snow, known as 'Winter.'

On a different footing is the monochrome in oils—'Study of an Old Horse'—one of those perfect things in which, by the magic of the painter whose eye and hand here prove themselves equally unerring, the subject is realised once for all in its essence. The structure, the character of the poor old beast who has seen so much service, are put before the beholder with such authoritative skill, and yet with such economy of means, that any additional elaboration would—he is made to see—be worse than superfluous. The design, too, of the broadly-handled study is charming. Here, as in the pictures of dogs, an inborn sympathy with the brute world is made manifest in the most unaffected fashion. Last, but not least, comes the little oval

portrait (unfinished in the accessories) of the master, by Zoffany. This has not, perhaps, the charm, the appealing anxiousness which win us in the Royal Academy portrait by Gainsborough himself. Zoffany underlines in his illustrious sitter the irritability, rather than the sensitiveness which obtains pardon for it. Yet the portrait is none the less interesting, as a piece of downright, thoroughly realistic portraiture, and thus as a document. This is just the man to fire up, and do in haste what he would afterwards repent at leisure; as the original too often did. Looking at it, we recall, and perfectly well realise, the occasion on which "he dashed a wet brush across the face of a finished portrait, in his vexation at hearing an arrogant sitter inquire whether 'that fellow Gainsborough' had finished his picture" (see Armstrong's "Thomas Gainsborough," p. 64). If we want to understand the man's artistic individuality, to know

how looked in his better moments the painter of the 'Blue Boy,' 'Mrs. Graham,' 'David Garrick,' 'Mrs. Sheridan,' 'Mrs. Portman,' let us rather turn to his own interpretation of himself, and behold him with all that eagerness in his own eyes which he so well knew how to kindle in those of his sitters, and his dogs.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



*Portrait of Miss Gainsborough.  
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.*



*Study of an Old Horse.  
By Thos. Gainsborough, R.A.*



*Group of Five Blue-and-White Vases.*

## A NORTHERN HOME.\*

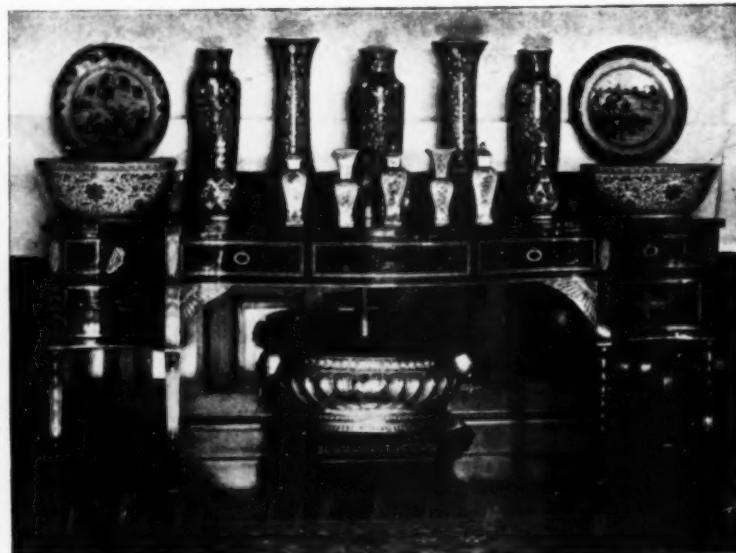
### V.—THE CHINA, ETC.

A NOTHER fine piece of Sheraton furniture in this collection is the large and elegant mahogany inlaid sideboard, which serves to display some of his "blue-and-white" (see our illustration on this page). It is of unusual length and gracefully shaped. On the back shelf will be seen an extremely fine and rare set of jars and beakers of the pattern known to the trade as the "rose and ticket," a group which is repeated on a larger scale above. The whole surface is covered with an intricate pattern of roses and foliage in white upon a finely modulated skyblue ground. On the shoulders of the jars and near the top of the beakers will be observed some lozenge-shaped white spaces, which are the "tickets." This is a rare pattern and a complete "set" (three jars and two beakers) of this size and quality is very seldom met with. On the lower level is another "set" of uncommon shape and decoration, and this is flanked by two large bottles of a deeper blue; the large bowls on each side of these are red and white. On the opposite page are represented the dining-room chimney-board and overmantel which have been described in the first article of this series. The largest of the pieces of porcelain in this illustration is a noble mandarin vase decorated with figures, and fine both in taste and colour. In the centre of the shelf below is a plate which once belonged to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, it will be remembered, was one of the first collectors of blue-and-white in England. Its flat edges show that it was made for the European market, probably for a dinner service

(this collector has about twelve plates of the same kind), but its pattern is unusual and elegant, and both the "blue" and the "white" are much finer than are usually found in table ware. This specimen is flanked in our illustration by two choice bottles of the same old Nankin ware. On the chimney-board itself are standing three jars (with covers) and two beakers, the whole forming another complete set of the rarest kind, for these are called by an audacious paradox "*short long Elizas*"—that is to say, "*long Elizas*" (the British equivalent of "*lange lizen*," a name given by the Dutch to the slender female figures with which they are decorated), and "*short*" on account of their somewhat squat form in comparison with that of the vases on which these figures are usually found.

It is one of the most valuable properties of fine pieces of blue-and-white as decorative objects (especially of Chinese of the finest kind) that their simple colour harmonises with everything, like the sky itself,

and I need not remind the lovers of "Nankin" that it was the ideal of one of the old Chinese Emperors that the blue should be as deep and brilliant as that of the sky after rain. They look well upon Mr. Sanderson's mahogany sideboard, they decorate even more effectively his dark woodovermantel, and in conjunction with the satinwood of his drawing-room



*Sheraton Sideboard with China.*

they make a still more exquisite and delicate harmony. Some of the pieces already described will be recognised inside the beautiful satinwood cabinet on the next page, which with its inlaid panels I have already noted as one

\* Continued from page 138.

of the most charming objects in the drawing-room. The Dutch were perhaps the first Europeans to thoroughly appreciate the decorative value of "blue-and-white," the qualities of which they endeavoured (with surprising success, also, in their finest Delft) to reproduce in pottery, and a great deal of what is now regarded as the finest "blue-and-white" was probably imported by them, and indeed made for them, in the eighteenth century.

How much they delighted in it is patent from the frequency with which specimens of it, or imitations of it, are seen in Dutch pictures, decorating the tops of cabinets and cupboards, or hung upon the wall, and immense quantities of the finest quality are still to be found in private houses and public galleries in the Netherlands. Yet perhaps the power of it *en masse* to give light and colour to an interior, and harmonize heterogeneous objects, has never been felt till comparatively recent times, nor anywhere more than in this country. It is so employed in this house, and especially in the drawing-room, which contains three satinwood cabinets, through the glazed doors of which shelves full of this beautiful ware gleam delightfully. On the top of the cabinet we figure, and also in a separate illustration overleaf, appear the forms of a magnificent set of Old Imari ware, commonly known as "old Jap." This was the earliest kind of Japanese porcelain imported into Europe, and is said to have been made specially to suit European taste, although it was certainly not influenced by European models, like the hybrid monstrosities which crowd our shops to-day. No ware more stately in a fantastic way, or richer in the combination of a few strong but mellow colours with gilt, has ever been made than this "old Jap," and the "set" here, with

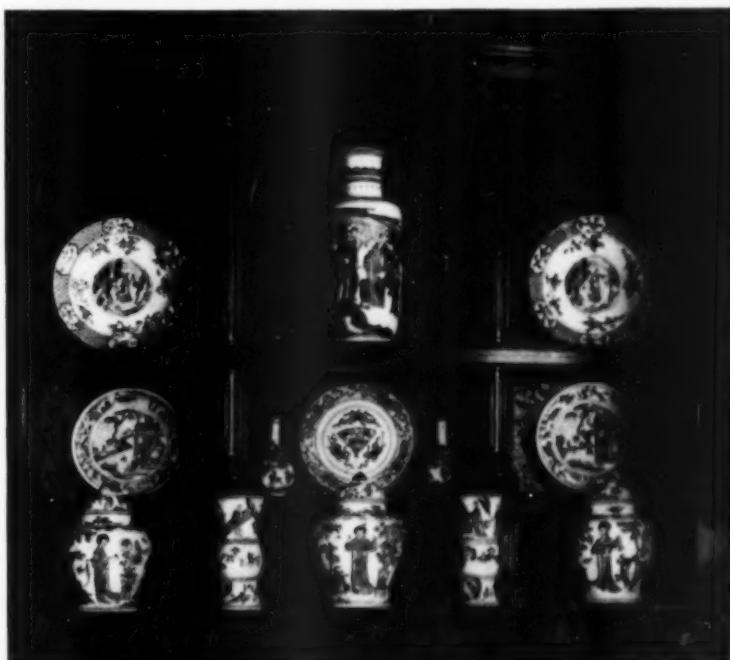
its flower panels of red and gold on a white ground framed in deep blackish blue, is a grand example of it.

This collector's collection of polychrome Chinese porcelain is not, perhaps, so extensive as that of his "blue-and-white," but it contains a number of choice specimens. It is, indeed, so spread about on every available shelf and cornice throughout the house that the present chronicler cannot pretend to have anything like an exhaustive knowledge of it. In the billiard-room there are pieces upon brackets, which looked as though they would repay a closer inspection, and in a bedroom he discovered, on the mantelpiece, a fine old piece of celadon in an old French mount, and one of those rare and beautiful pieces in which dark blue is painted on a light blue ground, and the blossoms of the flowers in the panels are touched with delicate pink and laid on in relief in slip. Three pieces selected for one of our illustrations on the next page are all excellent specimens of choice varieties of the innumerable phases of Ceramic Art

in China. In the centre is a very fine piece of "powder" blue, sometimes called "Mazarin," brilliant as lapis-lazuli, with polychrome decorations in the panels, in which the dog Fo and other curious objects and flowers are represented in the liveliest and finest enamels. This piece is remarkable for its size as well as its quality. On the left of it is a double-walled vase, with perforated network, the plain surface of which is covered with a rich plum-coloured glaze; and on the right is one of those rare and antique vases in which the panels have been incised with patterns, round which a rim has been left to confine the coloured glazes within the spaces



Satinwood Cabinet with China.



Blue-and-White China on Mantelpiece in Dining-room.

they are designed to decorate. It has "elephant" handles moreover, and is throughout full of character.



Set of Old Imari Vases and Beakers.

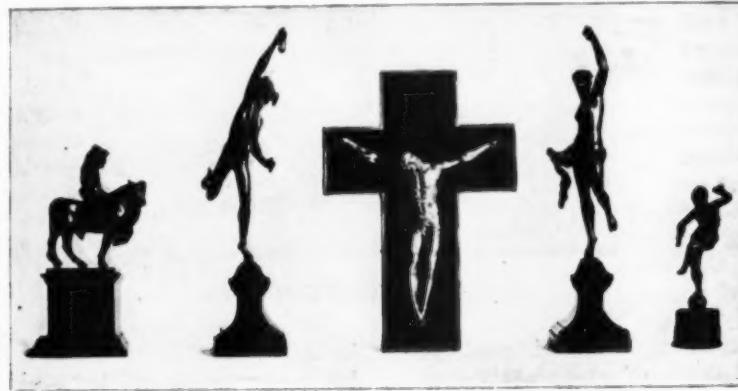
On another plate (opposite) will be seen two "hawthorn" or "prunus blossom" ginger jars, and between them the most unique piece of china that Mr. Sanderson possesses. It is of that most brilliant and yet soft red, like a blood-red ruby, which under the name of "Sang de Boeuf" is more rare and more valued than any other of the marvellous series of Chinese "self" glazes.

It has been said that rubies themselves were used to produce this coveted colour, which, notwithstanding the greatest care, could never be depended upon. Out of perhaps a thousand failures this vase has proved a success. It differs from all other sang-de-boeuf vases I have ever seen, in that the red is more pure throughout — more beautiful, and it covers the whole surface of the vase with more cloudlike undulations. This piece alone is almost enough to distinguish a collection.

But this collector's taste in Ceramics is not confined to porcelain and the produce of Chinese kilns. Here and there in corners of cabinets will be found pieces of Persian ware, amongst which I happened upon two very elegant saucer-bowls of fine shape and decoration, and some pieces of lustre, blue and red, and

elegant set of silver-gilt communion plate (opposite), may be regarded as another nucleus, and one which it will be hard to surround with kindred objects of equal beauty; nor, if his future fancy should lead him to collect enamels, will he find it easy to acquire many pieces of ancient *champlevé* which can rival in beauty and character the two Byzantine

reliquaries which appear on each side of the chalice. And here my summary survey of Mr. Sanderson's china



Sixteenth-Century Bronzes.



Group of Polychrome Chinese Vases.

and miscellaneous objects must cease without any pretence of being exhaustive. In dealing with such a collection, finality, as I think I have observed before, cannot be expected, for it is still growing, and has, I understand, since I last saw it received many important additions, especially in the section of "blue and white." In the acquisition of bronzes, plate, enamels, and many other heterogeneous

objects, Mr. Sanderson shows that he has the spirit of the Art collector, who is tempted by beauty and curiosity of all kinds, even when they lie somewhat outside

his more predominant tastes; even these are numerous enough, as will be gathered by our readers, who have had at least some, if but an inadequate, description of his house and its sumptuous decoration, of his English pictures, of his furniture, and of his china. In addition to all these classes, one more, and certainly not the least important of them, remains to be dealt with, viz., his collection of Old

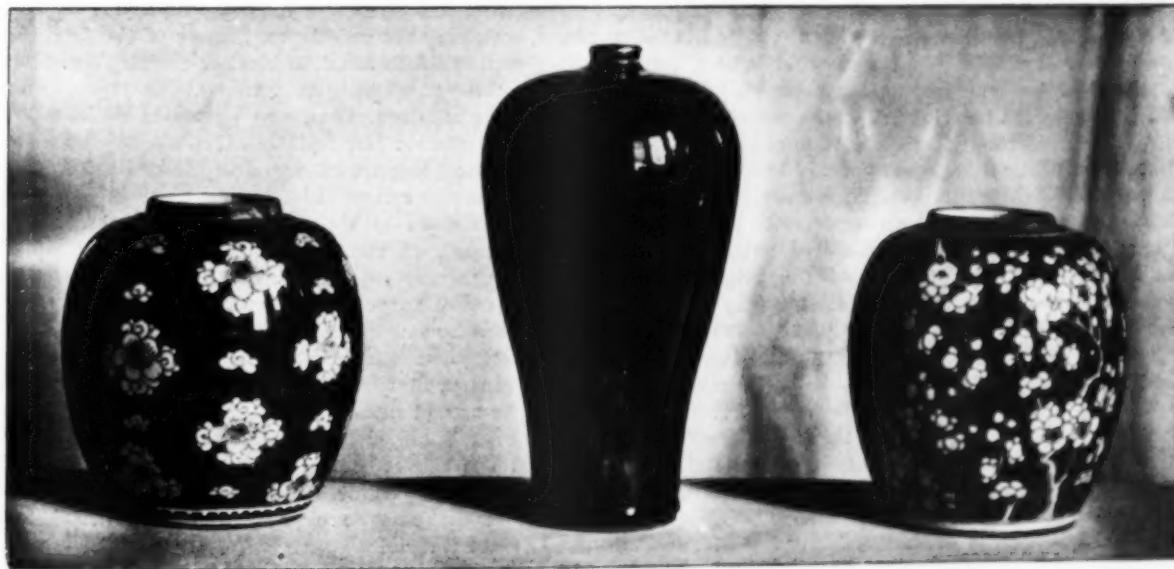
Masters of the Flemish and Spanish Schools.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

(To be concluded.)



*Communion Plate and Two Reliquaries.*



*Hawthorn Pots and Vase (Sang de Boeuf).*



*The Setting Sun.*  
From a drawing by A. Legros.

## ALPHONSE LEGROS.\*

IT would be well for those who wish to study Legros' work, that I should insist somewhat on a remark which has, I believe, some importance : there is no line to be drawn between his imaginative works and those done from life ; between them there is no marked transition, they both form part of the same poem. The vast landscapes peopled with great powerful sombre trees, with uneven distances, and a sky torn across with pale sickly light, or the same landscapes inhabited with working human life, as in the great plate of the 'Bûcherons,' or lugubriously, as in perhaps the most tragic plate of all, the 'Mort du Vagabond,' offer just the same side of humanity and poetry, as well as a fine reality, as 'La Sortie de la Procession,' or 'La Mort de St. François.' It is the same spirit that animates those plates, not perhaps the most important of his etched work, as form, but which all have an element of terror—there is no other word which suggests the effect they have on one—'Les Pestiférés de Rome,' where the massing of the figures produces a most striking effect, 'Les Mendians anglais,' or 'Les Vagabonds de Mont Rouge,' where one finds that Legros, long before certain painters of to-day who take upon themselves the credit of its invention, has observed the savage picturesqueness of the manufacturing environs of Paris. In contemporary Art, one can find scarcely anything comparable with this trilogy of misery, although he presents them to us as in worn, but not in hopeless garb. One feels instinctively that this man who has seen all these things, will again take refuge in the solitude of trees and slopes, river banks and hills, where he will take note of the play of light on the ridges of the ground, and in the corners of the

Concluded from p. 108.

barn, watching the quietly busy forms of the farm hands, wood-cutters, fishermen, and other simple folk. For in truth, without wishing to underrate in any way other men justly admired, when one passes in review all this work, one cannot but feel that it is a profound piece of injustice on the part of our time, that Legros has not yet had his place given him beside Courbet and Millet ; for he has risen as high as they (to my mind, indeed, even higher), at the same time having accomplished something entirely different.

But to what purpose do I say this ? since Legros, at a time when he was already a considerable artist, and daily becoming more masterly, was so little appreciated in his own country, that he was forced to come to England to see if he would not be treated more in accordance with his merit. Some of the most distinguished Englishmen offered him the courteous welcome on which he had at least the right to count. This happened thirty years ago ; the most enthusiastic over Legros' work at that time was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who put himself, indeed, at his disposition ; another, between whom and Legros there exists a warm and unbroken friendship, was G. F. Watts, whom we in France regard as one of the greatest artists and noblest men England has yet had. Some consolation certainly lies in this, and I leave it to the future biographer to develop this chapter of the painter's life.

The arrival of Legros in London soon became a sort of conquest ; if since then he has retired into comparative solitude, at that time everyone was subject to his charm. In Paris we all knew this attractive side of his character, but London was soon to see a new incarnation, and an important one : that which made him Professor Legros.

To this new task he gave himself up entirely, and with great zeal. He taught in public, holding conferences without, indeed, opening his lips—talking is useless at such a time—when he worked under the eyes of his pupils and the rest of the public. In this manner he travelled all over England, leaving behind him studies which are for the most part jealously treasured up (but the money value of which will only, perhaps, be apparent later) where they were painted. In this manner he did a good number of portraits, for his own pleasure. It would seem to have been, as it were, a debt he wished to repay; to pay back those from whom he had received kindness and sympathy, he portrayed all England. That he imagined that the prime duty of a master was to set a fine example, proves how simple is, in reality, an imperious and impatient nature such as his. It seems to me that the beauty of this impatience for action is neither sufficiently understood nor properly appreciated. Drawing is a complete language in itself, serving as a perfectly clear bond between men of whatsoever country they may be; he who is unable to make use of it as a means of instruction is not a complete teacher, since he must needs have recourse to explanations, that is to say, to means which are foreign to drawing itself. We may also mention that if Legros had these feelings of gratitude for his welcome in England—and he showed it, I think, in a very marked manner—he in his turn made it a duty to use any influence he might have for his countrymen who came to him in London. Among the pupils who have done their master honour, I must especially mention William Strang, Charles Holroyd, Tuke, Jacomb Hood, Sichel, Will Rotherstein; let it be his pupils' duty to render him such homage as their friendship and admiration may dictate; I am inclined to think that certain among them are resolved to do this, and do it, indeed, largely.

A remarkable side of his personality is, during both his French and his English experiences, the absolute independence and incessant activity of his mind. However taken up with his professional duties, the artist never ceased to produce and to aim at, in his production, the highest possible perfection. His talent, indeed, assumed at this time a distinguished breadth. One finds him accomplishing splendid large canvases, etchings in which he daily became more masterly, and sculpture. It was at this time that he produced that fragment, so astonishingly pure in style, 'A Young Girl's Torso,' and many medals in relief, that side of Art which no one understands better than he, conforming as he does with the great tradition, in a broad and robust style, attacking the medal immediately in its definite dimensions, which

is in truth the only honest way, diametrically opposed to the littleness and poverty of means, not to say charlatanism of many modern medallists, whose work is not unfrequently reduced to scale by mechanical process.

Although Legros produced such admirable paintings as the 'Femme en prière,' now destined to go to the Tate collection, and 'Le Christ mort,' a work now hanging in the Luxembourg, and also many large sad landscapes, where the toil of man pits its fragile strength against the brutal and unrelenting strength of nature; he is also the artist of those magnificent drawings in gold point which will remain among the most precious relics of our day, many fine studies and drawings done as drawings by a humble and amorous lover of line, of which he can never do enough, just as the scholar surfeits himself with pure scholarship. As an etcher Legros' work continues: proofs are added to proofs, his dramatic imagin-

ings take an intensity of form which seems to bring back to us with an equal force, but in another note, the finest inspirations of his youth. Among these are the series dealing with the triumph of death, the 'Secours aux Pauvres,' many new portraits, landscapes, and above all, perhaps, the magnificent plate, 'L'incendie au Village.'

The importance of all this vast number of canvases and proofs, on which this great talent has blossomed for coming generations, I have been able to indicate rapidly. I am happy to know that the England, which thirty years ago so warmly welcomed Professor Legros, does not forget that it is within her hospitable walls that the greater part of the career of a master whose mind is so perfectly alive to the thought of his day, yet continues directly the

traditions of the most illustrious craftsmen of the past, was spent. It is a gracious thing that M. Legros has had this certainty of appreciation, and that he has been forced to some extent out of that retirement into which his work and his pride had drawn him.

One of the happier events of his late years was a joyous ray of sunshine, come to him through the invitation of his pupil and devoted friend, to come and join him in Italy. The temptation proved too strong, Legros gave way to it. In his company he saw again with the eyes of a man, moulded by experience with the eyes of a master, those same things which had long ago aroused in him so fervent an admiration. Some things he had never seen made him young with delight once more: Giotto at Assisi, Fra Angelico and Bonfigli at Perousi, Piero della Francesca at Arezzo, Correggio at Parma, such were the stages of his journey. As Correggio at the beginning of his career, he could review his life and say, "I too have been a painter." It was in Italy



*Portrait of Mr. Maxim.  
From a drawing in gold point by A. Legros.*

that, with free and joyous hand, he drew in broad lines on an indifferent zinc plate, bought from some builder, a great landscape, one of those improvisations where a whole state of being is set down, through which an added significance is acquired later.

For no one but the collector knows what importance the smallest details assume, once time has achieved its object; so will it be with Legros' work. There will be many who will be glad to see the man himself, so true, so living in his own portraits; his severe fea-

tures, full of insight and pride, do not, however, show us all—they do not tell us of the intimacy of the great master, who in private life is so full of a child-like gaiety and candour.

And those whom we imagine in the future, will learn with pleasure, and will think it a good thing, that no artist produced a larger amount of work or was more disinterested, more occupied with Art, and less with popularity and success, than Alphonse Legros.

ARSENE ALEXANDRE.

## 'IN THE LOUVRE.'

BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET. ETCHED BY E. A. CHAMPOILLION.

THIS picture is one of the earlier works of the distinguished French painter, Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret, and affords a fresh proof of his brilliant and versatile genius. Although still a young man—he has only lately entered his forty-fifth year—M. Dagnan-Bouveret has been for more than twenty years before the public, and has attained the highest honours in his profession. In his student days, in 1876, he carried off the second Grand Prix de Rome; two years later he won a third-class medal in the Salon, and in 1880 a medal of the first-class. In 1889 his 'Breton Women at the Pardon' won for him the coveted prize of the Médaille d'Honneur. In 1885 he was made a Chevalier, and in 1892 Officer of the Legion of Honour. His merit had been recognised as fully abroad as at home: he received gold medals at the International Exhibitions of Munich, Vienna, and Ghent, and has been made a member of many foreign Academies. His classical and historical works, 'Atalanta,' 'Orpheus,' and 'Manon Lescaut,' were exhibited in 1875 and 1876, but his scenes of peasant life, 'The Wedding Party at the Photographer's,' 'The Nuptial Benediction,' 'The Accident,' 'Vaccination,' first brought him into prominence.

The intimate friend and companion of Bastien-Lepage, M. Dagnan-Bouveret painted these subjects with the same frank realism and sympathy, and, after the premature death of this lamented master, soon succeeded to the place which he had held in the public favour. All his work is thoughtful, earnest, and sincere. His portraits are marked by their admirable drawing, and modelling, and highly expressive character. His scenes from actual life are noted for their technical excellence and accurate observation, and are often brightened with a touch of humour. He has painted *plein air* effects and cottage interiors, church services and village processions. He has shown us peasants at work in the fields, horses drinking at the watering-trough, conscripts singing the Marseillaise and beating the drum as they march in the wake of the tricolour flag, pious country-folk kneeling with lighted tapers in their hands at some Breton *pardon*, old women receiving the consecrated bread, and wood-cutters lingering over their noonday meal to listen to the sound of rustic music in the heart of the forest. Of late years sacred themes have attracted his attention.

His 'Madonnas' and 'Christs' are remarkable for their deep and reverent feeling, and his grandest effort in this branch of art, the large picture of 'The Last Supper,' has commanded general admiration both in France and in our own country. And here this able and industrious master has turned his talents in another direction, and has given us a little bit of *genre* more in the style of Mr. Orchardson's Empire salons, or of Frank Millet's eighteenth-century interiors. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who is a great personal friend and fellow-student of Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., is now engaged on another large religious picture, which will be ready for the great exhibition in Paris in 1900.

The girl-artist we see here is working in the hall of modern French Masters in the Louvre, and, like thousands before her, is copying a group from Watteau's masterpiece 'The Embarkation for Cythera.' The great picture hangs on the wall behind. We see the joyous company of that festive scene, the gay cavaliers and sprightly ladies who go hand-in-hand with music and laughter down to the river, where the golden barge waits to bear them to the enchanted isle. We see the harmonies of rose and azure, the luminous haze of the distance—all that charmed world which lives in Watteau's wonderful fantasy. And in front of all this we see the clever patient little Frenchwoman at work on her copy, striving with brave industry to lay hold of some fragment of that magical creation and transfer its glowing colours and matchless poetry to her modest *plaquette*. All the details of the scene—the high wooden stool on which she sits, the colour-box open at her side, the canvases and picture-frames resting against the wall, the hat hanging on the easel, are painted with Dagnan-Bouveret's habitual ease and accuracy, and with a skilful management of light and shade that recalls the work of old Dutch masters. And the girl herself, in her white gown, with her frills and furbelows, and her fair hair loosely caught up in a knot at the back of her head, fits in well with the *rococo* frame on the wall and with the painter's general scheme of light and colour. She is a typical *Parisienne*, modern to the very tips of her dainty fingers, and yet for all her nineteenth-century dress and prosaic surroundings she harmonises well with the rest of the picture, and is not out of place in the foreground of Watteau's poetic dream.

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From the Painting by P.A.J. Dagnan-Bouveret.

Edited by E. Alphonse.

In the Louvre.





*Girl and Goats.*  
By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.

## THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.\*

HARDLY any better example of the modern school of nature painting could be found than 'The Setting Sun,' a picture by Mr. Adrian Stokes, which is one of the most fascinating of the many remarkable canvases with which Mr. McCulloch has filled his Gallery. It is in its qualities and manner the result partly of very exact observation of actual facts, and partly of intelligent appreciation of the work of other schools, and it combines delightfully the technical certainty of the greater landscape masters in the past with the ease of statement and the freedom of brushwork which are among the evidences of progress given by the most advanced of the present-day workers. In fact, it proves in what way the development of those branches of art practice which are soundly based upon the best authority is able to progress. The chief charm which the picture possesses lies in its sentiment, in the understanding which it shows of nature's intention and meaning. The repose of its rich glowing colour, the quietness and harmony of its tones, the exactness of its realisation of the particular atmospheric effect selected, all combine to give it a significance which would have been denied to it had it depended merely upon its extremely simple subject. Of subject, indeed, in the ordinary sense, it has hardly anything. The cattle and the milkmaid occupying the foreground are, after all, only accessories, and are quite subordinate to what is the real motive of the canvas, the expression of the quiet hush of still evening, and of the peaceful moment when at the close of a summer day the last warm rays of the sun are suffusing sea and sky with a rosy glow. Everything in the picture is in

happiest relation, perfectly in accord with the spirit of nature when in her gentlest mood, free from any hint of strife or struggle, and completely at rest.

The wife of the painter of the foregoing, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, shows in a small work, 'Girl and Goats,' a similar capacity to arrive at a memorable result without the use of spectacular material. What she has had here to paint can be reckoned only as another of the commonplaces of pictorial art, but by her manner of treating it she has made a slight subject of real artistic value. Her management of strong colour, her ability to understand and represent on a small scale the largeness of imposing scenery, her appreciation of the value of contrast, have by their combination operated to produce a picture which is welcome because it is both original in quiet way and decoratively satisfactory. The story it has to tell is by no means a matter for much attention, for it is merely a hint of something which is in need of no explanation. The rustic maiden who, bare-footed and clad in coarse

garments, walks slowly along occupied by her knitting and followed by her little herd of goats, is a heroine of small account, but she takes her place picturesquely as a foreground object. She is a spot of colour, giving a touch of living interest to a landscape which is, despite its brilliancy of sunlight and its grandeur of form, desolate and inhospitable. There is a poor living even for her goats to be got among the few straggling bushes which seem to exist with difficulty in the patches of

sandy soil between the rocks, and under such conditions her daily round of duties must ever be performed in obedience to the spur of necessity. But her very poverty keeps her in accord with her surroundings. The uncouth-



*The Setting Sun.*  
By Adrian Stokes.



*The Page.*  
By Mrs. Adrian Stokes.

ness of her dress, the patient endurance suggested by her attitude, and the unconscious acceptance of the inevitable which is felt in her gait and manner, are quite what it seems right to expect in a dweller at the foot of such mountains as are seen in the picture gleaming in the sunlight which shines upon their snow-clad summits. In such a region evidences of civilisation are out of place. Nature herself is rugged and stern, and she imposes upon the human beings who meet her when she is in such a mood something of her own severe simplicity.

In another picture by Mrs. Adrian Stokes, which hangs in Mr. McCulloch's gallery, we are taken at one step from fact to fiction, from a world of realism to another where fancy reigns.

'The Page,' this second canvas, in no way pretends to record any phase of the life about us. It is purely imaginative, a pretty phantasy

the two faces, between the expression of hopeless devotion which is worn by the lad, and the quiet unconsciousness of the maiden whose train he bears; but the contrast is a purely poetic one, and is not accentuated by



*Hearts of Oak.*  
By J. C. Hook, R.A.

treated in the spirit of mediæval romance, and in feeling and manner akin to the quaint tapestry designs, with the execution of which in by-gone centuries great dames occupied their many hours of leisure. This technical character is the outcome of the convention which the artist has adopted in dealing with her subject, a convention based chiefly upon decorative essentials, and disregarding almost entirely the possibilities of realism. The background, against which the figures are relieved, is a landscape indeed, but the trees, the sea, and the distant hills, which are combined to make it up, are treated simply as flat colour surfaces, filling important spaces, and by their arrangement providing a pleasant pattern of lines and hues. The figures themselves are in type quite consistent with the mediæval atmosphere of the picture. In dress, manner, and appearance they have little to connect them with the present day. The pale, wan page, with his spare figure and somewhat sorrowful cast of countenance, and the demure princess, with her close-fitting robe and golden crown, are drawn from a fairy-tale world untroubled by modern thoughts and ways. The artist has made something of a contrast between

any melodramatic touch. From anything so abstract to such a reflection of nature as Mr. Hook gives in 'Hearts of Oak' is a very definite change. The poetry in this picture is of a robust order, ringing with the sound of the sea and the sighing of the wind. He has painted an idyl of the coast, and its power and sturdy meaning are made none the less apparent by the fact that the incident round which he has built his story is simply a domestic one. For the life he represents is that of the sea, the hard and dangerous struggle with the forces of nature which is the unvarying lot of those who win from the deep waters their precarious subsistence. The moment the artist has chosen is one when the strain is relaxed, when the bread-winner has leisure to occupy himself with his children and to concern himself with their pleasures. Even then the influence of the sea is upon him. It is a boat that he is fashioning to delight the sturdy boy who is standing at his knee, and he is training the childish fancies of his little son to incline towards the same adventurous calling which he has himself followed from boyhood. The future of the lad, and his fitness to take part before long in fulfilling the sterner duties of a seafaring life, are suggested by the title of the picture. Both father and son are dignified by the artist as 'Hearts of Oak,' and he implies that in the younger generation will be found the same hardihood and courage which have made the elder strong to endure through many years. And the suggestion

made by the title is carried out most happily in the surrounding which Mr. Hook has provided for this family group. The rocky coast, too exposed and lashed by the wind to have gained any softening of its grim features by growth of luxuriant vegetation; the sea, quiet for the moment, but even in its semblance of repose surging sullenly round the dark rocks; the mist-laden air through which the sun shines dimly, all hint at the need for the possession by the dwellers in such a place of a spirit which nothing can daunt. Nature is, to them, a hard task-mistress, and her hand lies always heavily upon them. They cannot escape from her, and she shows them no mercy. Yet they make a good fight, with the determination of that dogged self-reliance which will never admit defeat. Even among these bleak forbidding rocks they have found a nook where they can draw the boats, upon which they depend for very existence, out of reach of the angry sea; and they regard that grim death-trap, the reef which a little way out at sea shows its jagged edges amid the breakers, as a protection to their harbour of refuge. They respect nature for her strength, they fear her, perhaps, for her stern assertion of her overpowering authority; but they are never afraid of meeting her face to face, and what advantages they can wrest from her in the strife they seize upon without hesitation. 'Hearts of Oak' certainly describes exactly the possessors of spirit such as this.

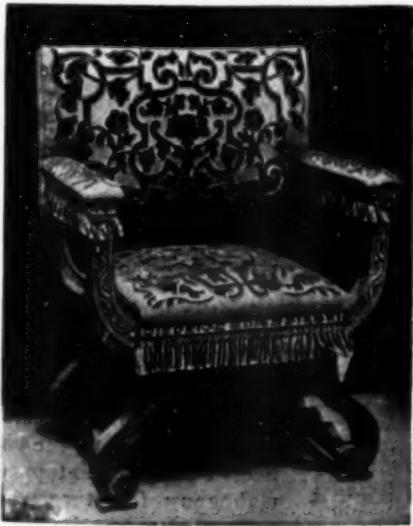
A. L. BALDRY.

(To be continued.)

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at the Royal Albert Hall was better, in most respects, than that of last year, although to the eyes of the artist or the skilled craftsman much of the work must naturally have seemed imperfect. All things considered, however, the progress shown is encouraging, and the work of the Association in introducing new industries and new ideas into remote rural districts, and in cultivating the latent artistic faculties of the artisan and the labourer, cannot be too highly commended. Here and there in the exhibition a piece of bad workmanship or inferior design might be seen, but the general level was a fairly high one. Mr. Harold Rathbone's show of Della Robbia ware from Birkenhead was very striking, and the

wood-carving from Southwold—executed chiefly by fishermen, under the direction of Mr. Voisey—was creditable alike to instructor and pupils. The Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts sent some really excellent work, especially in copper, hammered iron, and book-binding.



Arm-Chair in Carved Oak.  
(Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts.)



*The Purple Ship.*  
Example of Applique Tapestry (Haslemere).

We are glad to be able to give illustrations of several articles from this interesting exhibition. The altar candlesticks in carved oak and gun-metal, and the hot-water jug in repoussé copper, were made in the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, and the oak settle was constructed as well as carved in the Southwold class. 'The

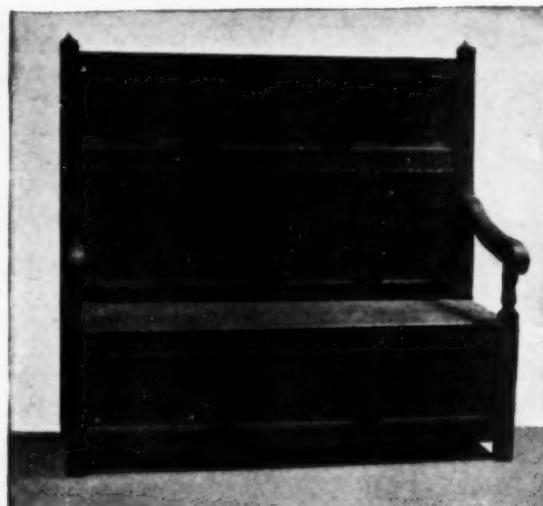
'Purple Ship,' with its gallery, dolphins, and sea-birds in *appliquéd* linen, is a good example of the so-called "peasant tapestry" which is worked at Haslemere, and used chiefly for wall-hangings and banners. The large *jardinière* in beaten copper—an admirable piece of work—was made at the Chiswick

School of Arts and Crafts, from whence also came the carved oak chair, the seat and back of which are upholstered in silk of a peculiar pale red, decorated with an elaborate design in *appliquéd* velvet. The two pieces of lace photographed are specimens of pillow sprig on machine net, and of English Lille, both of which were exhibited at the Bucks, Beds, Devon, and Northampton stall, by Mrs. Bruce-Clarke.



*Embroidered Frieze in Harris Linen.*

especially for curtains, *portières*, or wall-hangings, few materials are so beautiful as linen. Its pleasant surface quality is peculiarly attractive to the cultivated eye, and the fabric lends itself readily to the art of the embroiderer. The *portière* which is shown in one of our illustrations is an interesting example of embroidered linen work. The linen is of pale apple green, and the embroidery is carried out in flax thread in shades of blue, fawn, and gold. A second illustration shows a frieze of pale yellow linen embroidered with orange, buff, and peacock-blue threads, in a simple but effective design. Both are made of Harris linen, woven in Cumberland at the Cockermouth Mills, and at the same mills were spun and dyed the



*Carved Oak Settle.  
(Southwold.)*

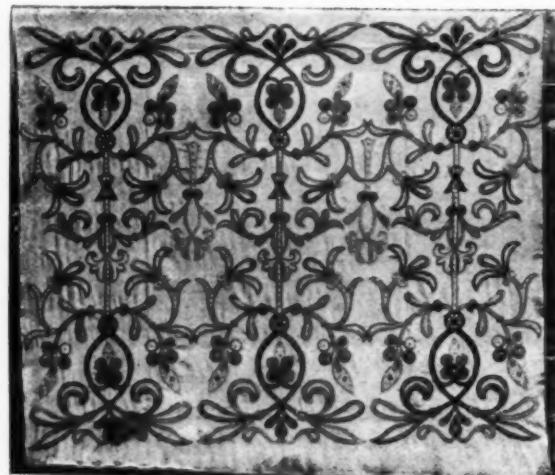


*Jardinière in Repoussé Copper.  
(Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts.)*

Among the needlework the Haslemere *appliquéd* linen work of Mrs. Godfrey Blount was distinguished by the originality and the quaint homeliness of its design, and there was an interesting exhibit of lace on the Bucks, Beds, Devon, and Northampton stall, for which Mrs. Bruce-Clarke and Miss Audrey Trevelyan were responsible. Good, both in design and workmanship, was a frieze in embossed leather from Porlock Weir, while some capital work in terra-cotta had been executed in the class organised by Mrs. G. F. Watts at Limnerslease.

For decorative purposes,

flax threads—lustrous and glossy as the finest silk—with which the designs are embroidered. The *portière* and frieze were recently exhibited at 25, Old Bond Street, the London showrooms of Messrs. J. Harris and Sons, among other fine examples of decorative and ecclesiastical embroidery on linen.



*Portière in Harris Linen.*

In the furnishing and decoration of the house innumerable changes of fashion have been seen during the last forty years. Fortunately for us the veneered and marble-topped mahogany furniture, the grained doors and panelings, and the other pretentious monstrosities of

the sixties have lost their vogue, and have been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, together with the hideous carpets and the glass-shaded wax fruit of the same period. There is a more general appreciation nowadays of sim-

plicity of form and harmony of colour, or more conscientious if less ornate workmanship. The oak side-board, of which an illustration is given, is one recently made by Messrs. Liberty, and its design is simple almost to severity. Its quaint shape and decorative outline are in perfect keeping with its curious Flemish hinges and fittings of hammered iron, and its oddly shuttered

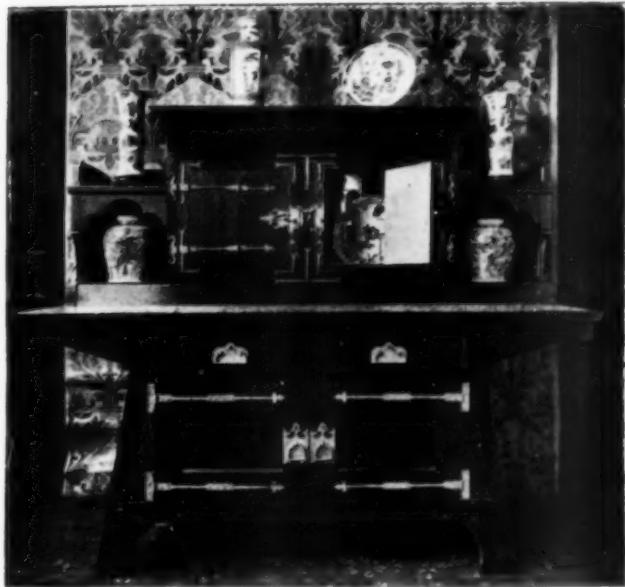


*English Lace. Pillow Sprigs on Machine Net.  
(Bucks, Beds, Devon and Northampton.)*

with the subdued tone of the oak.

Not yet, unfortunately, has the artistic poster invaded our walls and hoardings to any great extent, and the old-fashioned article, unattractive and vulgar as it usu-

ally is, still holds the first place in the popular estimation. A reason for this may, perhaps, be found in the fact



*Sideboard in English Oak.  
(Messrs. Liberty.)*

cupboards for china. The bookcase, which has just been designed by the same firm, is even simpler in construction than the side-board, although decorative and exceedingly attractive in general appearance. The circular leading of the glass-door and the bold curved hinge pleasantly relieve the general severity of form, while the rich colour of the broad band of beaten copper, with its inscription from Bacon, harmonizes well

1897.

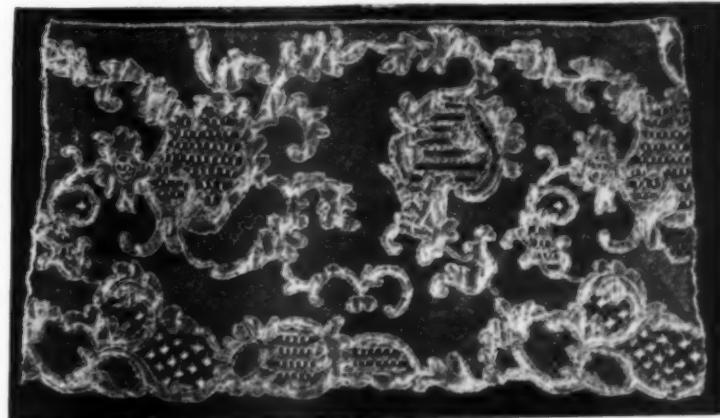


*Bookcase in Oak and Hand-wrought Copper.  
(Messrs. Liberty.)*

that an artist, when he designs a poster, is apt to treat it simply as a composition of line and colour without sufficiently considering its practical value as an advertisement.

Mr. Louis J. Rhead, whose posters were recently exhibited by Messrs. Hare and Co. at St. Bride's Institute, has attempted, with a great measure of success, to reconcile the conflicting claims of art and commerce. Perhaps in one or two of the exhibited

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*Specimen of English Lille Lace.  
(Bucks, Beds, Devon and Northampton.)*

designs he has sacrificed art to advertisement, while a few others, though beautiful as arrangements of colour, are without much value from the commercial point of view. In the majority of cases, however, the opposing interests are fairly balanced. Mr. Rhead is not afraid of colour, and he employs the brightest of pigments lavishly and in the most daring combinations, but, aided by a judicious use of white, the result is generally effective and harmonious. Among the more successful of the exhibits at St. Bride's Institute were two large posters

for illustrated magazines; a design for a music advertisement in orange, purple, and pale blue, representing a modern St. Cecilia seated at a grand piano; and a graceful poster for "Flower and Vegetable Seeds," of which we give a reproduction. In this design, in which hollyhocks, pansies, and other old-fashioned flowers are effectively introduced, the artist is more sparing than usual in the use of positive colour, and whites and the palest greys are largely employed.



*Altar Candlesticks in Oak and Gun Metal, and Hot-Water Jug in Repoussé Copper.  
(Keswick School of Industrial Arts.)*



*Design for Poster.  
"Flower and Vegetable Seeds."  
By Louis J. Rhead.*

## OBITUARY.

WE regret to record the death of Mr. George Thomas Robinson, F.S.A., Architect, who died on the 6th of May, in his sixty-ninth year. It is not so much as an architect, however, but as a master in household decoration, as a learned Art critic, and also as a war correspondent, that Mr. Robinson's laborious life is of interest. His work for THE ART JOURNAL, and the criticisms which, some years ago, made the *Manchester Guardian* a directing force in the Aesthetic movement of the time, must not be forgotten; and everybody in any way connected with the plaster-worker's art and craft will bear witness to his untiring efforts not only to revive public interest in this down-going industry, but to make its fine old history a source of inspiration to the working plasterers themselves. And it was no fault of his that he failed in this.

As Art critic, Mr. Robinson's chief characteristic was a wide sympathy with the best work of all the old schools, and of all honest, manly, unpretentious living artists and craftsmen. He never forced upon his readers any decisive standard of good taste, for he knew that no epoch ever repeats itself. Extreme views he disliked, and he ran counter to that exaggerated simplicity of style which is becoming ever the more popular here in England, and which is so feeble that even the hand

of Osric might have originated it. Manliness, vigour, breadth, invention were the qualities which he believed should be as common in modern English art as they are conspicuous in those chapters of our literary history which take us beyond the Victorian Era.

When the Franco-German War broke out, Mr. Robinson, as representative of The *Manchester Guardian*, followed in person the tragic misfortunes of France; and he was the only Englishman, we believe, who was shut up in Metz during the whole course of that memorable siege. The book on his adventures ranks with Mr. Russell's Letters from the Crimea, and will ever occupy an important place in the history of the war. Upon his return home, Mr. Robinson edited an artistic publication; then he became connected with the Messrs. Trollope, and henceforth devoted his talents to the decoration of great houses and ships.

WE have also to record the death, on April 28th, at the advanced age of 95, of Mr. J. C. Armytage, a once well-known line engraver, who between 1853 and 1887 executed many plates for this Journal. He also engraved a large number of plates for "Modern Painters," and Mr. Ruskin declared himself greatly pleased with their fine quality.

## LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

A DISPLAY of "Dramatic and Musical Art," by which is meant a show of pictures and portraits of incidents and people connected with the theatrical and



*Portrait of a Lady.*  
By Richard Cosway, R.A.

musical professions, could hardly fail to please the taste of a very large section of the community; and it acquires in this instance a great artistic importance from the fact that it has been possible to bring together in such a connection examples of the work of some of the most capable painters living and dead who rank as the chief ornaments of the British and foreign schools. What there is now to be seen at the Grafton Gallery is not merely archaeologically interesting or historically useful; it is a fine summary of pictorial achievements. Gainsborough is admirably represented by the Stratford-on-Avon portrait of 'David Garrick,' and by the delightful group of 'Miss Linley and her Brother'; Reynolds by 'Mdlle. Giovanni Bacelli,' and a 'David Garrick,' painted in 1776; Romney by a superb full-length of 'Richard Brinsley Sheridan,' and a graceful composition 'Titania reposing'; Hogarth by a large picture of David Garrick in character; Hoppner by his delightful full-length of 'Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor, as Miranda'; Sir Thomas Lawrence by a masterly sketch of 'Miss Maria Siddons'; and other men of equal note by sound evidences of their skill.

The most conspicuous canvas by a living painter is Mr. Whistler's superbly painted portrait of 'Sir Henry Irving as Philip,' a masterly piece of colour arrangement and fluent brushwork. This is very little known to the present generation, and we are happy, by consent of Sir Henry and of Mr. Whistler, to give a small reproduction of it. Other notable works are Mr. S. J. Solomon's

'Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Paula'; Mr. J. S. Sargent's well-known 'Miss Ellen Terry, as Lady Macbeth'; Senor Madrazo's 'M. Coquelin, as Don Cesar de Bazan'; Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Mons. Hollman,' 'Joseph Hoffman,' and 'The Violinist'; Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Mrs. Felix Semon,' and 'George Henschel'; Mr. G. F. Watts's 'Mrs. Langtry,' and 'Miss Dorothy Dene'; and the Hon. John Collier's 'Miss Cissie Loftus.' By modern artists recently deceased perhaps the finest picture is 'Mr. John Hare,' by Sir John Millais; and Edwin Long's 'Henry Irving as Hamlet.' Frank Holl's 'Signor Patti,' and Fred. Barnard's 'My First Pantomime' and 'My Last Pantomime' make welcome reappearance. A collection of theatrical prints, and personal relics, is also included in the exhibition.

At the galleries of the Fine Art Society the important historical collection of miniatures formed by Mr. J. Lumsden Probert was recently on view. It was an extremely valuable presentation of the Art of miniature painting from the time of Holbein to the middle of the present century; and it was made none the less interesting by the fact that among the works which came strictly under the definition of miniatures, were shown some little cabinet pictures by such notable painters as Hans Memling, Francois Clouet, Gonzales Coques, Janssens, Bronzino, Terburg, and Holbein. The accepted type of miniature was to be studied best in the examples of Cosway, Andrew Plimer, Samuel Shelley, and other



*Sir Henry Irving as 'Philip.'*  
By J. McNeill Whistler.

painters who flourished about the end of the last century.

Another series of Japanese pictures and drawings was put on view by Mr. Menpes in Messrs. Dowdeswells' gallery at the end of May. In these he had dealt with some aspects of the life of Japan, with the amusements and occupations of the people, with their picturesque ceremonials and pretty festivities. Many of the drawings showed the artificers busy with their trades—stencil cutting, as in the study produced; metal working; designing; and occupied with the details of various artistic crafts; others showed the colour and light effects of the theatres, or the feast of hues presented by processions and gatherings of priests or archers. Some again illustrated child life and domestic groups. All were handled with delicacy, and yet without



*The Stencil Cutter.*  
By Mortimer Menpes.

loss of character or expression.

Mr. Dudley Hardy in a recent exhibition at Messrs. Cliffs' gallery gave a pleasant display of his versatility and skill in the interpretation of artistic motives of very dissimilar types. Part of the collection which he had brought together for the occasion consisted of the humorous drawings by which he is best known to the general public; but with these he also exhibited a variety of oil

paintings of a much more serious kind. Some of these were figure compositions arranged to give form to sumptuous colour schemes, others landscape studies of great power, and others again pathetic scenes from peasant life. Perhaps the best of them all was the solitary figure of an old woman seated at a table, a picture bearing the title 'A Lonely Home.'

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE motion recently brought forward in the House of Lords with regard to Clause 20 of the Finance Act of last year respecting the Death Duties on Works of Art, was one of national importance, for it brought to light a possible reason for the numerous pictures recently leaving our private collections for the Continent. The clause as it now stands is not very clear. It reads as follows:—"Where any property passing on the death of a deceased person consists of such pictures, prints, books, manuscripts, works of art, scientific collections, or other things not yielding income as appear to the Treasury to be of national, scientific, or historic interest, and is settled so as to be enjoyed in kind in succession by different persons, such property shall not, on the death of such deceased person, be aggregated with other property, but shall form an estate by itself, and while enjoyed in kind by a person not competent to dispose of the same be exempt from estate duty; but if it is sold or is in possession of some person who is then competent to dispose of the same shall become liable for estate duty."

It has been suggested that rather than run the risk of encumbering their heirs with heavy duties, some owners of valuable private collections have thought it better to sell their pictures, which have been eagerly secured by Continental and American purchasers.

In the Annual Report of the Soane Museum it is interesting to notice the increase in the number of students, which in 1894, 1895, and 1896 was 12, 107, and 209, respectively. These figures are a proof that Sir John Soane's noble gift to the nation is becoming better known and more fully appreciated by those for whom it

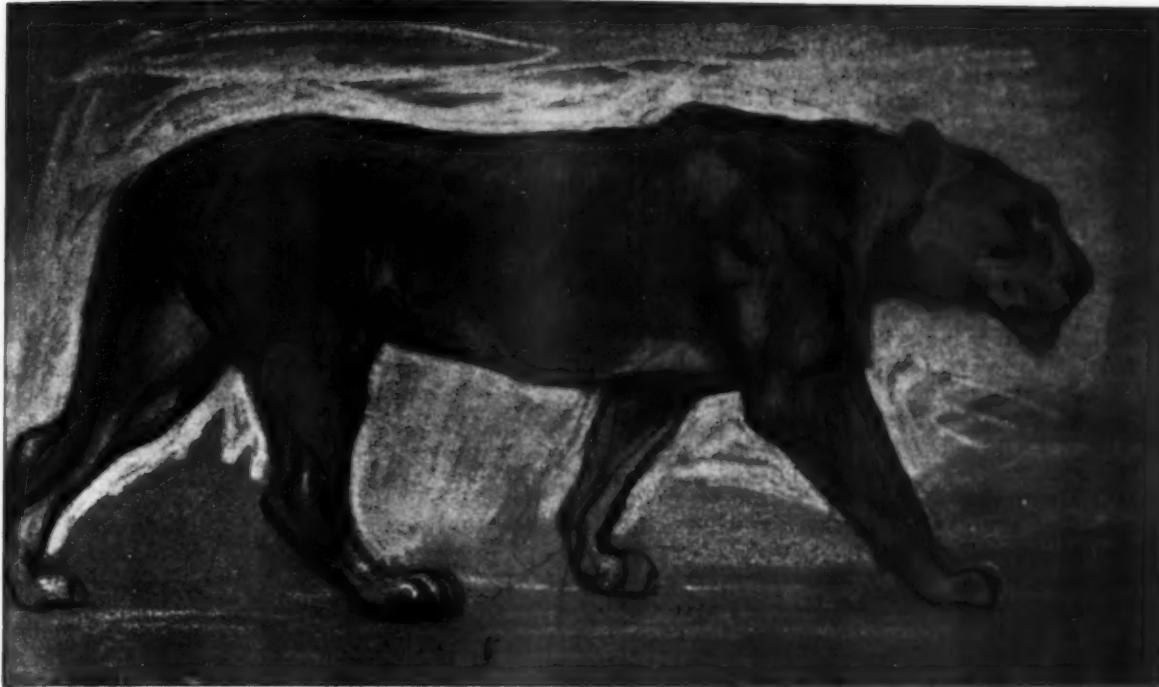
was intended. The number of visitors to the museum has varied very little, being 3,512, 4,940, and 4,860 respectively for the three years mentioned.

The sale of pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition appears to be rather smaller than usual this year. This is probably owing to the money which is being spent in connection with the Jubilee Commemoration. Among the most notable pictures which have been sold are Mr. Napier Hemy's 'Pilchards' for £1,200 (bought by the Chantrey Bequest); Mr. Boughton's 'After Midnight Mass' for £1,200; Mr. La Thangue's 'Travelling Harvesters' for 1,000; Mr. Blair Leighton's 'In Time of Peril' for £600; Miss Kemp-Welch's 'Colt-Hunting in the New Forest' for £525 (bought by the Chantrey Bequest); the Hon. John Collier's 'Whist-Players' for £400. Mr. La Thangue has also sold both his other pictures, 'A Summer Morning' and 'Gleaners,' the latter to Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.

The British Fine Art Section of the Brussels Exhibition has been honoured by a visit from the King of the Belgians, who expressed himself extremely pleased with the collection representing the English School, and sent a warm message of congratulation to the Fine Art Committee, and to those who had contributed their pictures. It is gratifying to hear that the British Fine Art section is admitted to be the best in the Exhibition.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn has been elected a member of the Salon du Champ de Mars. He is the only foreign artist who has received the honour in 1897.





*Lioness walking.*  
By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

## AT THE ZOO.

IT is spring, as I write, at the Zoo, and I wonder whether there is any place in the world, outside the Tropics, where the quickening pulse of the growing year beats more strongly than in this curious corner of the Regent's Park. The sun has kindled ardour even in the wet earth. Each bush and tree breaks out with little jets of leaf, as sweet and diverse in their colouring, if not so strong, as those conflagrations of tulip and hyacinth in the flower-beds—grey of poplar, amber of maple, and emerald of hawthorn-tree, glow with a hundred other tender tints transparent in the sun. Beneath the sprays of delicate leaves the sycamore blossom hangs in grapelike clusters, the lime throws out its honeyed petals, the plane its cherry-like balls of bloom; even the black ash buds begin to burst. Soon the lilac shall succeed the cherry, and the laburnum the almond-tree, and those fine weeping ashes which all the winter through have spread bare arms along their iron trellises, shall grow green roofs of grateful shade. Still, these gardens would not differ from other gardens if they were not Zoological; but that does make a difference. Spring means to the birds new feathers, to the bear new appetite, to many creatures an increase of liberty. The cranes and the flamingoes leave the shed for the paddock, the macaws swing beneath the sky, the tigers can indulge their imagination and lick their lips as they survey in the open air the fat buffaloes on the opposite side of the path; to all comes the joy of the sun; even the monkeys in their close, ill-savour'd houses will seek the spots of sun and lie in them. Then

last, but not least, is love. Tennyson tells us that in the spring the fancy, even of the "young man," turns lightly to thoughts of it. If this be true with regard to the young man, it is also true with regard to the young man's forerunners in the scale of creation. And all this



*Lion walking.*  
By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

is demonstrated at the Zoo, even with regard to the young man.

The Zoological Gardens are like a Garden of Eden

with all the animals in cages, and however we may regret the loss of innocence, one cannot help, under existing circumstances, being thankful for the cages. If we regard the present condition of animated nature from a strictly orthodox point of view, it is appalling to think of the consequences of Eve's fatal curiosity, even upon lions and lambs. If we look through the spectacles of the Evolutionist the responsibility may be shifted, but the scene is the same. If all the breathing beings in the Zoo, ourselves included, belong to one family, it is not a happy one. Yet there are certain exceptions, especially among those birds who do not wish to eat one another, so that men and women who delight in the prospect of fellow creatures dwelling together in amity, can contemplate the aviaries, and especially the largest of them, with something like satisfaction. There they may watch gulls and doves, flamingoes and egrets, herons and ibises,

for the more curious and particular, there is an inexhaustible provision of interest and amusement, to which



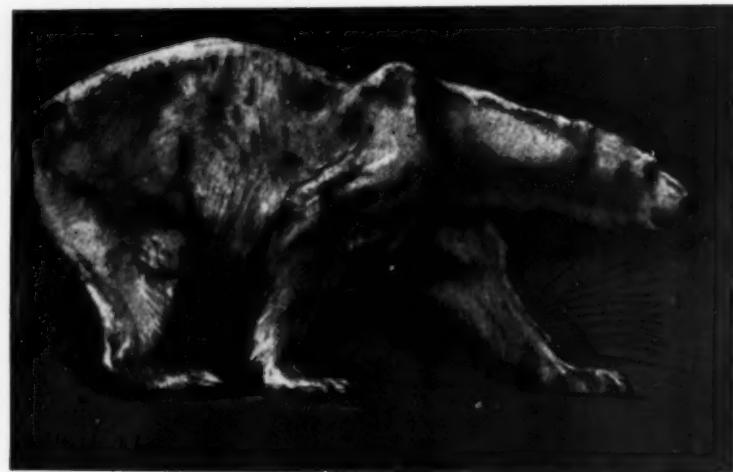
Tiger.

By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

some addition is made almost daily. Now it is the manatee, that uncouth inhabitant of the Amazon, who, like an animated india-rubber water-bottle, pursues floating bits of vegetable with its curious snout, now and again turning on its side to show its salmon-coloured belly and the strange formation of its mouth; now it is the "hamadryad," the fearful cannibal among snakes, who would eat all the smaller snakes in the Zoo, including the poisonous ones, if it only had the chance; now it is the beautiful grey leopard, with its tiger-like head and magnificent tail, or its black brother, untameable, who crouches all day in a corner of his cage with wicked green fire in his eyes; now some lovely tropical bird like the touracou, with its exquisite head-dress and green wings lined with flame, a vision as from the Arabian Nights.

It is not the least distinction of the Zoological Gardens, and perhaps the main-spring of their popularity, that they afford delight to the most ignorant. Indeed, ignorance is not only no bar to enjoyment

of the Gardens, but is no bar to the fellowship of the Society, or else how could I be a fellow? But in this the



Polar Bear.

By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

spoonbills and oyster-catchers, and many another beautiful and curious fowl, passing (and apparently enjoying) life together in a small but pleasant paradise of green leaves and clear water. There they eat and drink, and wade and splash, and swim and fly, and build their nests, and rear their broods. They quarrel indeed, sometimes, but not with more acerbity than we see in the "best regulated" human family, so that altogether, seated in that snug little grove which commands this aviary, it is possible not only to spend hours of continually varied amusement, but also to indulge in dreams of Utopia.

Fortunately, one need not be a philosopher or a theologian, or a sentimentalist, or a poet, or even a natural historian, to enjoy the Zoological Gardens. There is amusement for all classes and temperaments, and all sorts and conditions of men; for the generality, what may be called the "standing dishes," the lions and tigers, the elephants, the monkeys, and the "dear old" sea-lion, are only a few of the never-failing and sufficient attractions, while



Lion repusing.

By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

Society act wisely, perhaps even scientifically, for do we not all come into the world with a certain equipment for the fellowship? May it not even be urged that no one



is ignorant of animals, each being born with what may be called "original" knowledge of our fellow-creatures? At all events, the young, the old, the learned in other matters, and the ignorant in all, enjoy them together, and equally, making allowance for difference of disposition. Probably the most ignorant of all, the children, enjoy them most thoroughly; they neither know anything nor seek to learn, and their happiness, if more idle, is less alloyed. The scientific visitor, the natural historian, the anatomist, has no doubt the satisfaction of the expert, but how much has he lost to obtain it! One told me once that the rhinoceros was so like a horse that it was poor fun to dissect it. Only fancy thoroughly realising that a rhinoceros was like a horse! I confess I have lost much of my interest in rhinoceroses ever since, and that a few more pieces of such knowledge would go far to spoil my

tiful enough to attract us from their own merit, but we like them all the better because we know that they descend from herds which have preserved the purity of their breed since the days of the Roman occupation. Again, we seem to understand better the humorous expression of the laughing kingfisher, when we are informed that in order to indulge his appetite for snakes, he carries them off in his beak and drops them from a height on stony ground, and if the first fall does not kill them he does it again. Other animals, as notably the eagles and the lions, need no introduction but their historic reputations. They are the heroes, the demigods of the Zoo. Although they are animals "of prey," more sympathy is bestowed upon them than any others—more upon the eagles (and their relations), probably, than on the lions, but the latter are the favourites



*The Hunted Lioness.*

By J. M. Swan, A.R.A.

pleasure in the Gardens. Luckily it is not necessary to believe all you hear—a rhinoceros like a horse! why the veriest baby knows better.

Yet though there are certain facts which set one against all knowledge, there are some things which it is nice to know, even at the Zoo. One inclines more favourably towards the condor when we learn that he is the largest of the birds of prey, and that though he is not an eagle, his appetite is not quite so depraved as that of an ordinary vulture, as he will only eat very nasty things on compulsion of hunger. As you see him in the morning spreading his magnificent wings in a cage which scarcely allows him to turn round, it is impossible not to be sorry for him; though, of course, not quite so sorry as for a real eagle, especially one that has been caught in Great Britain.

A very small amount of knowledge which touches some sentiment will powerfully affect its appeal to our imagination. The British wild oxen are, indeed, beau-

nevertheless. Is not the lion the King of Beasts, is there not the Lion of Judah, of St. Mark, of St. Jerome, of Una—is there not a British Lion—and is not the magnificent appearance of the beast himself sufficient to support an even more august reputation?

I was talking to a poor boy the other day who loves animals best of all things, and whose only ambition is to be a keeper at the Zoo. I asked him what animal he liked best, and he said he did not know, he was so fond of them all. I asked him which he liked best, birds or beasts, and he said "beasts." Then I elicited that he liked lions better than tigers, better than snakes, of course, but he "didn't mind them," better than horses, better than elephants, better than antelopes, better even than dogs. At last it became evident that he liked lions best of all animals, and also that he had never realised the fact before. Why he liked them best I did not attempt to ascertain, but it was, probably, partly on account of their world-wide reputation, which is a very

different thing from knowledge, and, indeed, is quite contrary to it, if we believe all that travellers tell. Here



*Feeding the Sea-Lion.*

By F. T. Daws.

indeed, ignorance—indeed, superstition, is bliss. Have we not all been brought up in the belief that the lion will meet his enemy in the open field and fight to the last gasp—like a man—or at least, like some men? It is true that he will kill and eat you, but that is only because it is "his nature to." He is not crafty or cruel like the tiger, who is indeed beautiful, but of a disposition quite devilish, and his beauty only makes his wickedness more deplorable. This, I think, is the orthodox creed with regard to these two animals, and by all means let it be preserved. To tamper with it is to sap the foundations of all zoological morality—who but the lion could play Othello to the tiger's Iago?

But after all, the greatest source of our interest in animals is their likeness to ourselves; even the most insignificant of them is a mirror in which we see reflected some fraction of humanity. This alone would account for the attraction of the monkeys, especially the larger apes. Everybody rushes to see the new chimpanzee, or the new orang outang, or the new gorilla, or even the new gibbon; unfortunately they are often new and never old. Few live with us so long as "Sally," now, alas! no more. She lived some eight years, and besides learning a number of amusing tricks, she could



*Jack, the American Bison.*

By F. T. Daws.

count five, could Sally, which is more than the ordinary savage can do. Now her cage is occupied by a fine specimen of the Hoolock gibbon, whose extraordinary

agility and human howling afford endless amusement to the crowd. In the same building are also a real gorilla, melancholy, sooty-faced, who sits with folded arms gazing in silent sadness on his human visitors, and two young chimpanzees, Pat and Daisy, who are full of fun and frolic, and seem to be as happy as the day is long. It is not everybody who is pleased to watch these, the nearest semblances of humanity. They come too near us to be pleasant. They are very caricatures of ourselves. They remind us of all our weaknesses, and none of our virtues. They are not a creditable family to belong to.

In no way is the Darwinian theory more distasteful to the ordinary unscientific mind than in suggesting the descent of man from the ape. The suggestion had already come from nature, and the proof of the theory would be a confirmation of our worst suspicions. On the other hand, the theory of Evolution affords a certain relief. As the son of underbred parents may rejoice to find he came of a stock once gentle, so humanity may be pleased to think that it may claim remote kinship, not with the ape only, but with the horse, the dog, and

the lion. Though a bit clumsy, the elephant is a creditable ancestor, and if grace and beauty are prized, a lady may (so to speak) plume herself on her relation to the crane and the bird of Paradise. It is not the least plausible of arguments in favour of a common origin, that there is scarcely an animal who lacks some affinity in character, and even in personal appearance, with ourselves. This theme is indeed threadbare, but yet, perhaps, a relevant anecdote may be offered.

A friend of mine who takes a curious interest in tracing the resemblance between man and animals, saw two strangers at his door, one of whom, a lady, immediately reminded him of a mouse. Finding that they did not enter though the door was opened, and that there was some conversation between his visitors and his servant, he went to see what was the matter. It turned out that the lady refused to cross the threshold until she was positively assured that there was not a cat in the house.

The animals deprived of liberty are not the only sources of amusement at the Zoo. The mice which are constantly to be seen in the houses of the antelopes, and even in the lions' quarters, combine the comforts of a well-furnished prison with complete liberty. They are professional robbers with a key to the prison. Still happier, perhaps, and certainly more impudent, are the sparrows who fly in and out of the cages at their will and carry off crumbs, and grain, and a variety of other pleasant morsels from under the very noses or beaks of the largest



*"Mischief," Anubis Baboon.*

By F. T. Daws.

and strongest of their fellow-creatures. You try to entice the cassowary to come nearer by flinging a piece of bread into his paddock, but before he can cover the distance with his long strides, down swoop the sparrows and carry it off. The Zoo is the paradise of the London sparrow; nowhere else is to be found such a plentiful supply of various food. One wonders why there are any sparrows elsewhere. But to be a successful Zoo sparrow, one must be strong and able to fight; not, indeed, with other creatures, but with other sparrows. Yet of all unconfined animals in the gardens, the human is the most amusing. Nowhere are the "vores populi" more entertaining. "What's that other fowl?" asked a woman of her mate, after gazing breathless at a peacock displaying his tail. *He*: "That's his wife." *She*: "Well, she is a poor fowl." *He*: "D'y think so? well, she ain't so fine, but she's 'ansomer than an 'en, anyhow." *She* (after another look): "She's decent enough in her way, perhaps, but to compare 'er with 'im—it's ridiklus." The other day two women were standing before the llamas, and the elder said, "Do you know, Em'ly, they do say that if one of them animals spits at yer, yer falls down dead." "No!" said Emily, gazing at the

creatures in awe, but without moving an inch. The amusing things said in the Zoo are, however, by no means confined to the "'Arry's" and "'Arriets.'" Two swells

are looking at the magnificent specimen of the Argus

pheasant. *Swell No. 1.*

"Why Argus? where does it come from? Greece, I expect." *Swell No. 2.*

"Yes, it only means the Greek pheasant. Greeks were Argives, you know."

One of the greatest curiosities I ever saw at the Zoo was a rich lady with an intense bump of benevolence. She had come with a basket full of the finest fruit, which she had been distributing to the animals. Now it was empty and she stood before a little Malayan bear till she fell in love with him. "What can I do for him the next



*The Lion House in Summer—4 p.m. (Feeding Time).*

*By F. T. Daws.*

time I come? O, do tell me," she said to the keeper. "I want to give him something he never gets in that horrid cage, a *real* treat." "Well, mum, if yer want to know what he really likes best, I think it's honey." "What a pity!" the lady replied, almost wringing her hands, "can't you really think of something *not* quite so sticky?" It was nice also of a little girl who I once heard defending the giraffe from a charge of conceit, on the ground that he could not help "holding his head rather high."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



*Flamingoes.*

*By F. T. Daws.*



*Figure-head of "The Volatile."*

## ART AT SEA.

HAPPILY Art has invaded the British home, and one may hope that the invasion will be long continued: there is yet room in the castle as in the cottage. The modern ocean-going steamer (the floating club) is not complete without the aid of the decorative artist, but applied decorative art in our smaller yachts—the floating cottage home—rarely goes beyond the art of the house painter, aided, it may be, by panels of plush or of Japanese paper.

Conservatism, conventionality, is the keynote of all seafaring men high or low; and yachtsmen, no matter what their politics, cannot help being conservative except for the natural craving to sail away from every other vessel.

Here we are lying in the picturesque and useful harbour of Portsmouth, in the midst of all sorts of craft, from the steamless motor yacht to the latest twenty-rater, within a chain's length of the stately "Victory" and the formidable and newest type, the "Terrible." We know what a Turner has made of the "Téméraire,"

the same class and type as the "Victory;" and yet, no doubt, some Turner of our period may, with the gifted eye of the artist, prove even the stern business outlines of the "Terrible" capable of artistic treatment. But who amongst us would think of comparing the artistic possibilities of a "Terrible" with those of a "Victory," or contrasting that picturesque, square-rigged brig with the box-like steam collier vomiting dense clouds of black smoke?

Let us look around the numerous yachts and award the prize of beauty. Bow and counter are the main points in determining the prize, but especially the former. Neither that straight-stemmed cutter, nor yet that convex-bowed and much too lostily sparrowed racer, takes the palm, but the cutter with the schooner bow with its graceful curve and carved figure-head. She is the "Volatile," 23 tons T. M., built some five years ago as a cruiser, combining comfort with elegance, and speedy enough to hold her own with any cruiser yacht of her class and size, and the property of J. H. Gretton, Esq., Vice-Commodore of the Royal Temple Yacht Club.

But a new surprise awaits us on going on board—not on deck, where all is shipshape, workmanlike, and conventional, but on going below, where the artistic taste of the owner, aided by the many-sided technical skill of Geo. C. Haite, R.B.A., who designed all the interior decoration, lends motive to our plea for a wider application of Art in our homes at sea.

The steerage at the foot of the companion-way on so small a boat one would not expect to afford much opportunity for a display of decorative art, yet this little entrance hall has been made a feature of artistic treatment. At the foot of the companion-way over the main cabin door is the motto "Be ye Volatile," carved in oak, as was the figurehead, by Wm. Aumonnier, letters in



*"The Volatile" under Sail.*



*Dragon Fly.  
Finger-Plate in Silver (Main Cabin).*

relief, and ornamented with a background of berries and butterflies. The invitation indicates the spirit of the welcome. For illumination, a miniature reproduction of an antique boat's lantern in brass and cut crystal, con-

of the sea, the handrail is finished off with plaques of *repoussé* brass, illustrating seaweed and bubbles; on the opposite side hangs a strong silken rope of many colours, to assist the weak visitors to reach the deck.

Proof is not needed of the practical ideas of the owner in the utilisation of space, for the risers in the companion ladder are turned into lockers for burgees and ensigns, and upon the front are painted the flags which each locker contains, indicating the yacht clubs to which the owner belongs. On the occasion of the opening of the new clubhouse of the Royal Temple Yacht Club by Lord Charles Beresford, an acquisition mainly brought about by the exertions of the owner of the "Volatile," an artist friend noticing that all the space was already utilised, suggested that steps should be taken to provide for the bunting of the latest Royal Yacht Club. The lower part is fitted as a refrigerator, and facing you is an umbrella stand in *repoussé* brass. A cupboard on the port side has been converted into a spare berth, and on the doors enclosing this are some exquisitely designed panels in chiselled brass. The blocks give so excellent an idea of the originals that further description is unnecessary. There are also the designs of the finger-plates to the cabin doors, the one with butterflies being on the door to the ladies' cabin, and that with fishes to that of the main cabin; these give a finishing touch to the miniature but artistic entrance lobby. It should be mentioned that the hull of the "Volatile" is of teak, and the whole of the interior fittings are of solid oak, left unstained in its natural state.

The dimensions and arrangements

of the available space in the Main Cabin are of the usual character, but the most casual observer is struck by the scheme of the decoration. It impresses one in an unusual way as betokening strength, solidity, and severity, characters which sound an anti-thetic note to the airiness of the ship's fair name. And yet, how beautiful the massive oak beams overhead in their bare simplicity, relieved here and there by an ornamental boss and carved



*"The Volatile" in Ramsgate Harbour.*

taining an electric lamp, hangs from the hatchway, as if to indicate that the invocation holds good by night as by day. The brass nosings on the steps imitate the waves



*Fish Finger-Plate in Hammered Brass.  
Door of Main Cabin in Steerage.*



*Butterfly Finger-Plate.  
Door of Ladies' Cabin.  
Repoussé Brass.*

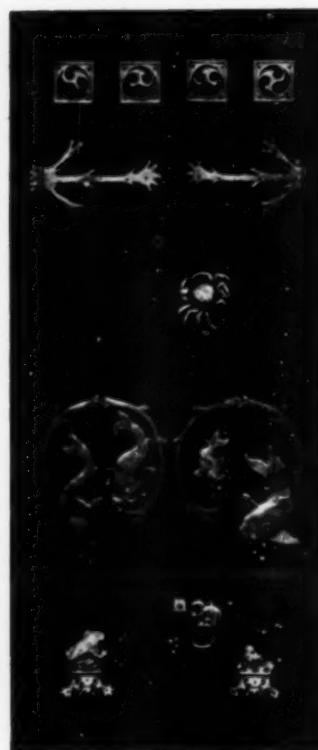


*Stained Glass Panel in  
Door of Main Cabin.*

lions' heads as finials, and the solid teak skylight with its panels of painted glass, each forming a quaint design of dolphins and scroll work. The solid oak-panelled walls and doors with simple moulding and square settees, displaying to the full the beauty and variety of the grain of the wood, would strike too severe a note—would indicate an almost puritanical taste—but for the relief afforded by the exquisite silver lamps and supporting plaques with their soft-coloured glass shades, and the lovely *repoussé* solid silver finger-plates and door furniture. Two of Mr. Haite's charming Dutch subjects in oil, framed in hammered copper, occupy the central panels; but all is relieved and a note of richness is struck by the colour of the couch coverings of antique Bokhara embroidery, red and blue on a cream ground, the Persian embroidered table-cover, even more elaborate in colour, and the soft downy pillows of old Chinese needle-work—consisting of a butterfly and pomegranate design worked in shades of blue and gold on a terra-cotta background, with deep blue and old gold edging.

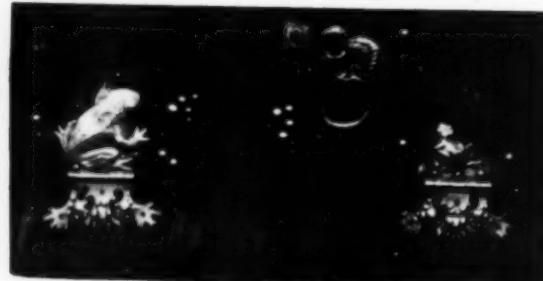
Nor must the entrance door be omitted, with its painted glass panel, the flowing leaded lines, the soft toned

greenish glass and bull's-eyes representing waves, bubbles, and eddies; and the pink coloured swimming fish of Japanese recollections give a sense of movement, and form a peculiarly appropriate design. Such a glass panel onboard a yacht, with its at times uncertainty of movement of objects both fixed and movable, may seem like placing the decorative above the utilitarian; but removable oak shutters for use in rough weather meet any objection that may be ventured on that score. The conventional railway-carriage-like racks used on boats of this size have disappeared; in

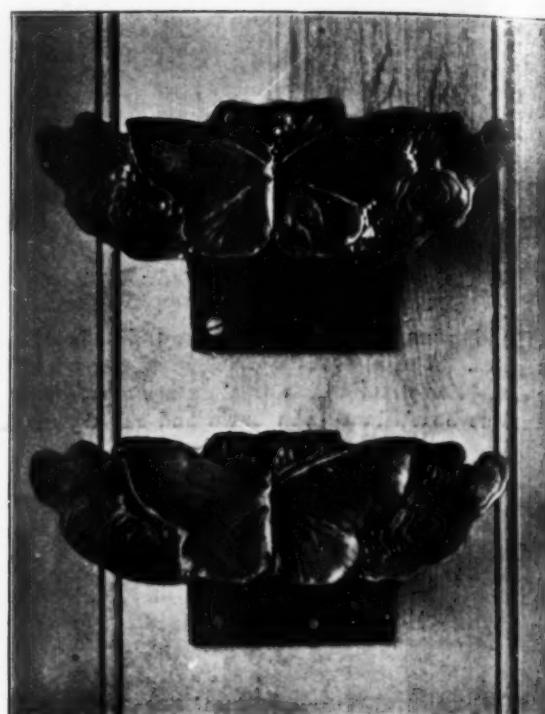


The Door of Spare Berth in Steerage.

their place are hammered silver plates with hooks, to which are suspended small antique Persian saddle-bags;



Detail of Cupboard Door at base of Spare Berth.



Butterfly Hinges on Door to After Cabin.

and recesses curtained in silk of Cambridge blue give ample room for stowing away newspapers, magazines, and suchlike resources for whiling away an idle hour, and which otherwise usually litter the cabin, for there is something about the sea which completely upsets the craving avidity of the most voracious reader on shore.

The wrought brass and copper buckets with bouquets of fresh fragrant flowers, Oriental incensers utilised as ash trays, a ship's bell of antique mediæval design, and the recessed secretaire in the swinging oak table, all add to the comfort as well as to the decoration of the little ship.

The artificial lighting of the cabin is effected by means of silver-plated candlesticks of Corinthian design so constructed that they are utilised either to stand on the table or swing in the gimbols. As accessory, electric light in the shape of a small lamp in the centre of the cabin is being tried from accumulators.

The after or sleeping cabin has two spacious berths, with old Bokhara embroidered coverlets. The utilitarian and comfort have been strictly preserved, and Art comes in as an accessory: parqueterie has been introduced as a flooring, over which are thrown beautiful old Persian rugs; a fitted dressing case, capacious lavatory self-supplied, denote that everything is at hand to make existence pleasant and healthy. The cupboard fastenings are in the form of a butterfly on a revolving plate, giving an example of applied art. The sides of the cabin, decorated with small cushions in Oriental needlework, complete a dainty and useful sleeping chamber. The skylight is fitted with painted glass panels, on which, surrounded by fishes, seaweed, and other treasures of the sea, are the acrostic lines spread over the eight panels—a dedication of a poetic mind to the graceful and artistically fitted little yacht:—

Visions of speedy flight,  
Outspreading wings of white;  
Lordly thy pennon fair  
Afloat in mid-air;  
The soft-winged Zephyrs breathe,  
Inconstant waves they smile,  
Laughing and kissing, leave  
Enchanting "Volatile."

GEO. CUNNINGHAM.

# W. Adam Bedes Neighbourhood.



*South Farm (Arbury Park), Griff. George Eliot's Birthplace (Nov. 1819).  
From a Drawing by Frank Dickson.*

"Our mother bade us keep the trodden way,  
Stroked down my tippet, set my brother's frill,  
Then with the benediction of her gaze  
Clung to us lessening, and pursued us still,  
Across the homestead to the rookery elms."

—GEORGE ELIOT.



F a stranger were wandering down the narrow and leafy Warwickshire lanes between Bedworth and Nuneaton, and were to halt, say, in front of that well-looking house at Griff—the largest among the nine or ten that constitute the coal-bound parish—under the roof-tree of which George Eliot lived

in maidenhood; if this stranger were to stop one of those dark-skinned men he might by chance meet there, though they spend most of their waking and working hours in the sunless streets of a coal-mine, and ask him the way to "Cheverel Manor," the man would take his pipe from his mouth—for a collier *will* smoke in spite

1897.

of all the legislators in the world—look hard at the stranger, shake his woolly head, and say, with a half-smile upon his face at the humour of a person having missed his way,

"Nay, you mun be comded the wrong road, I doubt.  
'Appen you hev missed on yourn way, sir. I hanna ever heared on a place wi' that name."

But if the stranger should improve upon the mistake by saying that he meant Arbury Hall, the miner's face would shine even through its duskiness, and he would be sure to say,

"Oh! you mean old Charley's place. Poor old Charley Newdigate—him as died some years agone, as good a gaffer, sir, as 'appen I shall ever drive a pick for—above ground or below ground either. Hey! yes, sir, I *can* show you the way to Arbury Hall, an' I shanna be long about it, I reckon. But as for 'Cheverel Manner,' or what you may call it, as you just spoke on, why, I hanna ever heared on that name i' these parts; an' I've lived i' Griff an' Beddorth boy an' man this forty year or so."

By the same token that a man is no hero to his own valet, a mere writer of books is a "poor critter" in the eyes of Strephon, even when Strephon is covered with coal-dust instead of the agricultural loam. A writer born in the midst of squalid and rural surroundings may be "monstrously clever" in the art of making books; but to his or her neighbours, who know nothing of books except the Bible, and sometimes not much of that, he or she is a pitiful object indeed, and fair game for the wit that is indigenous to the bucolic and the mining mind.



Chilvers Coton ("Shepperton") Church.

From a Drawing by Frank Dickson.

Those whose armour has been pierced by a jagged shaft of humour shot from the broad mouth of a villager, be he miner, ploughman, cowman, shepherd, or village mole-catcher, will know that sometimes this wit, by its very rawness and crudeness, wounds more deeply than the satiric arrows of a polished and cultivated mind.

And so George Eliot is no heroine to her own country people. Some of the more rough diamonds among them would look as confused at the name of George Eliot as at "Cheverel Manor," and the stranger who had the hardihood to ask for direction to "Shepperton Church" would be met with the reply,

"Theer inna no church o' that name i' these parts. There be Coten, Beddorth, Exhul, Astley, an' Corley, but I donna mind hearin' tell on such a place as 'Shepton.' You mun mean Coten, I doubt, or 'appen Beddorth, where Muster Evens be the parson."

Perhaps this, to the literary mind, painful lack of knowledge or remembrance of a singularly gifted writer on the part of her own immediate country people may be accounted for with two reasons: one, that many inhabitants of those little villages, clustered together in small loving groups, from which George Eliot drew most of her characters, have ceased to weave the warp and woof of life, being long ago laid to rest under the chestnuts or the yews in the quaint little graveyards; and because the average villager is no more bookish now than in the days when "Adam Bede" found its way to Griff and clove an entrance into the hermetically sealed intellects there—and this simply owing to the fact that so many of them knew for certain that they were "put in" the book.

A six-mile walk from the "City of Three Tall Spires," along the leafy and pleasant roads that lead to Nuneaton and on to Leicester, brings the traveller to Griff and Bedworth, and close to the Cheverel Manor of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." That South Farm, too, where George Eliot was born on that chill November morning in 1819, will be within measurable distance of the traveller's survey.

Associations like these serve to make the site of the "Cheverel Manor" of George Eliot doubly interesting. It is a little impressive, too, to find that an ex-Queen of France and a noble duke used formerly to walk through the fine tree-studded Park where the late Charles Newdigate was wont to sit and frame his measures for keeping atheists out of the House of Commons—measures which, after his demise, no one, rightly or wrongly, thought it worth while to sustain.

The heirs of Charles Brandon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, sold Arbury Hall and the estates to Sir Edmund Anderson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He, probably out of respect for the stern Protestantism of his Royal Mistress, and with a desire to win her favour, demolished the old monkish house, and built upon the ruins what Dugdale called "a faire structure of quadrangular form."

No sooner was this building completed, in the twenty-eighth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, than the legal knight fostered a dislike to it, and passed the estate away in exchange to John Newdigate for the Manor of Harefield, in Middlesex, where the Newdigate family had been settled since the days of Edward III. The Newdigates thus made Arbury Hall their family seat, and began to spell their name with an *i*.

In 1734 the estates descended to Sir Roger Newdigate, who acquired the title from an ancestor. He was a gentleman of much note, attached very strongly to literature and the fine arts, and particularly devoted to the study of archaeological architecture. He, as George Eliot points out in "*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*," had made "the grand tour" of European cities, and returned, doubtless, deeply in love with the mansions of Italy and rather ashamed of "the faire structure of quadrangular form" at Arbury to which he had succeeded when only sixteen years old.

Sir Roger, indeed, would seem in many respects to have been endowed with exceptional abilities. He was born in 1718, presumably at Harefield, for in the very year of his majority he was elected Member of Parliament for Middlesex in the Tory interest. At Oxford, where he won the highest honours and formed the most distinguished friendships, Sir Roger Newdigate also secured enviable popularity.

After being the Parliamentary representative of Middlesex for six years, he was elected Member for the University, and held the position for thirty years. During that period he made the "grand tour" already spoken of, and in conjunction with Sir Horace Walpole, to whom he was much attached, worked energetically to revive the beauties of the Gothic style in architecture.

Scarcely a better building for the titled architect to try his hand upon could have been found than the Arbury Hall of that period.

Some idea of the nature of the building may be gathered from a survey of the present stables, which form a considerable portion of "the faire structure" erected by Sir Edmund Anderson. From each front of the

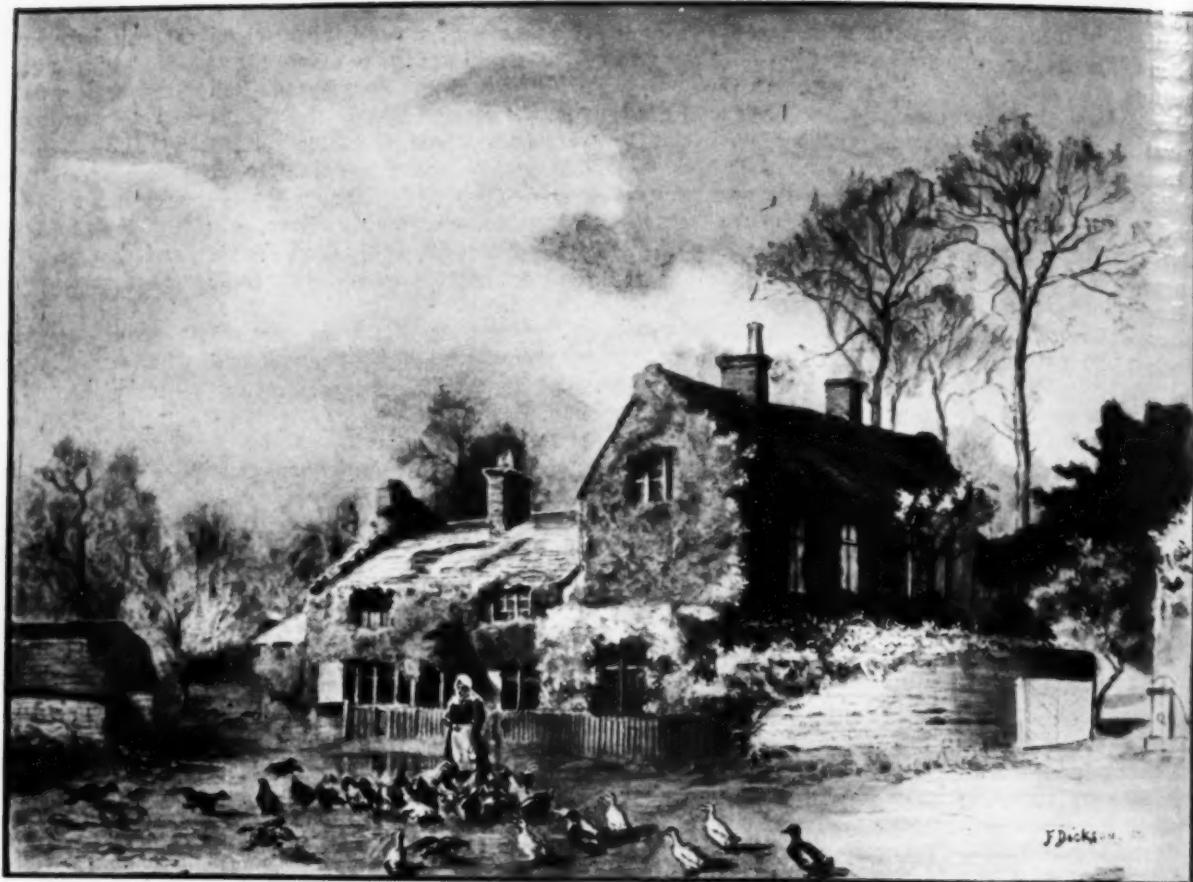
house there were piles of projecting chimneys, and these, together with the unsightly chambers and bare brick walls, could not fail to offend the fastidiously cultivated eye of Sir Roger Newdigate—Italianised as it was by years of foreign travel. So the baronet set about converting the old and uncouth Arbury Hall into the Cheverel Manor of to-day. He laboriously drew up his own designs, which for an amateur architect were considered to be extremely clever, in spite of the mixture of ecclesiastic and richly ornate styles, and entered into a contract with a well-known builder to carry out the scheme.

At that time, about the year 1770, there was a young man employed on the ground, evidently a sort of right-hand man to Sir Roger, for in the renovation and remodelling of the Hall he was eminently useful and constantly in request. This young man's name was Robert Evans, the subsequent father of George Eliot and the "Adam Bede" of her story, and it was well for Sir Roger Newdigate, in more ways than one, that he had so trusty a servant upon whom he could rely in his hour of need.

Before the unsightly chambers were hidden by turrets, the beautiful mullioned windows put in, the outer walls cased with stone, the vast courtyard environed with a cloister—in short, some time before Arbury Hall was metamorphosed into its present attractive shape, the man who had contracted to build the mansion became a bankrupt and brought a sudden cessation to the active work then in progress. Sir Robert, for the moment, was in a state of great perturbation, but the remarkable tact and ability of Robert Evans stood him in good stead, and the "Cheverel Manor" as it appears to-day was



Cheverel Manor (Arbury Hall).  
From a Drawing by Frank Dickson.



*The Hall Farm, in which George Eliot lived.  
From a Drawing by Frank Dickson.*

finished under the watchful eyes of the titled architect and his excellent steward.

Arbury Hall was probably finished in or about 1773, as in that year Sir John Astley, of the adjoining Astley Castle, made Sir Roger Newdigate a present of the famous painting depicting the celebrated exploits of Sir John de Astley, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century.

The outside of the house, with its castellated grey-tinted front and mullioned windows, is easily recognised by all readers of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." It is in the inside, however, that the descriptions of George Eliot force themselves upon the mind as the visitor looks with a curious eye upon the ecclesiastical and other adornments placed in their respective positions by the lavish hand of Sir Roger. The saagoon ornaments are copied from the fan tracery in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. In a similar manner the ceiling of the drawing-room is elaborately carved with tracery in which are inserted different armorial bearings on small shields.

Next to the saloon is the room that contains the picture above alluded to. It commemorates the exploits of Sir John de Astley, a famous knight, who vanquished in a duel at Paris one Peter de Maise, and, in the thirtieth year of Henry the Sixth's reign, fought with and defeated at Smithfield an Aragonian knight, Sir Philip Boyle, who seems to have been a kind of Don Quixote, anxious to cross lances with some great fighter. A replica of this painting is preserved at Patshull, the seat of the Earl of Dartmouth, a descendant of the Astleys of Arbury.

George Eliot has herself well described the dining-room. In her day "it was so bare of furniture that it impressed one with its architectural beauty like a cathedral."

"The slight matting and a sideboard in a recess did not detain the eye for a moment from the lofty groined ceiling with its richly-carved pendants, all of creamy white, relieved here and there by touches of gold. On one side this lofty ceiling was supported by pillars and arches, beyond which a lower ceiling, a miniature copy of the higher one, covered the square projection, which, with its three painted windows, formed the central feature of this building. The room looked less like a place to dine in than a piece of space inclosed simply for the sake of beautiful outline; and the small dining table seemed a small and insignificant accident, rather than anything connected with the original purpose of the building."

During the lifetime of the late Charles N. Newdigate this room had an air of conservatism about it as rigid as that possessed by its owner. It was, with the smallest variations, the same room as that so carefully described in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story."

Sir Roger Newdigate, the man of cultivated mind and exquisite taste, died in 1806, at the age of eighty-eight. With his death the title became extinct. In his will Sir Roger bequeathed Arbury Hall to Mr. Francis Parker, on condition that he adopted the name of Newdigate; and with a reversion to the father of the late C. N. Newdigate, who had again come into possession of the estates at Harefield, and who was enjoined to add the old spelling of the name of "Newdegate" to that of the

Charles Newdigate received at the baptismal font. The name of the erstwhile owner of Arbury Hall, therefore, was Charles Newdegate Newdigate.

The little village of Griff, in the vicinity of which George Eliot was born, and in which lived her brother, Isaac Pearson Evans—the Tom Tulliver of "The Mill on the Floss"—was at the Conquest survey involved with Chilvers Coten. In the third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Griff was purchased by John Giffard, whose grandson in Dugdale's time passed it on to Sir John Newdigate, father of Sir Roger. It thus became the property of the Newdigates, and the little parish has continued in their family to the present time.

Chilvers Coten, the Shepperton of "The Scenes of Clerical Life," in the parish of which George Eliot was born, is about one mile from Griff. In the Conquest survey this village was rated at eight hides; the woods were one mile and a half in length and one mile in breadth; the whole parish being valued at fifty shillings. At the Dissolution, Chilvers Coten came to the Crown, and was sold to John Fisher and Thomas Dalbridgecourt in the fourth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These gentlemen in 1630 obtained a grant of Court Leet to be held there, so that in those days it must have been a somewhat important parish. In the course of time Chilvers Coten, along with the village of Griff, came into the hands of the Newdigates.

If the Griff miner, the Bedworth ribbon-weaver, or the Astley worker in bead and jet embroidery were at all bookish and would read George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," they would be disposed to say when next visiting Chilvers Coten Church, "Hey! inna it like?" for, during the tenure of the Rev. Mr. Chadwick, the Church was "restored" back to something like the old condition of "Shepperton" Church.

That Warwickshire coal-master who called George Eliot "a monstrously clever woman," one day saw John Evans, her first cousin, who told him the following story.

Some time in 1858, when Evans, who was then foreman at the Griff collieries, was returning from the pits one evening, he met Mrs. Newdigate, mother of the late "old Charley," as the miners always called him, driving along in her carriage. She called to the coachman to stop and beckoned John Evans to her side.

"Evans," she said, "I have got a book here—it is called 'Adam Bede,' and I want you to take it home and read it to your father."

The foreman replied that his father "dinna tek much account o' books 'cept the Bible," but if it was the lady's wish that he should read it to his father, he would do so. He did take the book home and began to read it, and so clearly had George Eliot drawn her characters, that the old gentleman, even as his son read, perfectly identified the people in his own neighbourhood, and every now and then called them out by name.

It was this book which the Griff, Bedworth, and Chilvers Coten people made so much of at that time, and there is not the shadow of a doubt that all the characters in "Adam Bede" lived and moved in this little circle.

At Corley, a pretty little village upon an elevation close to Packington Magna, the ancient seat of the Aylesford family, is to be found "The Hall Farm" in which Martin Poyser took such pride, and at which Adam Bede was always a welcome guest. Indeed, every village within a six-mile ring of Griff is instinct with the life to be found in the works of George Eliot. Which village is "Raveloe" it would be difficult to say, as any one of the pretty cluster to be met with there might pass for it; and though linen-weaving in cottages is almost at an end, the ribbon-weaver is still busy there with his tireless loom.

But the stranger amid those interesting scenes, should he by any chance be at fault concerning his next move, must not make the mistake of inquiring for "Cheverel Manor," or "Shepperton Church," or he will be met with the truly George Eliot reply of, "Hey, ye mun be come wrong; I hanna heared o' them places."

GEORGE MORLEY.



*Nuncatton Church.  
From a Drawing by Frank Dicksee.*



Burns' Statue, Kilmarnock.  
By W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A.



Burns' Statue, Thames Embankment.  
By Sir John Steell, R.S.A.



Burns' Statue, Chicago.  
By W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A.

## STATUES OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE opinion is widely entertained that there is neither an adequate biography, nor an authentic portrait, nor a worthy statue of Burns. Whether the view rests upon conviction, upon hero-worship, or upon critical captiousness, cannot be determined. When it is said that the poet was many-sided, an explanation is offered both of the existence of many diverse opinions of him, and of the possibility of their being justified and reconciled. He is looked at from many points of view, and seen in many lights, and to give resultant impressions combined and coherent expression, in either one literary or one artistic effort, is manifestly an undertaking of no little difficulty. The grounds of dissent from a biography and of condemnation of a work of Art are, by reason of the ready accessibility of a full knowledge of Burns, identical with those upon which they are constructed. Acceptance and rejection depend wholly upon the individual point of view. In the present survey, the first question to be disposed of is: What do we look for in a statue of Burns?

Let us, in the first place, exclude formless ideals born of vagrant fancy, and get rid of preconceptions which lead to nothing more definite than a doubt of the power of Art. The entertainment of the former is a species of dissipation, in which the shadowy is indolently confounded with the great. A "formless ideal" is a fluid conception which refuses precipitation in distinct shape, but may give rise to a mistaken judgment against the mere possibility of compressing the

greatness of Burns into sculptured form. It must needs be admitted that he can no more be wholly revealed, as man and poet, in marble or in bronze, than he revealed himself in his entirety in one poem. Art can only suggest the power underlying its manifestations. It is folly to demand at her hands direct suggestions of all the qualities of heart and intellect which centred in Burns; it is a co-ordinate mistake for a sculptor to represent him in one specialised mood or character. Concentration is fatal to breadth; selection leaves too much unsaid. A statue of Burns should be a work of Art which clearly suggests dignity and power, and disturbs no widespread opinion of physical resemblance.

The lightest emphasis is placed upon likeness, because the discrepancies between the artistic and the literary portraits are too wide to be reconciled, and the remark applies to the statues without exception. An amalgam of Currie, Murdoch, Scott, Sillar, Chambers' Irvine informant quoted by Lockhart, and Josiah Walker discloses to analysis elements traceable in none of the portraits. In physique Burns was agile, strong, full-shouldered but symmetrical, and was naturally elegant; his dress was "often slovenly," and might have been that either of a farmer or of a sea-captain; his face was well-formed, his forehead high, his eye large, dark, "full of mind," and glowing; his countenance was expressive of capacity, intelligence, ardour, a thoughtful gravity approaching sternness and sometimes melancholy, and, in moments of relaxation, of tenderness and



Burns' Statue, Dumfries.  
By Mrs. D. O. Hill.

pity; his bearing was dignified, haughty, and at times even supercilious. Habitual silence, thoughtfulness, seriousness and reserve, are all attributed to Burns. Essential unanimity underlies the varying dicta, and from their perfect assimilation it does not appear impossible to construct Burns. They all suggest the necessity of generalising from a foundation of strength alike of body, feeling, and intellect.

Tried by that standard all the portraits fail, and none of them secured the unqualified acceptance of the poet's contemporaries. "His features," says Sir Walter Scott, "are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits." According to Stillie (Edinburgh bookseller), Gilbert thought the Nasmyth face "too thin," an opinion which tallies with Sir Walter Scott's. From Gilbert Burns, the poet's nephew, the statement comes: "My father and Aunt Annabella said Nasmyth's was an unsatisfactory likeness. There was a feebleness about the mouth which any one may see." That Jean Armour valued the original portrait is shown by her anxiety for its safety when in Turnerelli's hands, expressed in her letters published in November, 1895, in the *Glasgow Evening News*. Writing from Dumfries, in 1816, she says: "The portrait is in London in the care of Mr. Turnerelli, as a model for the sculpture to be placed in the mausoleum here." From letters by Gilbert *père* written in 1821, and also published in the *News*, his opinions of both the Nasmyth, the Beugo engraving, and the Turnerelli, are at last obtained at first-hand. He says: "Nasmyth's picture is certainly a pretty good likeness of the poet, and, I believe, was the sole guide of the artist in preparing the marble figure for the Dumfries Mausoleum, and which, without doubt, has some likeness, but I hope Mr. Flaxman will be able



Burns' Monument, Kilmarnock.  
By W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A.

to produce a better. I used to think Beugo's engraving from Nasmyth's picture showed more character and expression than the picture itself, but it was the first likeness of my brother I had seen, not having seen the picture till long after, and perhaps the impression then made on my mind may have made me partial to the engraving." A few months later he said it was necessary to be cautious in order to avoid being misled by Beugo's treatment of the mouth: "To make the poet *mim-mou'd* will not do." The Taylor portrait and the Skirving crayon are both involved in uncertainty. Some recognised Robert in the Taylor, others saw Gilbert, and "the family" finally settled upon Gilbert. Concerning the Skirving, Messrs. Blackie stated that the poet and artist were intimately acquainted; Cunningham alleges upon Skirving's own testimony that the latter never saw the poet.

These matters are, however, of comparatively little moment. The Nasmyth is the chief subject of present concern, and it has been shown that the evidence in its favour is either negative or lukewarm, and that the testimony against it is the more direct and pronounced. The grounds of adverse opinion are perfectly clear. In the bust-portrait the face of Burns is open, pleasant, and intelligent, but it is not significant of either force or tenderness, pride or pity, of jealous reserve or thoughtful melancholy. Nasmyth has stamped Burns with mediocrity, and we are compelled to read into the bright, smiling, sweet, and radically weak face seen in the portrait, all the greatness and virility associated with the original. The Nasmyth has, nevertheless, been accepted both by sculptors and the public, as making a nearer approach to fidelity than any of the other portraits.

In a question of precedence and favour, the original in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, has far outdistanced the two replicas at London and Auchendrane respectively. One word of passing regret is all that can be allowed the general omission of sculptors to consult



Burns' Statue at Scottish National Portrait Gallery.  
By John Flaxman.

the Nasmyth full-length upon the dress and physique. The bust-portrait was followed by Turnerelli and Flaxman, and, in conjunction with a cast of the poet's skull, by Sir John Steell, R.S.A., and Mrs. D. O. Hill; Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A., adhered to it closely in both his Kilmarnock marble and the model for his Chicago bronze. Mr. F. W. Pomeroy combines it with Skirving in the Paisley statue, and it is the basis of Mr. George A. Lawson's work at Ayr. The most distinct departure from precedent is made in the statue at Irvine, by Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, A.R.S.A. The effect his divergence from the Nasmyth is likely to have upon popular approval can hardly be doubted, but it has certainly not impeded the attainment of a highly artistic result. Freed from irritating references to the portraits, his work may be

marble the well-worn fancy of the Muse and the wreath, Burns, half in jest, barely succeeded in making it tolerable in verse. His "Vision" was of no divinity, celestial and remote, but of "A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw," robed in a map of Scotland, and otherwise so clad that "half a leg was scrimply seen; An' such a leg!" The muse was a simple, sonsy country lass, sweet and buxom, whom Burns at once took to his heart, and would, no doubt, have taken to his arms. Clark Stanton introduced her, holly wreath in hand, into Art, but she has no place in marble. Turnerelli's creation clashes with the sense of congruity, and forces a comparison—marble *versus* poetry—it cannot stand. Aside from that, his Burns is willowy in pose, affected and weak, without the physical proportions of the real, and with none of the passionate and mental attributes of a true ideal.

Nothing is gained by departing from the popular conception of the physical man, unless success be attained in either rendering the more truthful realism of the literary portraits, or in frankly abandoning resemblance and constructing a nobler ideal. The Flaxman marble, standing in the entrance hall of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, is a fair example of the sculptor's mastery of technique. The chiselling is superb. In certain passages a desire may arise for finer discrimination, a more sensitive appreciation of the subtleties of texture, but as a whole the statue is the product of a highly-accomplished sculptor who found a keen delight in the practice of his art. The plaid is arranged shepherd-fashion, its disposal being skilfully devised to break the lines of the under folds. For dress in other respects, the illustration may be consulted. The face in profile is refined, but in front it gives an impression of Nasmyth weakened into commonplace, while Burns was full of vitality and glow. The real Burns was also more massive of frame, heavier in his toil-rounded shoulders, at once more burly and athletic than he is here represented. Not to pursue the subject of likeness further than Flaxman invites us, the weakness of the work is most keenly felt in the figure and pose. The sculptor wrought in the spirit of refined classicism, but allowed it to carry him towards artificiality. The fluent folds of the drapery are graceful, but their disposition—the plaid drooping over the thigh, and down below the knee—detracts from both the height and the dignity of the figure. The pose savours too much of affectation for the strong man Burns. It is too stiff, formal, precise, altogether too "proper" for Burns. We miss the ease of self-possession, the negligent *abandon* of independence and freedom, the manly bearing of conscious power. These things are of the spirit of Burns, and concerning them Flaxman's marble is dumb.

The Steell statues in Great Britain are replicas of that which stands in the Mall, Central Park, New York. One of the former was commissioned for Dundee, and the other for London, where it occupies a site upon the Thames Embankment. Sir John had long meditated a Burns, but the commission did not come until the burden of his years was becoming heavy, and the statue is not worthy of his prime. Of all the parts Burns played on earth, there was none in which he was so unspeakable a failure as that of lover. In that character Sir John Steell made the initial mistake of choosing to depict him. He made a second false step when he selected the old and generally abandoned view of the attachment between Burns and Highland Mary as the *motif* of his design. He clings to the romance wreathed round a pure and early love wounded by death. He represents Burns as he might



Burns' Statue, Ayr  
By George A. Lawson.

more absolutely judged by artistic quality than any of the other statues. The question of pure Art is not complicated by that of fancied resemblance.

The word "fancied" is used advisedly. There is only one possible inference from what has been said, viz., that no likeness of Burns is so well authenticated as to make verisimilitude the supreme test of a statue. In the mural work by Turnerelli in the Dumfries Mausoleum, Burns at the plough is turning towards the descending "Poetic Genius of my Country." The idea conveyed in the Edinburgh Dedication is combined with that expressed in "The Vision," and, translated into sculpture, it signifies laureateship or national bardship. In so far as it departs from the pure and simple sculpturesque presentation of Burns, and aims at the pictorial treatment of the scene in which he was adopted, and crowned by the Muse of Coila as her chosen Bard, the work does not assort itself with statues. Otherwise, although there is a certain amount of refinement in the technique and treatment, Turnerelli took a mistaken course in tracing in



*Burns' Statue, Irvine.  
By Pittendrigh Macgillivray, A.R.S.A.*

have been that night when he composed "To Mary in Heaven." It is an old story and need not be repeated. After his wanderings by the Nith and in the farmyard, the wearied poet rests—not upon the legendary bundle of straw but—upon the forked stump of an elm-tree. After the pain of bitter memory he has fallen into the transcendental, and addresses the morning star; and the opening words of the poem are graven upon a scroll lying at his feet. That tells of the lover, a quill in the right hand bespeaks the poet, the sock of a plough signifies the farmer, and the elm the Scot. There is not too much meaning detail. It need hardly be said that the conception is devoid of breadth. There is in it so little that is significant of the completeness of Burns, that its concentrated sentimentality becomes offensive, and a disposition grows to resent the exposure of a strong man in an hour of weakness. As a work of Art, the statue will not bear all-round examination. Of an ideal Burns it emits not a whisper.

Mrs. D. O. Hill's statue of Burns in Dumfries may be briefly dismissed. The clay model was sent to Italy, to be cut upon an enlarged scale, and in the process the sculptor's work was bereft of some of its best features. It was Italianised, and, like the songs of Burns in Italian, both the meaning and the beauty of the original were obscured. The underlying idea is to show Burns when he sat him down to ponder "Upon an auld tree-root," but the statue suggests sprightly activity and vivacity, something of bubbling vitality and buoyant energy rather than thought. It is, however, the nearest existing approach to a woman's sculptured thought of Burns, and it is an interesting, even if it never was a lofty embodiment of the poet.

At Kilmarnock and Irvine the subject of site presents itself for consideration, and the possibility of classifying the statues first makes itself apparent. As to site, Blackie wrote from Turin that the statues of their great men are the greatest possible decoration of cities and

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towns. He probably meant that they should be in the streets like those in temple niches, and answer a similar moral purpose. The statue which is primarily an expression of respect and affection may also be a centre of perpetuated power. Art touches ethics when the work of Art becomes a moral influence. Would Mr. Grant Stevenson's Kilmarnock Burns, for example, not have found a better place amongst the people? Why banish Mr. Macgillivray's work to the Town Moor at Irvine, away from humanity, from the men and women the poet loved, of whom and to whom he sang? Might not the heavily burdened have been cheered by seeing his face and feeling his presence always amongst them?

An affirmative answer postulates artistic quality and a healthy effluence. Dundee would lose nothing if its Burns sat on the Sidlaw Hills, and the effect of the Hill and Flaxman marbles can only be negative. They suggest no ideal either moral or intellectual, and other than as mere evidences of the recognition of greatness, they cannot stimulate ambition. The subject of site, in fact, only becomes important when viewed relatively to the statue which occupies it. The Stevenson statues for Kilmarnock and Chicago, and that by Hugh Cairns at Boston, assort themselves with the Steell and Hill, but only so far as they rest upon Nasmyth, and no further. The Bainsmith at Aberdeen, the George Ewing at Glasgow, and the George A. Lawson at Ayr, are the results of deeper thought and stronger ideality. The Pomeroy at Paisley, like the Macgillivray at Irvine, is markedly individual, and the two detach themselves from any possible groups.

The Aberdeen statue is mildly expressive of dignity and thought. It shows the graver and sterner side of Burns, and standing close by the busiest thoroughfare of Aberdeen, and although robbed of a fuller eloquence by its stiffness and frigidity, its message to humanity is at least salutary and bracing. The peasant deserved respect and



*Burns' Statue, Paisley.  
By F. W. Pomeroy.*

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homage, and he won them. On its site in George Square, Glasgow's Valhalla, the Ewing Burns stands amongst the working masses, in all the bustling activity of city life. It is the Burns of John Murdoch, serious, contemplative and thoughtful, and, alas! reserved and silent. It has no clear word of cheer to the city worker. It is Burns uninspired, phlegmatic and dull, and gives out scant inspiration.

At Ayr, Mr. Lawson has quickened intellectual force with poetic passion and fire. The arms are crossed, the hands clenched, and the gaze earnest and concentrated; to the simple grace of the figure elements are added of both thought and repressed feeling. Burns might have stood thus reading his poems to Edinburgh society; thus he might have written his impassioned farewell to Clarinda, conned his ode to Mary, or finished the ringing "Scots wha ha'e." The work can neither be located by incident, nor specialised in respect of sentiment. It is Burns broadly generalised, the inseeing, rapt, intense poet. Relatively to its position, and as a work of Art, the figure is perhaps somewhat bare. It might have been enriched, and the too palpable attenuation of the lower limbs relieved by drapery or pedestal, but the freedom, grasp and breadth of the basic idea of the work indicate a sculptor whose knowledge of Burns was not exhausted upon his coat and breeches.

With Mr. Stevenson we revert to the earlier train of thought. His Kilmarnock Burns and that destined for Chicago are closely akin in Art. Upon a height in Kay Park the former looks out from an architectural canopy equally well adapted to its site and purpose, graceful, appropriate and artistic, which forms part of the one outstanding Burns monument in the world. The sentimental disadvantage that Burns looks upon Kilmarnock, but is not in it, is balanced by a substantial gain. The monument is seen far and wide, and many looking towards it from the furrowed field, must have reflected upon the honour paid a brother labourer, and felt new courage rising as they looked. Hurrying travellers through Kilmarnock may also realise his worth and power, and carry with them, at least in part, the meaning of Burns being set enthroned upon a hill. The statue, however, is nowise royal. In respect of technique, it is highly, in certain passages, exquisitely finished, but Mr. Stevenson lost himself almost at the start by choosing a weak and untrustworthy guide. He has rendered Nasmyth in marble, but not Burns, and has done it, too, with marvellous skill and consistency. He works like an anatomist constructing a skeleton upon the clue afforded by a bone. Granted that the Nasmyth head is that of Burns then the Stevenson body is perfect: reject the head, as we must, and the body goes with it. There is no alternative. The dress is correct, but, marking the tightness of the coat and sleeves, and the overdone neatness of the whole costume, we miss both the grace of Art and the easy negligence of actual fact. A statue worthy of Burns is not impossible to Mr. Stevenson, but he has not made it yet, and he will not make it until he looks far above Nasmyth, gives the rein to his imagination, and expresses himself in creating a Burns. We perforce judge Mr. Stevenson by his own standard and obvious purpose, but what we would fain ask at his hands is not a virtually impossible physical likeness of Burns, but a statue which, while making a reasonable concession to current fancies of the poet's physique, shall also adequately embody some idea of his character and genius.

Mr. F. W. Pomeroy wisely abandoned precedent and

convention in the Paisley statue without roughly defying prevailing views of physical likeness. Burns is shown leaning upon a plough left standing in the furrow, as indicated by the absence of the ploughshare. Aside from the bonnet and rig-and-fur stockings, the costume is that of the period as seen in the Nasmyth full-length. Burns looks every inch a man; somewhat ponderous, perhaps, across the loins for agility, but muscular, broad and strong. An ample plaid lends the burly peasant all the grace he needs, and falling over the plough at the back, partly hides a thistle. The emblem is not obtruded, because the sculptor wishes Burns to be seen as the poet of humanity first, and as that of Scotland afterwards. The work will bear all-round inspection. Mr. Pomeroy tried for something original, something to lead thought into a new channel, and he has succeeded. In his Burns he has portrayed the thinker and poet of boundless potentiality, without neglecting either the toil-bent worker or the athlete who could put the stone with any man in the parish, and work down any mower upon his farm. Capable as a work of Art, the statue is endowed with a life-like vigour and picturesque grace which insure its acceptance by the public.

Equally self-contained and original is Mr. Macgillivray's Burns at Irvine. The face and head are not slavishly copied from any misleading portrait, and the features are of a finer mould than the pen-pictures ascribe to Burns. Perhaps, in this respect, the sculptor injudiciously went so far as to fall into the error of kindling adverse, although mistaken, criticism. We are told that the face might be that of Byron, or Campbell, or of a nobleman touched with philanthropy. The expression is benign and placid rather than either inspired or stamped with strong emotion. The calm immobility of the face, it is said, pertains to a man above the war of passion and the storm and strife of life. The reply is that Burns was at heart both noble and philanthropic, and that in the conflict of testimony it is preposterous to discuss features and expression. Likeness is a will-o'-the-wisp that leads its pursuers to their undoing. The only concession, in short, that can be made in that direction is that Mr. Macgillivray could have carried out his idea equally well without pointedly departing from accepted notions of the face of the living Burns. The question is not whether his likeness is true, but whether his course was wise. It has, in other words, no bearing whatever upon the artistic quality of the statue. Of the latter there is no manner of doubt. The figure is strong, in no sense fine, and there is no straining after grace, although the more prominent lines are all gracefully rhythmic in movement. The illustration shows the right leg drawn up with the foot placed upon a stone, and the action is easy but not readily amenable to artistic treatment. It makes the view from the left front somewhat trying, where the protruding angle of the knee does not harmonise with the flowing folds of the dependent plaid. As a man's opinion of Burns has long been a standard by which to measure his intellectual capacity, so a statue of Burns is coming to be the measure of an artist's power. Of the application of such a rule to themselves and their works, neither Mr. Pomeroy nor Mr. Macgillivray need entertain any fear. They are well on the way towards that impossible ideal which always rises higher the nearer it seems to realisation.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.

## THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT LONGFORD CASTLE.\*

### III.—THE SPANISH AND FRENCH PICTURES.

'JUAN DE PAREJA,' BY VELAZQUEZ.—We have here represented the faithful slave and attendant who became afterwards the assistant of Velazquez. Although African rather than pure Arab blood must have flowed in his veins, his bearing, with all its appropriate simplicity, is not wanting in manliness and a certain consciousness of worth. And Velazquez is the last man to have introduced these qualities into a portrait-sketch of this informal type had they not been distinguishing characteristics of the sitter. He painted the half-length, it is said, during his second stay in Rome, in 1619, as a preliminary exercise before setting to work upon the great portrait of Innocent X., now in the Doria Palace. Having, by the mere force of circumstances, been hindered during his journey, and for some months after his arrival in Italy, from the practice of his art, he may well have wanted to paint a little for himself so as to completely regain his sovereign mastery of the brush. Carl Justi, in his "Diego Velazquez," makes the unkind suggestion that in choosing Pareja, his master may have wished to cope with the difficulties presented by one ugly head before attempting another uglier still. But had not Velazquez been painting ugliness all his life—whether the more or less distinguished ugliness of Philip and Olivares, or that of the hard-favoured men of the people who sat for the 'Borrachos' and the 'Forge of Vulcan,' and was he the man to shrink from it, or, indeed, to look upon any face charged with vitality and character as ugly? That the portrait is, indeed, that of the slave Pareja is proved by the likeness introduced by him into his own picture 'The Calling of Matthew,' in the Prado Museum of

Madrid—the one absolutely authenticated example of his art. There, however, he has naturally done all he can to Hispaniolize his pronounced African type. It is well known that two practically identical examples of this famous portrait of the 'Slave of Velazquez' exist; this one at Longford, and another in Lord Carlisle's



*Juan de Pareja.  
By Velazquez.*

collection at Castle Howard. Both are accepted as originals by Justi, and both have solid claims to be considered as such. Having lately had an opportunity of studying the two canvases at my leisure—the one at

\* Continued from page 145.

Longford, the other at the New Gallery, to which it was lent for the Spanish Exhibition—I cannot agree, all the same, that they are at all points so precisely similar as the eminent German critic implies. In size, design, and colour, they are no doubt identical; but differences of handling would be revealed by a juxtaposition of the two examples. To my thinking, the Castle Howard version shows a greater freshness and spontaneity, a still more intense vitality. Moreover, the technical processes are in it less easily traceable than in the companion version. In the Longford portrait the workings of the brush are more closely to be followed, the impasto is heavier in the lights, the sense of an unconquerable energy less. It is, all the same, a singularly powerful and impressive piece of work. Had it been possible to see the two pictures side by side at the New Gallery, we should have been able to form a more definitive judgment as to the rival merits of two, up to the present time, almost equally renowned works.

The only other important example of Spanish art in the collection is a large canvas, 'RUTH AND NAOMI,' BY MURILLO, illustrating the naturalistic phase of his art, and showing him less preoccupied with balanced grace and harmony of composition than he generally is even when he designedly keeps close to the familiar contemporary types of his own Andalusia.

The two Poussins and the two Claudes here have long enjoyed high celebrity. Both the Poussins—the one great canvas representing 'THE CROSSING OF THE RED SEA,' the other 'THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF'—were originally painted for the Marchese di Voghera, of Turin. The latter, which is by far the finer work of the two, was reproduced by P. Monier in an engraving which bears on the lower margin the curious inscription, "Ce tableau l'un de plus excellens. . . ." The former was engraved by Steph. Gantrel. I should take both compositions to belong to Poussin's earlier time, that is, to the period when he worked in Rome under the patronage of his friend, the Commendatore Cassiano del Pozzo, of Turin, for whom he executed among other things the celebrated 'Seven Sacraments' now in the collection of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. This great series of canvases was repeated by Poussin a few years later, with considerable improvements, for his friend and correspondent Paul Fréart de Chantelou, the *maitre d'hôtel* (not exactly in the modern sense) of Louis XIII.; and this set, too, is in England, in the Bridgewater Gallery belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. The 'Worship of the Golden Calf' is superb in the measured rhythm of the central group, showing Israelitish idolaters dancing in worship round the base of the new idol, but unpleasantly red now in the flesh tints, against which the sharp, bright hues of the draperies, where they emerge from the gloom of shadow and darkened varnish, show hard and cutting. It is in this genuine classicality, this power of depicting with a certain sculptural austerity, and yet not without living truth and powerful expression, scenes in which another would only have emphasized riot and licence, that Poussin stands alone. Here, as in many another piece of the same type, there is much the same kind of hieratic solemnity that served to remove from the category of the mere orgie even the strangest rites of antiquity. Nothing is more curious than to compare this picture or our splendid 'Bacchanalian Dance' at the National Gallery—one of Poussin's finest things, by the way—with the Bacchanals of Rubens, all fleshly exuberance, all passion let loose, or with that still more tremendous 'Worship of Venus' of his at Vienna, in which excess of physical vitality is carried to a point

where it borders upon Dionysiac frenzy. Much less remarkable, although it must rank as a good Poussin of the same period, is the companion piece already mentioned—'The Crossing of the Red Sea.'

The two great canvases of Claude Lorrain are those celebrated as the 'MORNING OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE' and the 'DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.' The drawing connected with, and, as it were, registering the latter, is No. 82 in the Liber Veritatis (as reproduced, or rather, paraphrased, by Richard Earlom and published by John Boydell in 1777). On the back of the drawing in the Liber for the 'Decline,' is "*Claudio fecit in V. R.*," and further to the right "*Lebrun*"—signifying that the picture was painted in Rome, and for the famous court-painter and artistic factotum of Louis XIV. On the back of the drawing in the Liber for the 'Morning'—No. 122 in Earlom's volumes—is "*Paris, Claudio fecit*" (Mrs. Mark Pattison's "Claude Lorrain"). A careful drawing by Claude for the Arch of Titus, which, with its relief showing the carrying away of the Golden Candlestick, forms a prominent feature in the middle distance of the 'Decline,' is in the British Museum. The ostensible subject of the 'Morning of the Roman Empire'—showing, after Claude's well-known fashion, a modified view of the Bay of Naples at sunrise, with a pseudo-classic seaport in the foreground—is the landing of Aeneas in Italy. This canvas was engraved by James Mason in 1772, the more famous companion-piece being at the same time rendered by the burin of Wm. Woollett. Both pictures belong to the late prime of the artist, since they were painted, as may be legitimately inferred, a little after 1661, that is, some twenty years before his death. They came last from the collection of the Comtesse de Verrue.

Another much smaller version of the 'Decline,' the No. 153 in the engraved volumes of the Liber Veritatis, is to be identified with the so-called 'Landscape with Shepherds' now in the collection of the Duke of Westminster. This has sometimes been supposed to be a reduced version of the Longford picture, of later date, and derived from it; but a comparison of the two—even in the poor and unduly generalised versions of Earlom, taken from the Chatsworth drawings—gives support to Mrs. Mark Pattison's contention that the Longford landscape is, on the contrary, an enlarged and improved version of the Duke of Westminster's 'Landscape with Shepherds.' The latter is of the two somewhat less deliberately arranged, nearer to nature, more *mouvementé*; while in the former the composition is further revised and digested, more monumental, grandiose, and reposeful. The lighting of the two landscapes is materially different.

There is no finer Claude Lorrain in England, the land of Claudes, than this great 'Decline of the Roman Empire' of Longford; unless it be the incomparable 'Enchanted Castle' now in Lord Wantage's collection—the picture that Keats so eloquently praised. Certainly no example in the great but imperfectly preserved series in the National Gallery can claim to rank as its equal. In no landscape from his brush does the suffused gold of sunset light work more wonderfully in unifying, in transfiguring every natural and artificial detail into a congruous whole—in making of the horizon, as it were, the imperceptible border-line where the merely terrestrial and the infinite are fused into one. Here we have a typical example of Claude's peculiar genius for re-arranging nature after his own fashion, and withal preserving the very essence of her beauty. He could dare this most dangerous thing, and yet succeed, because having

selected the natural basis of his picture and the decorative elements which he deemed necessary to lend to it a heightened expressiveness and beauty, he was able at the next stage to see the thing in his mind's eye really transfigured—that is he had not only the mental conception, but the actual painter's vision of the subject as he recreated it.

Turner saw visions of his own, vaster, higher, more radiant still, and sometimes fixed them on his canvas with a genius and skill such as hardly any other mortal

The only other French pictures at Longford are family portraits by Jean-Baptiste Vanloo and Madame Vigée Le Brun. These would not, in such a collection as this, call for detailed notice, were it not that they are interesting as marking by their dates the stay in England of the one and the other of these well-known artists. There are no less than four portraits ascribed to Jean-Baptiste Vanloo, who towards the end of his career came to England—arriving in 1738 and remaining until 1742. The 'Mary, Lady des Bouveries,' belongs, it is stated,



*Decline of the Roman Empire.*  
By Claude Lorrain.

has approached. When, however, he sought to beat Claude on his own chosen ground, as in the 'Dido building Carthage'—placed, in obedience to his expressed desire, between two pictures by the Lorraine master at the National Gallery—he did not so much see the thing enveloped in the dream of the painter-poet—and so present it—as merely emulate what his predecessor had done, and seek to pile up splendours more dazzling still, to wrap them in an atmosphere yet more radiant. This is why, doing apparently better in many ways, working with a mastery more supreme, he still in this particular branch of his art fell far short of Claude, who, face to face with the stately loveliness of Italy, with the solemnity of an august past recalled by every hill, every lake, every sculptured stone, gave his whole being up to what he saw, and stamped it for ever with the impress of his genius.

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to the year 1738, while the 'Hon. Elizabeth Marsham, Viscountess Folkestone,' dates from 1742, the last year of Vanloo's stay. He must not, of course, be confounded with his more celebrated brother Carle Vanloo, who paid a short visit to England in 1764, just before his death, but did little or no work here.

The three-quarter length, by Madame Vigée Le Brun, of the youthful William, Viscount Folkestone, though it is not altogether wanting in freshness and charm, does not show this popular and fascinating painter to the highest advantage. In the first place, her neighbours in the Dining-room at Longford are not only the sincere and sound if somewhat stolid Hudson, but Gainsborough, so supreme a master of the brush, even when he is a trifle hasty and superficial, that beside his canvases that of the French portraitist looks opaque and "teaboardy." The 'William, Viscount

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Folkestone,' is, nevertheless, put on the canvas with that ease and elegance of design which are unfailing characteristics of the gifted Frenchwoman's work. And then we must not attempt to judge Mme. Le Brun by the average portrait of a mere man. Her grace and assur-

(To be continued.)

ance, her power to captivate though not to touch, find full scope only in her portraits of women—and chiefly in those universally known ones of herself, the pictures in the Louvre and at the Uffizi.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## 'THE KING'S LIBATION.'

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, AFTER BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF  
GEORGE MCCULLOCH, ESQ.

M R. BRITON RIVIERE when he painted 'The King's Libation,' was fortunate in having so imposing a subject available for the display of his capacity as an animal painter. Nothing could, in its way, be finer as a motive for a picture than this illustration of "the sport of kings." There is a distinct appropriateness in the triumph of the human monarch over the king of beasts, in the matching of the ruler of men against the regal animal whose place at the head of the four-footed creation has been conceded from time immemorial. And the monarch himself clearly feels that the occasion is a momentous one, calling for ceremonial observance and thanksgiving in the temple where it is his custom to worship. There, before the altar, the trophies of his chase are heaped up, and, upon the heads of the slain he pours a libation of red wine, by way of recording his sense of gratitude for the favour of which he feels himself to have been the recipient. He has certainly cause for pride in his prowess as a hunter. Five huge lions have fallen to his arrows, and the perils of the day have been faced without hurt or injury to himself. It is plain that the gods look upon him with approval, and that for their support he owes them a due meed of praise. So as he returns, bow still in hand, and followed still by his train of attendants, he proceeds at once to his devotional exercises, presenting, as the most appropriate offering that he can devise, the splendid spoil that he has gathered.

Among the Assyrians, of which nation the central

figure in Mr. Riviere's picture is king, lion-slaying seems to have been the sport which was above all others regarded as worthy of the attention of the mighty hunter. In their bas-reliefs and paintings the pursuit of this great beast is the subject most frequently dealt with and recorded. Lions furiously attacking men who seem to have no fear of their onslaught, or snarling as they lie disabled by a well-planted arrow, or again pursuing the chariot from which the archer aims his shafts, are frequently represented in Assyrian decorations. Appropriately Mr. Riviere covers the wall of this temple, in which the king stands, with paintings of this character; and by a touch of archaeological accuracy makes more evident the point of his picture.

Technically the whole work is worthy of the importance of the subject. The rendering of the huge hairy bodies piled one on the other is extremely able, and the manner in which the beasts are drawn and arranged is admirable: the figure of the king himself is full of dignity. His attitude is that of a man glorying in his strength and conscious of his own power, and yet ready to recognise that his fortune has come to him by favour of the gods themselves. There is something of the lion suggested in his face and in the pose of his body, something of the fierce reserve which is characteristic of the animal, and accounts for the respect with which for centuries it has been regarded. As he stands with the dead beasts about his feet the likeness is quite obvious. Probably it was so intended by the artist; but anyhow it is a happy piece of resemblance.

## THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL GALLERY.

**O**WING to tunnelling operations by the North British Railway, the building containing this collection suffered some damage, requiring a portion to be rebuilt and the whole to be overhauled. During the operations the pictures were shown in the R.S.A. galleries adjoining. On 10th May the Gallery was reopened, and it showed that great improvements had been effected in reconstructing the rooms and re-classifying the pictures. Over 100 works have been withdrawn, consisting of portraits sent to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, diploma works of the R.S.A. withdrawn for separate exhibitions and some works of lesser importance. New parquet flooring has been laid, and the lighting of the rooms has been improved by the introduction of a second glass under each cupola, while arrangements have been made for an equable temperature summer and winter. The decoration of walls and soffits is simple and rich. The chief alteration is in the classification of the works,

effected under the able direction of Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., and Mr. R. Gibb, R.S.A., Curator of the gallery. In the first room are the great Vandycks, Rembrandt's 'Hendrikje Stoffels,' recently presented by Mr. McEwan, M.P., the fine pair of portraits by F. Hals, with the landscapes of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The Italian pictures, along with the numerous examples of French and Spanish art, fill the second octagon. The remaining rooms show mainly the British school, and the arrangement has enabled the grand series of Etty pictures to be better placed, while the Gainsborough, Raeburn, and other portraits have also better arrangement. The position of the galleries being north and south, the pictures hung on the west side are best seen in the morning, and those on the east side in the afternoon.

John Phillips' masterpiece, 'La Gloria,' recently purchased for £5,000, will shortly be placed in position.

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The King's Libation

Photography by John Evans





*Initial Letter.*

*From Eltham, Kent.*

## OLD ENGLISH SIGNS.

SIGNS in the sense that we understand them to-day are of very early origin, and were conspicuously placed on or in front of a house to indicate the occupation of the tenant, or to distinguish it from its neighbours. When few persons could read or write, signs of some kind were absolutely indispensable in town life, and before streets were numbered, and when houses were not contiguous and often quite isolated, they were necessary as a means of identification.

The early maps of London show the houses and inns named after the signs they bore: every house of any pretension, certainly each house of business, was thus known, and they were not by any means confined to inns.

We are so accustomed at the present day to always associate a sign with a public-house, that it seems somewhat difficult to realise that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, every street was crowded with signs of all shapes and sizes. In those days the streets were very picturesque, not only from the many gabled houses rich with carved timber and plaster work, but also by their almost countless signs, gay with gilding and painted in the most brilliant colours, which hung above the house fronts. Some stood out openly supported on posts, or projected nearly across the narrow streets, even darkening the roadway below, so much so that in the early part of the century it was ordained "that no taverne should in future have a stake, bearing either his sign or leaves, extending or lying over the King's highway, of greater length than seven feet at most."

During the succeeding centuries they became again very elaborate, and great ingenuity was shown in contriving a device by which each house should be known. Heraldry exhausted all its stores to furnish emblems for different trades, and it became quite a study to adapt them from various sources—ecclesiastical, heraldic,

or grotesque, from the animal and vegetable world, from the arms of the lord of the manor, the Royal arms, or some symbol of a trade. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the most common signs were the painted ones hanging out from wrought-iron supports, and these continued more or less down to the end of the eighteenth century.



*"The Pack Horse,"  
Chippenham, Wilts.*



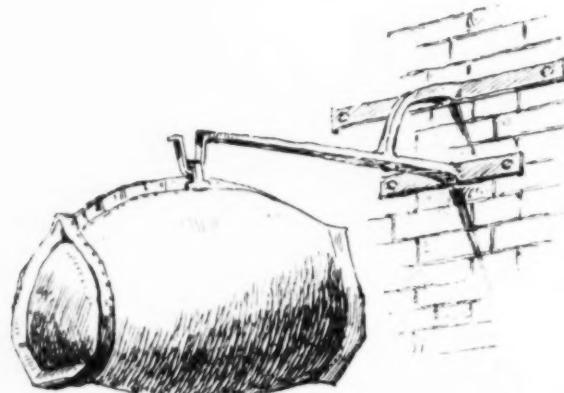
*"The Anchor,"  
From the Guildhall Museum.*

After the Great Fire of London in 1666 many of the new houses, instead of having the old projecting signs, had them instead carved in stone, coloured and gilded, and let into the fronts of the houses. Several very excellent examples, bearing various dates from 1667 to 1669, are now in the Guildhall Museum, the one illustrated, "The Anchor," being a good and characteristic specimen. Another, the "Boar's Head" from Eastcheap, dated 1668, is carved in stone and richly coloured, and one from Snow Hill representing "St. George and the Dragon," about four feet square, though somewhat mutilated, is admirably sculptured in high relief, and is a remarkably fine piece of work. The sign of the "Bell" from Knightrider Street, also in the Museum, is carved in stone, and partly projects from a shield surrounded by heraldic mantling, and surmounting the keystone of the doorway below, dated 1668, with the initials M.T.A. In No. 2, Sheffield Street, out of Drury Lane, are two stone signs built into the house front; one with an anchor and the initials D.S.G., and the other with F.S.G. and the date 1691.

In the streets not affected by the fire, the old projecting signs still remained, and on a stormy day these huge masses of painted timber and ironwork swung back-

wards and forwards with every gust of wind, making an intolerable creaking and groaning, which frequently foreboded disaster to the nervous pedestrian below, as it was not uncommon for them to be blown down, and accidents were by no means rare—indeed, to this may be partly attributed the fact of their abolition, for between the years 1760 and 1770 all signs in London were ordered to be placed flat against the walls, or fronts of the houses, and they were no longer allowed to project over the roadway at all. The one illustrated of the "Pack Horse" at Chippenham shows the sign-board placed flat on the wall over the doorway. In country towns and villages this order was not very strictly enforced, and it is to this laxity that we owe the remaining ones left to us to-day, though owing to the spread of education, and the majority of people being able to read tolerably well, and as the houses had begun to be numbered, and each street had its name painted up conspicuously, they became no longer a necessity, and their original value was gone.

Some were carved and painted with great beauty and merit, and in the early part of the eighteenth century



"The Leather Bottle,"  
Leather Lane, Holborn.  
EGD.

many of the best signs were executed by coach painters, for at this period the carriages and sedan chairs of wealthy people were very richly adorned with heraldic ornaments, floral borders, and painted centre-pieces, and the services of these men were requisitioned for the best and most important signs; indeed, we read that in the latter half of the century several Royal Academicians did not consider the painting of signs as beneath their dignity—Cipriani amongst others, though his name is more associated with Sheraton and his furniture than



"The Lion,"  
Great Missenden.

inspiration, or to give some distinctive character to those they did conceive. Hence it is that we see so many blue, black, and red lions, falcons, boars, and dragons, only to be distinguished by different colours.

The remarkably fine sign here illustrated, from Great Missenden, shows a black lion, in silhouette, enclosed in an open iron frame, hung from a quaint wooden support, with a curious spoke-like treatment filling in the angle. The "lion rampant" is full of vigour and character,



and is made out of two thicknesses of iron slightly concave on the face, which gives a richness of effect not attainable by using a thin sheet of metal.

Another excellent example of a trade symbol is the "leather jack," illustrated from the Guildhall Museum, which formerly hung in front of "The Leather Bottle," in Leather Lane, off Holborn.

Illiterate people would therefore easily make mistakes, and call an object by a wrong name, which might give rise to an absurd combination; and when these signs were repainted or used elsewhere they would be represented by the names they were best known by, as, for

with sign painting. Many other instances of well-known painters doing signs occur, and are almost too numerous to mention.

Most of the signs of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries were simple and easily understood, and had no complexity of names; but in the eighteenth century all sorts of absurd combinations were met with, puzzling the traveller with their incongruity. The early signs had no inscriptions or titles written under them, and it was left to the wayfarer to interpret the picture or symbol as he pleased, and as there would be but a limited number of men in each town who made the painting and making of signs their means of livelihood, they must often have been hard put to find a fresh

instance, the "Plum and Feathers," which was evidently taken from the painted "Plume of Feathers"; and the "Bag of Nails" is, most probably, a misinterpretation of a group of Bacchanals dancing; and many others too numerous to mention.

The well-known "Bull and Mouth," from the original "Boulogne Mouth," of which several very excellent examples are in the Guildhall Museum, is doubtless in allusion to the town and harbour of Boulogne, besieged by Henry VIII. The "ogne," being pronounced "on," gradually became

"an," and only required the "d" to make "and," so that the first part being "bull," it eventually became "Bull and Mouth."

Larwood, in his excellent "History of Signboards," quotes from the *Adventurer* in 1752:—"It cannot be doubted but that signs were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners, and to bear some affinity, in their external designations, with the

wares to be disposed of, or the business carried on, within. Hence the 'Hand and Shears' is justly appropriated to tailors; the 'Hand and Pen' to writing masters; the 'Woolpack' plainly points out to us a woollen draper; the 'Naked Boy' reminds us of the necessity for clothing; and the 'Golden Fleece' figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity." The tenants of religious houses adopted signs generally emblematical of the Church, such as the "Cross Hands," "Three Crosses," "Cross Keys," "Golden Cross," "Mitre," "Lamb," "Crozier," &c., and nearly all bore reference to some special event or cause. Rebuses were also greatly in favour to advertise a name, and many very ingenious ones were to be seen.

When the projecting signs were all swept away it was at first difficult to find the houses before people were accustomed to the use of numbers, so that many resorted to painting their houses, doors, and posts in some bright colour, and we have the "Red" and "White Houses" and the "Blue Posts" that remain with us at the present day, and also the red lamps adhered to by doctors and chemists, all of which are a survival of old customs.

In the beginning of this century signs fell more and more into disuse, and were only continued in some cases more as a tradition of the house and as an advertisement of an established reputation than for any practical value, and the old painted and blazoned ones degenerated to the name only upon a board, and signs and symbols were confined to inns and public-houses, and a few shops which still linger on in a half-hearted way—such as the ironmonger's "frying-pan," the hardware dealer's "teapot," the grocer's "canister," the barber's "pole," the Italian warehouseman's "oil cruse," the shoemaker's "boot," and the well-known one of the pawnbroker's.

Wrought iron played a very prominent part in the

1897.

construction of signs, and in some form or other is generally found in connection with them; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the brackets and stays supporting the boards were generally well designed and executed. Many of these are found all over England, and the one illustrated of the George Inn at Wimborne is a very good instance. It hangs some seven feet over the roadway, and the disposal of the main lines of the design and the scroll filling in leave nothing to be desired. In the picturesque village of Wareham, in Dorsetshire, are quite a series of signs carried by well-designed iron supports, many being very simple and suggestive of what might be done to-day. The very rich and elaborate one from Bruton in Somersetshire, which projects nearly across the street, is supported by a bracket and side stays, and the scroll-work which so strongly emphasizes the hook, once carrying the vintner's bunch of grapes, shows the importance attached to trade symbols. The upper stay seems weak and out of place, following the lines of the roof, and possibly this sign was fixed originally against a gable wall, and not in its present position under the eaves. The well-known sign of the Falstaff Inn at Canterbury is another beautiful example of this form of treatment, in which the actual board bearing the inscription or painting is quite subordinate in interest to the richness and delicacy of the setting, though, perhaps, these boards may have been substituted for ones more in character with the iron-work.

On the other hand, the illustration of the Roebuck in Castle Lane, Westminster,\* exemplifies the opposite extreme, in which the supports and stays are secondary to the sign, and merely fulfil their object of holding it up, and on the sign itself all the interest centres. This is of wood, and has a quaintly shaped and scrolled edge, with an admirably painted presentation of the Roebuck in his native lair on either side, and the whole arrangement and grouping of the doorway, with its sheltering hood, lamp, and sign, is most pleasing, and shows that our ancestors thoroughly well understood the value of a dignified entrance.

At Twickenham is an instance in which the actual symbols themselves form the sign, and is interesting as being of a similar type to the old ones common in earlier centuries. In the illustration it will be seen that it represents "Eight Bells" attached to a horizontal rail, and is the sign of a public-house from which the street itself derives its name. It is simple and pleasing in design, projecting as it does well away from the house front, and from its unusual character readily attracts attention. The bell, either singly or in combination with some other object, is one of the commonest signs in England, and was used as early as the fourteenth

\* Since writing this article, the sign and iron-work have all been taken down.



"The Bull Inn,"  
Bruton, Somersetshire.

century, for Chaucer and other early writers mention the sign in connection with inns—though in this case the bells are not emblematic and have nothing to do with the trade carried on within the house.



"The Roebuck Inn,"  
Castle Lane, Westminster.

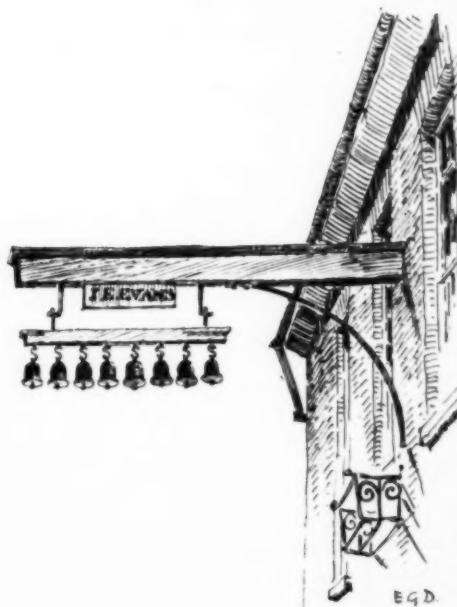
During the eighteenth century we find many painted signs of more or less merit, one of which dated 1730, from a shop near the old Royal Exchange, is now in the Guildhall Museum, and others are still occasionally met with in old country towns and villages. In King's Lynn, in Norfolk, there are several good examples—the "Three Pigeons," or Doves, a quaintly painted sign on a shaped board over an inn in St. James Street; the "Greenland Fishery," a well-executed picture of a whaling vessel in full sail, attached to the front of a beautiful sixteenth-century brick and timber house—probably a painting of a vessel sailing from the ancient Port of Lynn; and at the corner of Nelson Street an excellent one of the "Valiant Sailor." This street, which contains some of the oldest houses in the town, was doubtless re-named in honour of Nelson, and the sign, which is full of character and appeals irresistibly to a seafaring people, represents a sailor clinging around the topmast and nailing a flag to the mast-head. This, in all probability, depicts an episode in the Battle of Copenhagen in 1801, when Nelson, pretending not to see his superior officer's order to cease firing by putting his telescope to his blind eye, ordered his own flag, the signal for close action, to be nailed to the mast, with what result is well known.

In this town is also a painted sign of the "Honest Lawyer," representing him with his head in his hand, the supposition being that this was the only condition in which by any possibility a lawyer could be honest. The "Good Woman" and the "Honest Woman" are drawn in a similar way, and the origin of the idea is apparently

gathered from the early paintings of the martyrs who had been decapitated, and were usually represented with headless trunks and holding their heads in their hands.

The "Five Alls" is another old and still common painted sign, and a good example is to be seen at Chippenham, in Wiltshire. Five figures are shown standing under canopies, with inscriptions below—the parson with "I pray for all," the soldier "I fight for all," the King "I rule all," the lawyer "I plead for all," and a tailor "I clothe all." Sometimes the latter, or one of the other figures, is varied for a portrait of his Satanic majesty, with the somewhat unpleasant suggestion that "I take all"; but perhaps for originality the "Pure Drop" at Wareham and the "Blooming Fuchsia" at Ipswich, as signs for public-houses, are as uncommon as they seem inappropriate.

We can but regret that these old eighteenth-century signs are year by year becoming scarcer, partly owing to their instability and continual exposure to sun, wind, and rain, but quite as frequently to their being painted out and obliterated. When time and the weather have dimmed their original brilliancy, instead of being garnished with a fresh coat of paint, it is the fashion now-a-days to merely substitute the name for the old sign, and if this were all, and publicans confined themselves to the simple title, it would not be of so much consequence, except for their loss; but as we live in an age of advertisement, and each must try and outbid his neighbour for publicity and patronage, where we used to see the honest sign we now have enormous notices of somebody's beer, often covering the entire house fronts, even



"The Bell Inn,"  
Twickenham.

the chimneys and gables, and absolutely devoid of either interest or beauty. The old picturesque irregularity of our mediaeval streets is a thing of the past, and wisely too; but if we borrowed a hint from them, what a wide field lies before us in the treatment of modern signs. If we must have advertisements and signs, let us confine them to something like proportionable limits: because a

man sells cheap clothing or quack medicines, it surely cannot be necessary to disfigure the front of his house with letters informing us of the fact some five or six feet long, and we can only hope that a reaction will some day set in against this blatant form of advertising in favour of a quieter and simpler treatment. As evidence that others recognise this sentiment, we may notice the sign of the now well-known Rembrandt Head in Vigo Street, the Alliance Assurance Company, at Mr. Norman Shaw's beautiful building at the bottom of St. James's Street, and many other well-known instances.

In the limits of a short article it is impossible to more than briefly touch upon a few of the chief characteristics of Old English Signs, and many specimens have hardly been referred to in connection with this quaint and most interesting by-path of archaeology.

E. GUY DAWBER.



*De Morgan Pottery.*

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

ALTHOUGH they have long been objects of admiration to the artist and connoisseur, Mr. De Morgan's tiles and pottery are not appreciated as much as they deserve by the general public. That the fine colour and design of this work should be attractive to artists is not surprising, but the comparative lack of appreciation shown by the public is possibly due in a measure to insufficient acquaintance with the wares produced at the

Chelsea pottery. They are not advertised in any way, and the rooms in which they can be seen are in an old-



*Silver Bowl in High Relief.  
(Mr. Gilbert Marks.)*



*Silver Bowl on Bronze Stand.  
(Mr. Gilbert Marks.)*

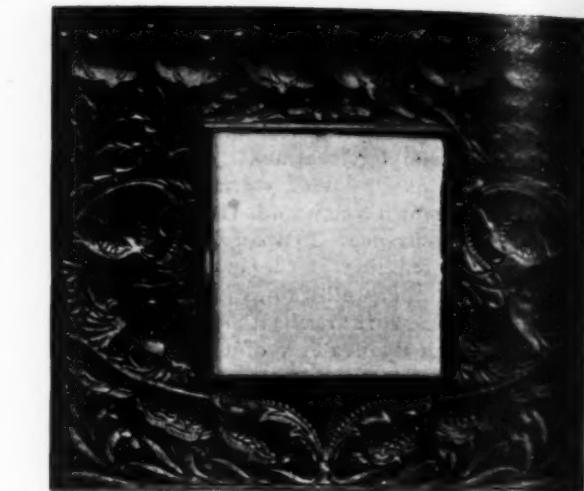


*Silver Goblet.*  
(Mr. Gilbert Marks.)

and are therefore, under ordinary conditions, practically indestructible. In our illustration several fine pieces of De Morgan pottery, both in lustre and in ordinary ware, are shown. But the reproduction cannot suggest their best quality—that of exquisite iridescent colour.

Some interesting work in silver has been exhibited lately by Messrs. Johnson, Walker & Tolhurst, at 80, Aldersgate Street, E.C. The examples shown—some thirty or forty in number—were designed and executed by Mr. Gilbert Marks, an artist whose work appeals to a cultured and therefore small public; and it has but little in common with the ordinary highly polished specimens of the silversmith's art which are so lavishly displayed in the jeweller's shop windows. His pieces are in every case shapely and well modelled, while the floral forms which decorate most of them are simple and well selected. The colour, too, of these bowls and vases and beakers—the dull yet exquisite grey of unpolished silver—is exceedingly pleasant to the cultivated eye.

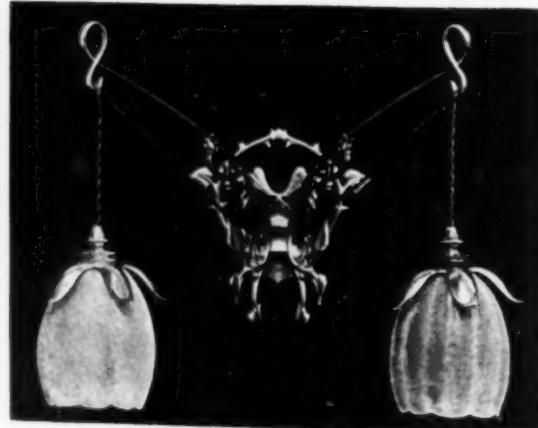
fashioned house in Great Marlborough Street, a thoroughfare which is rarely traversed by those who would be likely to purchase such goods. Here, however, may be seen examples of the beautiful lustre ware, and bowls and vases painted in greens and blues as pure and clear as those seen in old Persian pottery; together with many fine specimens of those remarkable tiles, to the manufacture and decoration of which Mr. De Morgan has devoted many years of study. These tiles possess peculiar qualities, quite apart from their pattern and colour. They are unaffected by atmospheric changes,



*Mirror Frame in Repoussé Copper.*  
(Fivemiletown, Co. Tyrone.)

We are glad to be able to give illustrations of three examples of the work of Mr. Marks, a goblet and two bowls. One of the bowls is ornamented with wild roses and their foliage in high relief, the handles being cast and chased. In the decoration of the second bowl, which is raised upon a bronze stand especially designed for the purpose, the flowers and leaves of the daffodil have been effectively used. Mr. Marks has recently been engaged, in conjunction with Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., in making the elaborate casket in silver, gold, and enamel, in which the freedom of the Skinners' Company is to be presented to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

The mirror frame in *repoussé* copper which is illustrated on this page, was shown at the recent exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at the Royal Albert Hall. It was made in the class at Fivemiletown, Co. Tyrone, in which evening instruction is given to thirty men, women, and girls, in *repoussé* metal work and hand-made embroidery. The Fivemiletown class is under the management of Mrs. Montgomery, of Blessingbourne. Some capital work has been done by its members, and their stall at the Royal Albert Hall was a



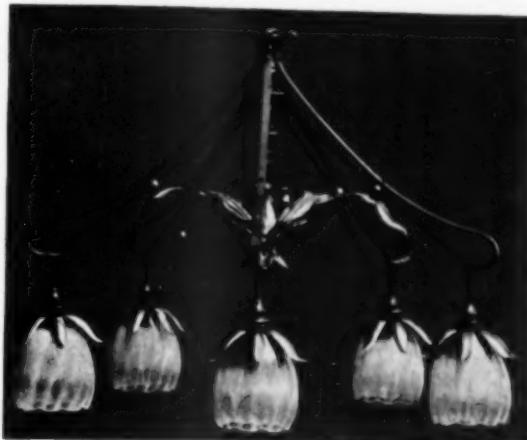
*Bracket in Cast Brass for Electric Light.*  
(Mr. W. A. S. Benson.)



*Bracket in Wrought Copper and Brass for Electric Light.*  
(Mr. W. A. S. Benson.)

striking feature at the exhibition of last May. On that occasion one of the Fivemiletown exhibits, a newspaper rack in *repoussé* copper, was purchased by the Princess of Wales, who has always taken a kindly interest in the prosperity of the Home Arts and Industries Association.

Every one interested in modern decorative art must be acquainted with the admirable metal work of Mr. W. A. S. Benson, of 82, New Bond Street, who designed and made the electric light fittings (a pendant and two brackets) which are represented in our illustrations. The pendant, graceful and not too elaborate in design, is carried out in wrought iron and gilt,



*Electric Light Pendant in Wrought Iron and Gilt.  
(Mr. W. A. S. Benson.)*

the light being tempered and subdued by glass globes of the pattern known as "broken egg." Of the two brackets, the larger, with its three flower-like lamps, is in wrought copper and brass. The smaller bracket, which is cast, is made entirely of brass. The opal glass shades used in these brackets are of a colour and quality which contrast pleasantly with the richer hues of the copper and brass, and even the flexible cords, which many makers of electric light fittings do their best to conceal, are in these brackets

boldly used as parts of the design. Both pendant and brackets are marked with that feeling of distinction which invariably characterises Mr. Benson's work.

## FANS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A VERY interesting contrast has lately been afforded between the fans of other days and of our own times—not, it must be admitted, a very cheering one, unless it be to the collector, who may congratulate himself upon possessing the work of craftsmen the like of whom are not to-day to be found among us. That was very clearly shown at Drapers' Hall.

In offering prizes to the amount of no less than £85 for a fan-leaf painted by a British subject, the Drapers' and Clothworkers' Companies and Lady Cotton were anxious, of course, to show what we can do. No doubt it would have been better not to have made it a condition that prize works should become the property of the Company—for an artist conscious of his worth, but not so sure of the capacity of his judges, might hesitate to enter into a competition in which, if he came out only second or third best, he might get less for his work than the price at which he valued it. No doubt also it was a mistake to ordain that designs in competition should celebrate the Queen's Jubilee; for, though from the point of view of loyalty the theme given was most appropriate, from that of art it is impossible, or possible only to the genius to whom nothing is impossible. The highest prize-winner had, in fact, no happier thought than to paint upon a fan-leaf "the statue of Her Majesty with allegorical subject."

Still, when every allowance is made for deterrent conditions, the result should have been something less unsatisfactory than the exhibits in Class A. Judging by the evidence of the fan-leaves shown, evidence supported by the fans in Class B and others, it is abundantly clear that the level of artistic achievement, which is probably at the present moment higher than ever it was in this country, is not sustained by the fan-painters; in fact the best modern work shown is that done by or for the trade.

As for design, no one would ask or expect that it should be very serious: the fan, though the lines of its construction seem to imply some sort of restraint, is not a serious subject, and has rarely been considered so. Nevertheless, one certainly looked for something a little less commonplace than the general run of the designs

submitted. The Art student "up to date" seems to have abstained from competition, and to have left the field to the amateur. It is always most unfortunate when a prize has to be withheld; but the judges could not well have done otherwise than express in that way their opinion of the inadequacy of these commemorative fan-leaves. Here, at all events, is no cause for jubilation. It is only fair, however, to say that some of the sticks in Class E show that the trade of stick-making, if only a trade, is not extinct.

The insufficiency of the modern fan is emphasised by comparison with the "antique and historical fans" displayed in an adjoining room. You have there a very fair representation of what the fan once was—a work of luxury, frivolous more or less, not a little riotous in design perhaps, but in its way exquisite. The first impression produced by the collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century fans is that the painters were colourists. They painted, naturally, in the key of the period, the key of Watteau and Boucher, lively or tender as the tune might be. The art was artificial, but the prettiness which might have been a fault in more serious painting was here part and parcel of the very purpose of the thing. The old fan mounts also were in their way achievements, carved for the most part in ivory or mother-o'-pearl, the latter not seldom lacquered in colours of jewel-like translucency. The fans thus mounted are singularly *one* in effect. That may be said also of those in "Vernis Martin," of which comparatively rare kind several are exhibited. Nearly all of the best fans shown are by Frenchmen. Here and there a Chinaman holds his own against them, more especially when he carves the whole fan in ivory, with a delicacy inevitably suggestive of fine lacework. Of actual lace fans there are not so many; but almost every kind of fan is represented, and represented fairly well. In short, the exhibition at Drapers' Hall gave one quite an exceptional opportunity of surveying the art of the past-masters of fan-making. One can only hope against hope that it does not fairly represent the fan-making of our own day.

L.F.D.

## PASSING EVENTS.



WITH very good judgment Messrs. Graves & Co. chose the month of Jubilee for the display of a collection of military pictures by Mr. Caton Woodville. These canvases were all of a type well calculated to attract the attention of that large section of the public which was during the period of the Jubilee celebrations ready to take interest in every record of national achievements. The incidents illustrated were among the most stirring in our military history, and were presented by the artist with remarkable power. The more important of the pictures were 'Saving the Guns at Maiwand,' 'Alma,' the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' 'Sebastopol,' 'Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo,' and 'The Storming of Badajoz'; and 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade,' by Mr. G. D. Giles. But the chief interest of the exhibition centred in the specially painted canvas, 'For Queen and Empire,' in which Mr. Caton Woodville had undertaken to represent the military greatness of this country and its dependencies. He had in this composition succeeded in overcoming with admirable ingenuity the difficulties presented by the subject; and the manner in which he had dealt with the mass of troops representing various arms of the service in all parts of the world, called for very sincere praise. The scene of the picture was laid before Windsor Castle, where the Queen, surrounded by members of the Royal Family, was depicted as reviewing an array of soldiers from regiments of many kinds and types. In the collection were also several smaller studies, of

which the most noteworthy were, perhaps, the 'Officer, 2nd North British Dragoons, Waterloo Period,' and 'The Last Charge at Corunna.'

A private exhibition of works by the late Mr. Hope MacLachlan was lately held at 98, James Street, Buckingham Gate. It showed how serious a loss modern art has sustained by the death of this clever artist, who possessed in an unusually high degree the capacity for poetic expression, and was also the exponent of a technical style by no means lacking in variety and power. He had a great sense of dignity in composition, and his colour, though at times sombre and low in tone, was always harmonious and consistent. Both oil-paintings and water-colours were included in the exhibition.

A collection of fifty-eight drawings and paintings by Mr. J. Buxton Knight has been on view at the Goupil Gallery. It was, as might have been expected from

such an individual and able worker, a very interesting demonstration of sound and wholesome artistic principles. Among modern painters of landscape he holds so high a position as an original interpreter, and a thoughtful student of nature's effects, that this show made a definite appeal to everyone who recognises the charm of fidelity and the merit of judicious selection. Mr. Buxton Knight is essentially a robust painter, with a preference for rich harmonies of colour, and for those effects of atmosphere which require decision in statement and directness of expression. He understands, too, how to keep detail in right subordination, and he rarely fails to



*The Last Charge at Corunna.  
By R. Caton Woodville.*

select the most paintable aspect of his subjects. Therefore this exhibition deserves to be recorded as a valuable assertion of principles which are always worthy of sincere appreciation.

## OBITUARY.

THE death of Mr. George Chester, in his eighty-fourth year, removes one of the last of those painters of landscape who have kept up in the right way the best traditions of the great school which flourished in this country before the middle of the present century. He was an artist of a type which is to-day practically non-existent—a type whose disappearance has certainly done something to diminish the scope and variety of British Art. He was born when most of the great masters of landscape were alive and actively at work, and during this long career



*Officer, 2nd North British Dragoons, Waterloo Period.  
By R. Caton Woodville.*

most entirely apart from contemporary painting, but now their significance is likely to be fully understood.

he saw the extinction of the romantic school to which he belonged both by his principles and by his practice, and the growth of the present day matter-of-fact school, which seems now at last to have reached its fullest development and to be threatened in its turn with extinction. To Mr. Chester belongs the distinction of having bridged over the gap between the romanticism of fifty years ago and that to which the younger painters amongst us now are obviously pinning their faith. As a link between past and present his work had a very real value, and his pictures deserve the attention of every art lover and every student of art history. For many years their character has set them al-

## RECENT ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE romance of the sale-room, where in London most valuable pictures of recent times have changed hands, is as interesting as the finest novel ever written. And although Mr. W. Roberts, the author of "Memorials of Christies from 1766 to 1896" (Bell & Sons), makes no great pretension to literary style, yet his manner lends itself well to his subject, and the two volumes, with their excellent illustrations, are bound to find their way sooner or later to the shelves of everyone interested in art and artists. The stories of James Christie I. and James Christie II. deals with the lives of two men who deservedly won distinction a hundred years ago. Scotsmen of course they were, and liberally endowed with the natural characteristics of perseverance and good luck, and they have made their names and establishment world-famous. It may be that the modern auctioneer requires not to be the "specious orator" James Christie I.

was called, but we cannot refrain from mentioning in this connection the plucky way in which the Christies' young successor, Mr. L. Hannen, has tackled the great sales of 1897, during the regrettable absence from illness of the well-known Mr. Woods. The historian of the succeeding century will certainly find Christies still flourishing.

T.

"PLANTS AND THEIR APPLICATION TO ORNAMENT," edited by Eugene Grasset (Chapman and Hall). It is not in the adaptation of plant form to ornament that the French have ever been at their best. Still, M. Grasset has done such very clever work of a decorative kind that one had a right to expect of any book to which he put his name, something much better than he has given us. Even the flower studies of his contributors are not up to the mark. As for this French-English conventionaliza-

tion of natural form, it is neither ingenious nor yet cunningly adapted to any particular manufacture or process of work. Whatever British Schools of Art may *not* have done, they have certainly turned out a number of designers who have a better understanding of what constitutes ornamental treatment of plant form than is shown in these busy plates. Our designers may have something to learn from M. Grasset, his pupils have nothing to teach us.

L. F. D.

One of the most successful books of the season is "BRITISH GOLF LINKS," edited by Horace Hutchinson (Virtue). Besides the ordinary issue an old idea has been accepted for the best edition, and "tall-paper" copies have been published in limited numbers. The text is mostly compiled from information supplied by the various secretaries of golf clubs, and the illustrations, very well printed, form a series of pictures of uncommon interest. Of entirely different character is the humorous quarto, "PEN AND PENCIL IN PARLIAMENT," by Harry Furniss (Sampson Low). All the leaders in the House of Commons are drawn with good taste, even when the caricature is the most severe. Mr. Furniss' pen and pencil are seen at their best, and we only regret that we do not at present see much of them in London publications. "ENGLISH PORTRAITS," by Will Rothenstein (Grant Richards, 9, Henrietta Street), is a series of lithographed drawings published in fascicles, all admirable likenesses of well-known men, and drawn with felicitous artistic expression. "FLORIMEL," is the title given to a pretty plate in the mixed style of Engraving by Fred. Miller, from a picture by Henry Ryland, and published by F. King, Great Titchfield Street.

Among recent publications that can be recommended are "BEAUTY & ART," by the recognised authority, Mr. Aldam Heaton (Heinemann), wherein knowledge of what has been accomplished in art is rightly shown to be of more use in design than "moonstruck fancy." "ART & LIFE AND THE BUILDING AND DECORATION OF CITIES" (Rivington), a series of five lectures by

well-known writers delivered in 1896 at the Arts and Crafts; Mr. Lethaby's discourse on the possibility of the beautifying of London being the best. "GEORGE MORLAND'S PICTURES," by R. Richardson (Stock), is a sequel to the same author's successful book on Morland as a painter. "JOHN RUSKIN," by Marshall Mather (F. Warne), is published in a fifth edition, and Pendennis is issued by Service and Paton, with well-drawn illustrations by Chris. Hammond. "THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTE-BOOK," "PLATINOTYPE PRINTING," and "PHOTO-AQUATINT," are three hand-books from Hazell, Watson and Viney.

"PLASTERING—PLAIN AND DECORATIVE," by W. Millar. With an introduction by G. T. Robinson, F.S.A. (London: Bradley Batsford.) It is with the greatest pleasure that we welcome this book on a very ancient and beautiful art, the history of which has been neglected here in England. Even now it is to a Scotsman that we owe the greater part of the volume before us. Mr. Millar belongs to a family of Scots plasterers, and early in life he set before himself the aim of writing an exhaustive work on the noble craft which he had studied under his father. The vicissitudes of fortune in his career have been many and dispiriting, yet he has never forgotten to collect material for his book. Once his MSS. were destroyed by fire, and, like Carlyle, he had courage enough to begin again.

As to the merits of Mr. Millar's work, they are numerous and various. We are taken at our ease through many centuries, and shown the styles and the technical methods that belong to each.

One of the most interesting chapters is that which deals with Moorish plaster work, so airy, lacelike, and fantastic; and we must draw attention also to the ancient recipes or "tips" which were found in the writings of Vitruvius, who wrote his book on Architecture about 16 B.C. These "tips" explain why the ancients were able to compound plaster which excels our own in its scientific composition. For we are beginning to forget that much time enters into all good work, and that it is not possible to find its substitute.

W. S. S.



Plaster Wall Panel (Modern), by R. Schirmer, Berlin.

From "Plastering—Plain and Decorative."





*Library at Knockderry Castle.*

## ART IN THE HOME.—IV.\*

THE LIBRARY.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY THE WRITER.

HOWEVER artistic the home may be, the ministry of art in the Library must always be exercised with deference to the sway of what is purely intellectual. Converse with the thoughts

"Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence."

demands absolute quiet and undistractedness. A lover of books in the midst of a celebrated collection speaks of his being "not in a library but in a paradise," and another has written of the Library as "a shrine where the student may be at home with himself, with the illustrious dead, and with the genius of literature." To all who thus love books there seems no more call for effective decoration in the room where these are studied than there is for an elaborate wall decoration as a background for a choice picture.

This apartment is frequently seen in houses planned on a generous scale, only as a room which was thought of to make up the complement in vogue in such houses. When this is the case the room has not the look of being used as an essential part of the home, nor do its contents seem necessary to the mental needs of its possessor. We read of Madame Du Barry—from whom among decorators a delicate rose tint takes its name—whose literary tastes were met by the possession of a family memoir, an old newspaper, two or three plays, and a love story, but who, in her desire to emulate Madame de Pompadour's

extensive library, set about getting one for herself, and "one day Madame Du Barry astonished the court by announcing that her collection of books would presently arrive at Versailles. Meantime she took counsel with a bookseller, who bought up examples of all the cheap 'remainders,' as they are called in the trade, that he could lay his hands upon. The whole assortment, about one thousand volumes in all, was hastily bound in rose morocco, elegantly gilt, and stamped with



*Mr. Fred. Sanderson's Library*

\* Continued from page 201.



Mr. Arthur Sanderson's Library.

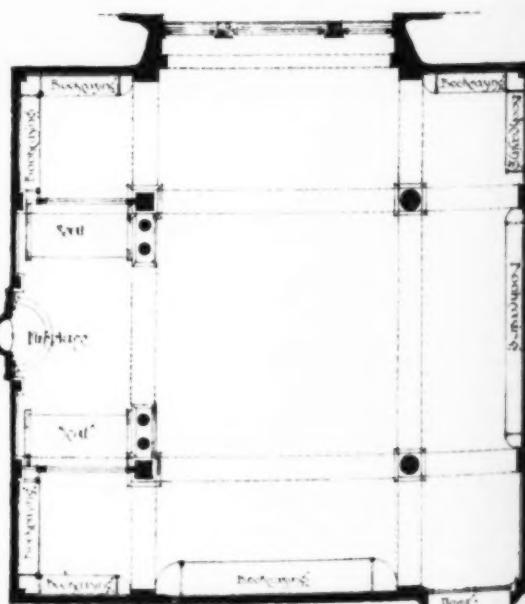
the arms of the noble house of Du Barry." Another amusing instance we might note is that of an illiterate ironmaster, who, when ordering so many square yards of books to fill the shelves his architect had provided, was asked if he would have the books bound in Russia or Morocco, replied that he would have them bound in his native town.

In an artistic home there is no place for "a study where no one goes, where the master of the house keeps his boots and an assortment of walking-sticks; the 'Waverley Novels'; 'Pearson on the Creed'; 'Hume's Essays'; and a collection of sermons. In, alas! too many English homes the Library is no more than this, and each generation passes without adding a book, excepting now and then a Bradshaw or a railway novel to the collection on the shelves."

In smaller houses the Library is of necessity the third room or parlour, and has to be used as a living-room. Owing to the increase of circulating and public libraries it is not needful now, as it was a quarter of a century ago, to have heavy and cumbersome bookcases. In a general way, for most readers a very moderate amount of well-arranged book spaces is all that is really required. For the student and book-collector, of course, the case is different, and each will naturally work out his own arrangement. Method, readiness of access, and capacity will perhaps be the leading ideas in the study of the former, and, of the latter, safe keeping with more or less means of display, for with the book-collector, next to his mental needs, the rarity, the paper, the margin, the type, the uncut edges, and the bindings, are what constitute the chief values. When the Library has to do duty as a living-room, it can be relieved of book-shelving by the distribution of books in other parts of the house, which can in a measure be classified

to suit the tastes of those using those arts; the book-casing or wall brackets for these scattered lots, being a necessary part of the furniture, can always be made an artistic feature of the room or corridor in which they are placed. In no apartment can the individuality of the occupant be more fully expressed than in the Library; and although it is desirable that its artistic treatment should be in sympathy with the other portions of the house, it might be so treated as to convey the expression of the type of mind that finds its food among its treasures. For example, the decoration might be of a severely Greek or Roman character, in which ancient relics and busts of illustrious authors and poets would find a fitting place. And wide scope is to be found in the art and literary periods which are more directly connected with the religious, antiquarian, and romantic interests, in which the student and artist can revel in endless devices in symbolism, heraldry, pictures, and sculptured and coloured ornamentation.

The formation of the apartment in many cases suggests the phase of design which could be most suitably adopted, and utility as well as picturqueness can be secured if the spaces are irregular. One great point is that the spaces for books should be within reach in height either by standing on the floor, or higher by the use of simple steps or folding-chair steps, easily moved. Where the floor space is too limited for the accommodation of books on shelves say 7.6 high, the introduction of a light metal gallery, if there be a height of fourteen or fifteen feet, to reach an upper stage of books, is a good plan, but if the apartment be of small dimensions, there is the danger of making it boxy and depressing. For additional accommodation in a room in which there is ample floor space there could be formed narrow projections from the wall cases, say twenty inches in width, having shelves on both sides, and of any convenient height. If the top of these projections be well below the eye, the appearance of space in the room is but little impaired, and there is provided at a convenient



Plan of Mr. A. Sanderson's Library.

height stands for busts, china models, and glazed cases for objects of interest to be kept from dust. The gables of these projections present good surfaces for design. In the lower part of these projections, by taking advantage of the full width, very convenient accommodation is obtainable for large books and portfolios which are best kept lying on their sides.

The lighting of the Library is best when it is well diffused, that the backings of the books may be easily read, and a volume opened in any place for hasty reference, without having to carry it from its place. When the room has to be constructed, a top light by preference is introduced, but if there be an opportunity for introducing a window which would have a restful

the cases are against outside walls, that there may be a current of dry air between the walls and the cases. Dampness is the foe of books. Where arrangements will admit, a system of heating by hot-water pipes and radiators is desirable, as giving a steady, easily-regulated heat without dust; but with or without such a system the open fire is homely, and its setting is a welcome variety in the design, and musing is very congenial while the fire burns.

The position of the study table is of special concern to one who sits much at it, and should never be between the window and the fireplace, unless there are double glazings. If placed directly in front of a window, so that the student's face is towards the light, there is



*The Rev. Dr. Whyte's Library.*

outlook, it should certainly be provided. A well-lighted Library on a simple plan is obtained by placing the windows on one side, having the fireplace opposite the windows, with the bookshelvings on the two end walls and on the wall opposite the windows. To keep the bookcases low, say not over 5 to 6 feet, that pictures may be placed over them, the projecting cases formerly alluded to could be introduced for additional space with good effect between the windows, and placed on them in that position sculpture and modelled pottery with a good side light would look at their best.

The question of heating in our variable climate is obviously of the greatest importance, first for the comfort and safety of the reader, whose attention is so absorbed as not to be able readily to note the bodily condition, draughts or chills being inimical to steady work. But the books require consideration in respect of temperature as well; and special care is needful where

pressure of light on the upper eyelids, as well as an undue amount of light from the incidence of rays on the white page. When the light comes from the left hand or the top it is best for writing and reading.

For the coverings of study tables one looks kindly on the thick leather which is to be seen on the British Museum reading-room tables. Although black leather is used there, as being most serviceable for general utility, yet in tasteful rooms some natural tan colours could well be used. The thick skins on reference tables, where large books with good bindings have to be laid out, are better to have a sheet of felt under the leather, to give softness and evenness of surface.

Bookshelving, as one usually sees it, is too deep from back to front, and there is consequently lost space, irregularity in the backs of the books, and a harbour for dust behind them. In the planning of the angles, where the case on the end wall meets that on the side

wall, there is usually a lost space; it is a good method to make here an angle cupboard for pamphlets, odd papers, maps, plans, or other items. All books of value should be placed in cases with close-fitting doors, which will prevent the entry of moths, and therefore of book worms, and also save them from dust and the harmful influence of gas. Either oil light or the electric light should be used in the Library, gas being most hurtful to the bindings, causing the leather to become as brittle as cork. The gilt-top edge of books has been proved to be of great service in keeping the pages clean. Shelf leathers can be made effective in colour, and serve the good purpose of keeping out dust. Fringes look more artistic, but they gather dust, especially if of wool. The shelves should be lined with velvet if the bindings are good and the books are often referred to.

Our illustration on page 258 is of a Library ingle-nook with an accompanying plan. The room is almost a square of twenty feet or so; heavy iron beams crossed the ceiling, and the proprietor desired a fireplace screen. To carry off the boxed-in look of the ingle-nook, arching was carried from it to the side walls and to pillars standing in the room, which, by the way, have been found to be no inconvenience. In the centre of the ceiling rising between the iron beams a dome was obtained. The sides of the fire-screen are glazed with leaded glass, which gives comfort and light in using the lounge seats at the fireside. The upper spaces of the walls in this apartment are arranged for pictures, with a leather wall-covering.

Our headpiece shows a Library of a mixed classical feeling to meet the wishes of the owner. A picture of the Parthenon fills the panel of the overmantel, and a specially prepared reduction of a portion of the frieze showing the panathenaic procession surrounds the room, while the olive which is always associated with Athena is the motif of the wall decoration. The illustration on the previous page shows the study of a busy thinker and moralist, whose breadth of reading and diligence are con-

spicuous; near the writing-desk stands a statuette of Thackeray, and prominent among the portraits are Dante, Carlyle, and Newman. The desk is well placed, and the revolving book-stands are at hand. The mass of books in this well-arranged study is not visible, being on the wall opposite the fireplace. The second illustration on page 257 shows a fireplace with small cabinet spaces above for cigars, and a central picture of flowers by Fantin; low bookcases were fixed upon to allow of pictures being placed low. The commode is in front of a wall cupboard, which was faced over for picture space, but was kept full depth below for portfolios. Of the illustration on this page, it need only be observed that the cabinet arrangement to the right is in face of a wall cupboard, advantage being taken of the depth, and the upper enclosures over the bookcases are for china.

In the fireplace there was introduced the writer's patent coal-box grate, to avoid the inconvenience of a coal scuttle. The introduction of this combined coal-box grate has always been satisfactory, but, like many patents which should have made fortunes, this was doomed by the salesman, as was confessed by a leading man in a great commercial thoroughfare which people of taste were wont to refrain from mentioning: "Yes, a good thing; but, you see, sir, if I sold that grate I should lose the sale of a coal scuttle!"

The tone of colouring in the Library should be restful and soothing, of yellow or olive, and these colours will best assimilate with the varied tints in book covers. Our notice of the Library has been more practical than artistic, but between the lines any lover of books who cares for æsthetics can imagine a great variety of details in which his instinct would find pleasure. There is in all apartments of this kind a charming disorder, which, to the occupant, is nevertheless orderly, and every book and other object has some particular interest which helps to keep the mind wide in its sympathies and aspirations.

W. SCOTT MORTON.

*(To be continued.)*



Mr. J. J. Cowan's Library.



*Old Palace Yard and Westminster Abbey.  
From a Drawing by Robert Fisher.*

## OLD PALACE YARD AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FEW cities or towns have seen so many changes as Westminster, and few parts of Westminster have known such vicissitudes as Old Palace Yard. Sir Charles Barry's buildings are generally spoken of as the "New Palace," but the name was given centuries ago to the edifice William Rufus designed to set up, and of which the great Hall was the main part, to distinguish it from the older palace standing southwards, every vestige of which has now absolutely disappeared. Cnut, it is said, had a royal residence somewhere on this spot, but it was destroyed by fire in 1035. The Confessor built, or rebuilt, the Palace, but after him it was considerably extended; the conclusion of that painstaking antiquary, William Capon, after many years of observation and inspection of the buildings and walls and foundations he himself saw between 1796 and 1823, being that a great portion of it ran co-extensive with the shore of the river, the whole length of the present Abingdon Street to the King's Slaughter House, which was close to the great ditch (now running as a sewer beneath College Street) that separated the lands of the Palace and Abbey precincts from the fields and meadows beyond; and that westward the buildings extended to the Wool-staple, now Bridge Street. The principal buildings of the Confessor's palace were a great hall, St. Edward's Chamber, and what, re-edified, were afterwards the Parliament Chamber, and the Prince's Chamber, all of these being clustered together eastwards of Old Palace Yard. The south end of Westminster Hall was for some time the northern boundary, and St. Stephen's Chapel, lying back between it and the Confessor's White or Lesser Hall, as it came to be termed, originally had its west front open to the Palace Court. It was not until long after the Confessor built on the

one side the Palace in which he died, and on the other the earlier Abbey Church in which his remains were entombed, that their precincts were separated by a wall extending from north to south, with a postern opening towards the south-east of the Abbey. From this boundary another wall probably at one period crossed eastward to Westminster Hall, but this in time gave place to Palace buildings, there being a gateway into St. Margaret's Lane, giving a means of communication between Old and New Palace Yards; and on the southern side was the private palace, with a garden behind, in the southwest corner being an old tower, known as the Jewel House, which was purchased from the Abbot and Convent, and is still standing behind a house in the angle of Palace Yard. A gateway at what is now Abingdon Street opened into a lane leading down to the King's Slaughter House, and to a mill which gave its name to Millbank.

The Palace buildings suffered repeatedly from disastrous fires, parts fell into decay, and other portions were altered, added to, or almost rebuilt by one or other of Edward's successors; still there remained to the last in some of the edifices he had erected traces of his work. The palace virtually ceased to be a royal residence in the eighth Henry's days. While the two Houses deliberated together they met for the most part in Westminster Hall. After they separated, the lords spiritual and temporal met in the Parliament Chamber until the union of Great Britain with Ireland. Here Bacon was sentenced, and Chatham was seized in his last illness. The vaults beneath it, in which the Gunpowder Plot conspirators ultimately stored the powder, had been the kitchen of the Confessor's Palace. In the adjoining Prince's Chamber



*The Crypt, Chapter House,  
Westminster Abbey.*

or old Robing Room, William III. and several of the royal princes after him lay in state. Both of these edifices were removed in George IV.'s reign, and a tawdry royal gallery erected on a part of the site. In St. Edward's Chamber, which, after reconstruction and because of its embellishment, became known as the Painted Chamber, the Confessor is said to have died, many successive Parliaments were opened, conferences between the two Houses were held, and Charles I.'s death warrant is said to have been signed. After the fire of 1834 it was fitted up as a temporary House of Lords. In the Great Hall of the Confessor's Palace, which was completed by William the Conqueror, and was afterwards termed the White or Lesser Hall, and the Court of Requests, Richard I. is said to have heard causes. It was 120 feet long and 38 feet wide, so that, although it was narrower, it was much longer than the present House of Lords, which is a chamber of no mean dimensions. In Pennant's time it was a "mere walking place," but after the Union it was fitted up for the deliberative uses of the peers, and, while the new Victorian palace was building, it was used as a temporary House of Commons.

The Commons, from the days of the sixth Edward, had met in that masterpiece of Decorated Gothic, of which the greatly restored crypt still remains, St. Stephen's Chapel. Here many great historic events occurred, notably those of Charles's days and of the Protectorate, and some of Britain's greatest statesmen guided or influenced the progress of the nation. Abutting upon the larger buildings on the eastern side of the yard were others of meander sort; houses, taverns, at one time a small prison, later committee rooms and offices connected with the Parliament. It was a house in Old Palace Yard that was hired for the purpose of the Gunpowder Plot, and it was by a passage south of Prince's Chamber leading to Parliament Stairs that Fawkes proposed to escape. At these stairs the bishops long landed on their way to the House of Lords. A building on the Abbey side was the residence of "rare Ben Jonson"; more than two centuries before him Chaucer occupied a house adjacent to the Lady Chapel of the third Henry's Abbey, which chapel with the house and an ancient tavern, "The White Rose," were removed for the erection of Henry VII.'s chapel.

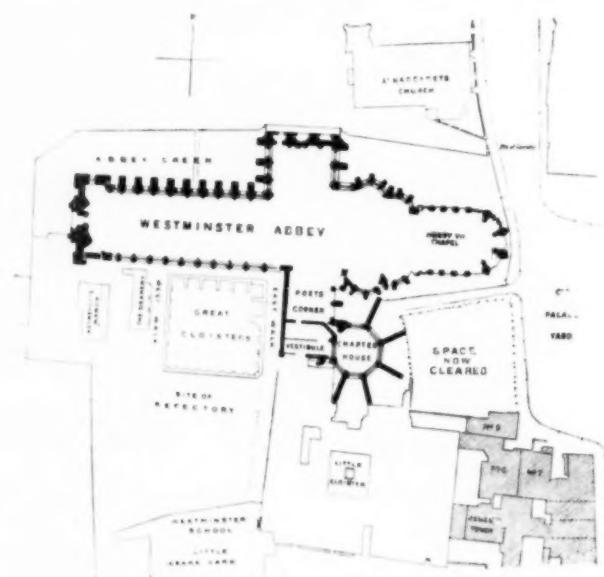
The edifices southwards had, for the most part, almost disappeared by Elizabeth's day, and a drawing by Canaletti, made some time before the middle of the last century, shows open gardens on this side, with a few houses, and a row of old structures on the west extending from the Jewel House to Henry VII.'s Chapel. Then Abingdon Street was laid out, and in due course newer buildings were erected on the west, many old structures in St. Margaret's Lane were removed, and the access to Old Palace Yard from the north thus greatly improved, Soanes' Law Courts were erected against the west front of the Hall (to be removed again in our own time), the site, or the greater part of it, of the Old Court of Requests, was thrown into the Court yard, and, latest of all, the Abbey buildings have been opened up by the removal of modern buildings on the west.

In the area of Old Palace Yard many scenes of interest have been enacted. The processions for the opening Parliament have entered it for centuries, jousting took place there of old, and trials by battle; and Walcott tells how, in 1348, at Easter, King Edward held a great tournament, wherein William, Earl Douglas, and Sir William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, who had been taken prisoners at Neville's Cross, bore themselves so gallantly that the King dismissed them on their promise not to levy arms against England.

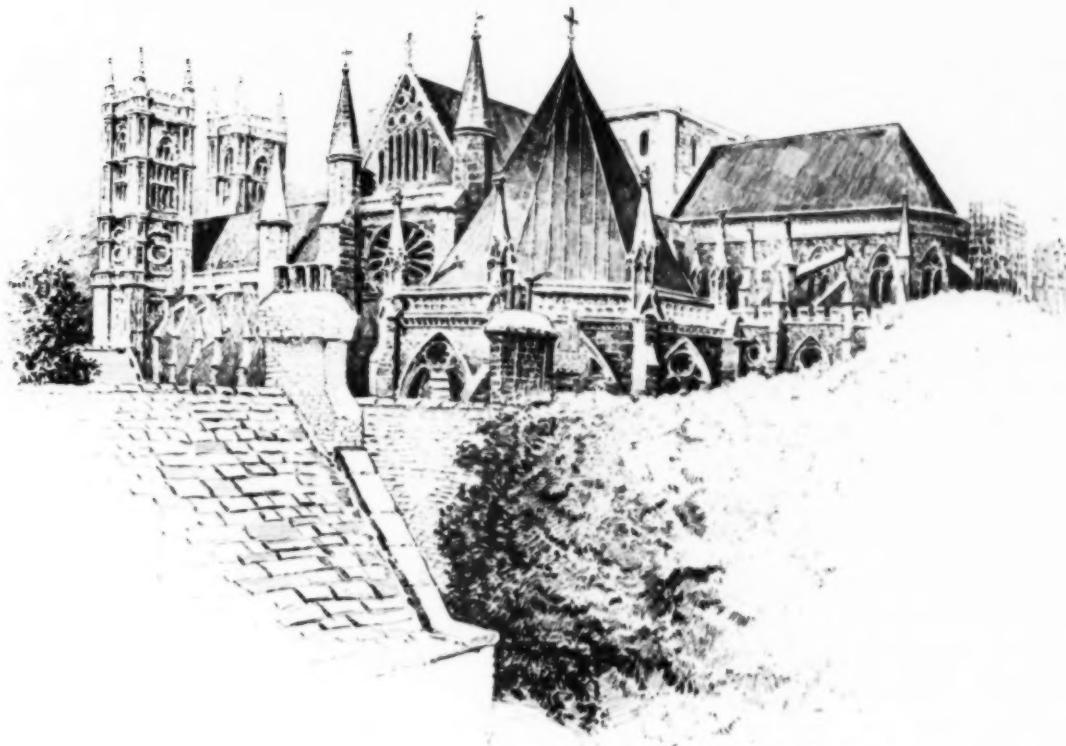
It was, too, a place of punishment. Guy Fawkes, Keyes, Rookwood, and Winter were executed here, with all the then barbarous accompaniments of the death sentence for treason, and noble Raleigh went bravely to the scaffold. Here, in Charles's days, a vast body of armed citizens called upon the Lords for justice against Strafford, and another great gathering, nearly two centuries later, cheered Queen Caroline as she returned from her trial in the House of Lords; though perhaps the largest of all assemblages here was that at the great fire of 1834.

Of the structures still standing in the south-west of Old Palace Yard, as of those now demolished, little need be said. Nos. 6 and 7, which are just indicated in the left corner of the headpiece, were built in the last century and cased with stone by Wyatt in this; they were for many years the official residences of the Clerk of the Parliaments and Clerk Assistant, among the occupants being Henry Cowper and Sir John Lefevre. The office of the Comptroller General of the Exchequer was afterwards removed here from Whitehall Yard; one of the houses is now the head-quarters of the Standards Department, in the other are the offices of the Licensing Commission. The fine mansion shown to the left of the sketch is the town house of Mr. Labouchere, M.P.; it was long the residence of the Right Honourable George Banks, last Cursitor Baron of Exchequer, and Judge Advocate General in the Derby administration of 1852. Lord Auckland lived in one of the demolished houses, which was afterwards the National Club; and in another resided Wilberforce, the emancipator, father of the Dr. Wilberforce who was, successively, Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, and grandfather of the present Bishop of Chichester, and of Canon Basil Wilberforce, Chaplain to the House of Commons. Lord Bramwell also for many years lived in one of these houses.

The clearance of the site at the south-east of the Abbey has long been advocated: first, because of the risk from fire the venerable fabric undoubtedly ran while the buildings in Poet's Corner and on the west side of Old Palace Yard remained standing; next, because of the grand view of the Chapter House and Abbey buildings which their removal would open up; and lastly, because



Plan of Westminster Abbey.  
Showing space now cleared in front of Chapter House.



*Westminster Abbey, from the Jewel Tower.  
From a Drawing by Robert Fisher.*

of the site, which would thus become available for the erection of a monumental chapel in connection with the Abbey. The question of space for interments in the National Valhalla, though it is not so pressing as that of finding suitable places for the monumental commemoration of our illustrious dead, yet needs facing. The Westminster Abbey Commissioners estimated, in 1891, that if it should be deemed desirable to make use of every spot available for the purpose, room might be found for from 90 to 95 interments, not more; but as regards memorials, Dean Stanley, while in conversation with Mr. Shaw-Lefevre (then First Commissioner of Works) on the occasion of selecting, in 1881, a site for the national monument to Lord Beaconsfield, pointed out that there were hardly any places left for memorials of men of such eminence, remarking indeed that there were only two, and designating one of these for a great statesman still living. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre engaged himself actively in a matter which had attracted the attention not only of Dean Stanley, but of Lord John Thynne, Sub-Dean of the Abbey, in the fifties, and in 1886, as a result of communications with Dean Bradley, a committee was formed, consisting of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Westminster, the late W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Wantage and other gentlemen of eminence. The general idea was the erection of a monumental chapel as a memorial of the Queen's 1887 Jubilee, in which might be grouped together the monuments of statesmen connected with the present reign, some of those now in the Abbey being removed into it, so that the building would be to some extent relieved of the existing congestion. It was thought, too, that at some future, but to be hoped remote day, there would be erected in the centre of this Victoria chapel an important monument to the Queen, just as a monument was erected to Henry VII. in the centre of the chapel which bears his name. It was proposed, in the first instance, by Mr. Lefevre, to erect this chapel on the site of the house now occupied by Mr. Labouchere, and to demolish the

other houses in Old Palace Yard, opening out the view of the old Abbey buildings much as has lately been effected. The Queen was, we believe, communicated with on the subject, and expressed her general approval of the scheme, but intimated that she had already given her consent to the scheme of the Imperial Institute as a memorial of her Jubilee. It appeared also that the chapel scheme commended itself to Her Majesty rather as a memorial of her death than of her Jubilee. It was not possible, therefore, to proceed further with it at that time.

In 1888 the scheme was revived, and the committee was reconstituted, and under its sanction a private bill was prepared in order to obtain compulsory powers to purchase, by means of an appropriation of the coal dues the houses in Old Palace Yard and Poet's Corner, with a view to the promotion of a scheme for the erection of a monumental chapel on what may be termed the south-eastern site. Opposition to the proposal came from various quarters; attempts to disarm it, including an alteration of the proposed site of the chapel, were unsuccessful, and the bill was eventually dropped. The Government, however, undertook to grant a Royal Commission on the whole subject, and a Commission was, in consequence, appointed to inquire into the present state of the Abbey as regards the facilities it offers for providing for the interment, and otherwise preserving the memory, of the most illustrious of British subjects; and to consider plans for providing at the Abbey, or elsewhere, an additional place for memorials, should such a provision appear necessary. The Commission were unanimous in recommending that "no time should be lost in removing the houses in Old Palace Yard, above referred to, which not only conceal, to a great extent, the architecture of the Chapel of Henry VII., and the ancient Chapter House, but are also a constant source of danger to the Abbey from fire." They were also unanimous in the opinion that additional space was urgently required for monuments of illustrious persons in continuation of the long roll of monuments in the Abbey, and they recommended

that this should take the form of a chapel, but they were evenly divided as to the site of the chapel, one-half of them being in favour of the Old Palace Yard site, the other half in favour of the site of the old Refectory.

For two or three years after the report of this Commission the question slept, but in 1893, an offer was made by Mr. Yates Thompson to expend £40,000 on building a monumental chapel in Old Palace Yard, according to the plans of Mr. Pearson, provided that the Government would remove the houses in Old Palace Yard, and thus afford a site for it.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who was again first Commissioner of Works, obtained the consent of the Government to inform Mr. Thompson, that they could not give an answer to his generous proposal until the site should be cleared of houses, when it would be better possible to form an opinion as to the effect of erecting a chapel on a small part of it. The Government, thereupon, under the impulse of Mr. Thompson's scheme, came to an agreement with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who were the owners of the houses, subject to short outstanding leases, to share the expense of removing the structures. The cost of effecting this was about £40,000, of which about £23,000 was voted by Parliament, and the remainder borne by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in consideration of the removal of danger to the Abbey from fire by the close proximity of these houses. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre had therefore the pleasure of carrying one part of his original scheme, namely, the opening out of the Abbey by the removal of these houses. As a result the beautiful prospect of the South Front of the Abbey and of the Chapter House, as depicted in one of our sketches, is now opened out. It may be noted, in passing, that, of the six commissioners who signed the report of June, 1891, three—Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P., and Sir Henry Layard—have passed away, but the chairman, then Mr. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works, now Lord Rathmore, the Dean of Westminster, and Mr. Waterhouse, the eminent architect, are still, happily, spared to us.

Many who gaze with admiration on the beautiful outlines of the Chapter House know the leading points in its history—that it was originally built about 1250, that after the separation of the two Houses, the Commons, by consent of the Abbot, the Crown undertaking the repairs, met there, continuing to use it, or the Refectory, as a debating chamber until Edward VI., in 1547, granted them the beautiful Chapel of St. Stephen; that it was afterwards converted into a Record Office, and a gallery put into it; that the pointed stone roof was taken down

and a flat wooden one substituted; and that the interior fell a prey to general neglect and disfigurement until, at length, Parliament found the money for its restoration as we now see it—but every one does not know of its wondrous crypt and of the story that may belong to it. The walls of this sub-structure are no less than eighteen feet thick, and in the centre, supporting the roof, is a short round hollowed pillar three feet six in diameter.

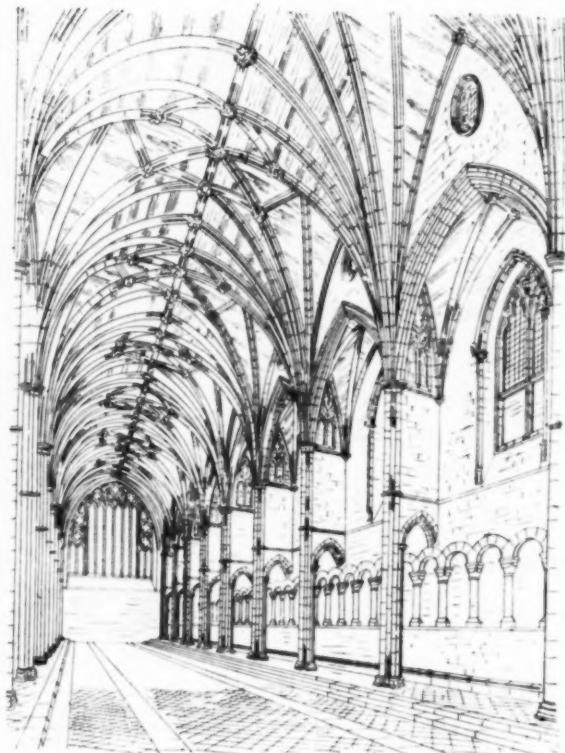
In 1303 the King was robbed of treasure to the vast amount, in those days, of, it is said, £100,000, and much of the plunder was hidden in a crop of hemp which one John de Lynden was accused of having sown in the Monks' Cemetery there to give it cover. The burglary was assumed by Sir Gilbert Scott, Mr. Burt, and Dean Stanley to have been made into the Treasury known as

the Chapel of the Pyx, and the proceeds, or a good deal of them, to have been placed in the garth of the great cloisters; but the late Mr. Henry Harrod maintained, and an equally eminent antiquary, Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, fully supports his contention, that the robbery was from the crypt of the Chapter House, and that the Monks' Cemetery where the treasure was hidden was in the space now opened up from Old Palace Yard, and this must once have been part of the Abbey precincts. And probably many who admire—and who can fail to do so?—the beautiful interior of the seventh Henry's mausoleum have little idea of the condition to which its exterior was once reduced. Wren in 1713 wrote of it as "A nice embroidered work and performed with tender Caen stone," but as "so eaten up by our weather as to call for some compassion."

Another writer at the end of the last century

speaks of its ruinous outside, which excites in the beholder no groundless apprehension for its safety and much longer duration. Dean Vincent in 1806 applied to the Lords of the Treasury for aid to save the chapel, which is said (we are quoting from a valuable paper laid before the Abbey Commission by Dean Bradley) to have been in the greatest danger owing to decay of the stone of which its walls and buttresses were built. Happily Parliament came to the rescue and the exterior underwent (1809-1822), at the hands of Wyatt, a complete restoration at a cost of about £40,000.

We have said something as to the past of the space now cleared, what is to be its future? will the noble vista now opened up be allowed to remain uncovered, or will some scheme be adopted which will once again hide the architectural beauties which have been recently disclosed to us? Pending any decision the Government may arrive at regarding the site, let us briefly



*Mr. Pearson's Plan for a Chapel on the site of the Old Refectory, Westminster Abbey.*

review some of the various suggestions which have been made for providing at the Abbey more space or an additional place for memorials, and the conclusions of the Commission regarding them. First, could anything be done in the existing Abbey buildings; would it be wise to remove monuments which it might be thought are least entitled to their present position? The Commission did not approve this suggestion, and, undoubtedly, the task of selection for removal would be a weighty responsibility to throw upon anybody, capitular or otherwise. As regards a proposal for placing memorials and statues in the cloisters, the Commission came to the conclusion that, although it would no doubt be possible to put up a few more mural tablets, there is, having regard to the width of the walks, and the number of persons who use them on great occasions, no room therein for any other kind of sepulchral record.

The various suggestions which had been made for providing at the Abbey an additional place for memorials were grouped by the Commission into four. One of these was for the addition of a building on the north, or what may be termed the exposed side of the nave. Mr. Pearson, the architect to the Abbey, told the Commission that he had a great love for such a solution of the problem, and had thought out two plans for its accomplishment; but the Commission adopted the views of the late Primate, that the north side of the nave is the only part of the Abbey in which you see the whole design of the church by itself, and that the erection of any building against it, even if it were a low building, would completely block out the original conception of the Abbey and prevent a view of the elevation; and then, amongst all the cathedrals of England, it would be the one which could not be seen.

The next batch of suggestions had reference to the possibility of using the fabric and site of the Chapter House. Mr. James Knowles, editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, who had contended that there was much available room in the cloisters for memorials, had also urged that further space could be found in the Chapter House and its fine vestibule; the Commission held, as regards the latter suggestion, that it would be a grave mistake to disturb the associations and distort the proportions of this most interesting building by devoting it to such a purpose. Nor did either a plan of the late Mr. Tarver for building a "wreath of chapels" between the buttresses surrounding the Chapter House, with an entrance porch common to those chapels and the Abbey Church, or another similar scheme, part of a much larger proposal, commend itself to Mr. Plunket and his colleagues.

Group three comprises the plans for the acquisition of a site and erection thereon of a cloister or chapel to the east and south of Poet's Corner. These were the successive proposals by Sir Gilbert Scott, one of which, made as long back as 1854, was for the erection of "a wide and lofty cloister of great length," at the back of the present houses in Abingdon Street, and to extend nearly from Poet's Corner to College Street; the "new South transept" of the late Mr. Fergusson, and the modification of it proposed in the bill of 1888; the alternative design of Mr. Pearson for erecting a monumental chapel on the site of two of the houses in Old Palace Yard now removed, and

on the ground at the rear of them up to the boundary line of the Abbey precincts; and a somewhat similar proposition submitted by Mr. Somers Clarke. In both of these last two schemes, the new building was to be actually united with the Abbey Church by a covered way, and of them the Commissioners say, "That of Mr. Pearson appears to us to be less open to the serious objection, that the erection of any structure on a site cleared by the removal of the Old Palace Yard houses must inevitably have the effect of masking more or less the beautiful outlines of the Chapter House, and of interrupting the view of the Chapel of Henry VII. Mr. Pearson himself acknowledged the inexpediency of again concealing the Chapter House and adjacent parts of the Abbey from view, and in order to meet the objection, he prepared a modified plan in all respects similar to the former, save that it would occupy a site 25 ft. farther to the south, and would therefore, he considered, be less open to criticism. In this opinion we agree, and we should not hesitate to recommend the adoption of such treatment of the site at Poet's Corner, if it should be considered that no better place for the required Monumental Chapel could be found."

There remains for consideration the utilisation of a partially vacant space adjoining and communicating with the south walk of the great cloisters; a part of the Abbey buildings of which it is not too much to say the majority of visitors to the Abbey know next to nothing. If you enter the cloisters from Dean's Yard, there is an arched door on the right in the south walk facing the west walk of the cloisters and in line with a door in the north walk opening into the nave of the Abbey; this door in the south walk opens into the workshops of Mr. Wright, Clerk of the Works, and so on to the site of the Refectory of the Abbey, a building which Dean Stanley described as a "chamber only inferior in size and beauty to Westminster Hall." Upon this site there could be erected, say the Commission, a chapel little less in length than that of the chapel of Henry VII. or of St. Margaret's Church, and of a width of 37 feet. Mr. Pearson prepared for the Commissioners a perspective sketch of such a chapel, the cost being roughly estimated at £30,000, and his design being of such a character that the old wall of the Refectory adjoining the cloister could be preserved as a part of it. It is unfortunate perhaps that as between the Refectory and Poet's Corner sites, the Commission was equally divided.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, we believe, while not admitting that the erection of a chapel on a small part of the exposed site, as proposed in his later scheme of 1888, would materially interfere with the view of the Chapter House, is inclined to revert to his original plan of proposing its erection on the site of Mr. Labouchere's house, his view being that it would not only not hide any part of the Abbey or Chapter House, but would group well with these buildings when connected with them by a cloister under the buttresses of the Chapter House. However this may be, we doubt if public opinion would tolerate any serious interference with the magnificent prospect of the Abbey buildings as it is at present disclosed to us.

SAMUEL J. FISHER.



*Mars and Venus.* By Sandro Botticelli.  
In the National Gallery. Showing Faun with shell trumpet.

## SHELLS.



Netsuke (Goose  
caught by a bivalve).

THE most superficial study of ethnography proves that, during the childhood of many races of both hemispheres, shells have been important objects of personal adornment with peoples living near the seashore. The first appearance of them as such in historic times, so far as research has as yet made evident, is during the period B.C. 2500 to B.C. 2000, when they were constantly threaded on string, and worn as necklaces by some hitherto but little known invaders and conquerors of ancient Egypt, now generally supposed to be Lybians, two of whose cemeteries were for the first time explored in A.D. 1894, by Professor Flinders Petrie, who for distinction has named them the "New Race," in the district about Negadeh, not far from Thebes. These aliens occupied the land of the Nile contemporaneously with the seventh, eighth, and ninth native dynasties of kings, and not only seem to have had no written language of their own, but to have had a curiously retrograding influence on the Egyptians, whose art degenerated, and whose monuments became nearly silent. Several thousands of tombs containing human remains were opened, showing that the dead were not embalmed, but buried in a crouched-up position, wearing their jewelry, with their flint instruments, knives, harpoon-heads, and slate objects carved in the forms of birds and animals, and other valued things about them. Four of these necklaces may be seen in the Fourth Egyptian room in the British Museum, one being made entirely of white, water-worn univalve shells, and two others of shabby bivalves (*Circe corrugata*, from the Red Sea?), broken bits, and one entire univalve (*Sigaretus Naticina popilla*), mixed with blue beads, and the fourth is a string of ten cowries with the domed backs cut off.

This fashion, which does not seem to have been admired or adopted by the Egyptians, can be traced yet further back, into prehistoric times, to the Period of the

Mammoth and Reindeer, and in case Q, in the Central Saloon of the British Museum, among various kinds of pierced teeth, are three or four very wave-worn varieties of pierced shells; and case P contains a great many periwinkles (*Littorina littorea*), a broken cowry, and a bivalve, an arca, and a nearly flat piece of shell bored at two ends, all found in A.D. 1863, at La Madelaine, in one of the caves of Dordogne.

Doubtless these wonderful, enduring, though apparently fragile homes of dead mollusks appealed to the innate love of beauty in man, and when he sought for something wherewith to gratify his vanity, nothing came so ready to his hand, nor could be so easily strung as these treasures of the shore; but it is curious that these old-world folk should not have made a more careful selection and chosen perfect specimens. Modern savages of the Asiatic Islands, Polynesia, and elsewhere, rarely use broken pieces, and their shells have the fine polish peculiar to all such products of a hot climate; but they are partial to certain species, such as three or four kinds of cowries, olives, or rice-shells, portions of white cones, pearl or wing-shells (*Avicula margaritifera*), clams for armlets, bubble-shells (*Bulla Atys naneum*), Venus' ear-shells (*Haliotis*), and the smooth nautilus.

The Cypraea annulus, of which specimens were found by Sir A. H. Layard in the ruins of Nimroud, is worn by Asiatic Islanders, and also used for weighting their fishing nets and for barter. Specimens of another cowry (*Cypraea moneta*) thickly threaded together entirely cover a large and remarkably neatly-made fetish box, the sacred emblem of "Adma Orisha" of the worship of "Eleda, the genii of the head," from Lagos.

In December, 1893, Professor Petrie began the excavation of a temple at Koptos, about thirty miles north of Thebes, where he discovered most interesting relics of another race of strangers who seem to have settled among the original inhabitants of Koptos, during the same period that the New Race was occupying the land on the opposite shore of the Nile. They were quite distinct from the New Race, and their carvings seem to prove that the use of metals was unknown to them.

Important fragments of three colossal statues of the god Min were found, from whose girdle hung a flap, possibly a pouch, engraved with emblems, among which, in each instance, are two pteroceras shells, upright with the mouths turned to the right, every object being "indicated by hammering the outline as a slight hollow round the figures." This earliest representation of the pteroceras in art points to the probability of the sculptors and their race having come from the direction of the Red Sea.

From the merely savage or childish admiration of natural forms, it is interesting to observe the mind awakening and striving to grasp the idea of human design, and the first efforts to produce some original work, which shall not be dictated by dire necessity, but by an irresistible artistic impulse, which, as the heritage of centuries, shall become, with the aid of numberless inventors, workers, and mediums, one of the highest arts.

And again, what material could be so easily "graven by art and man's device" as the firm shell with the softer limy secretion that covers it?



Etrurian Shell, showing side.

Thus we have examples of these first attempts at engraving in the British Museum from the Islands of the Torres Straits, in two shields cut from cones worn by men when fighting, and an ornament fashioned from the side of a white cone (*Conus millepunctatus*), scratched at the wider upper end with a border of lines and crosses, such as would be suspended with other ornaments on the back of a girl of Mer Island, during her engagement; and two white cowries, similarly engraved in lines and bands of geometrical patterns, and worn by men in the Admiralty Islands. Even the Mincopies, the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, who are about the lowest in the scale of civilisation, who have no pottery, but use shells to hold water, have the glimmering of an idea of design, for the Ethnographical Collection also contains a large smooth-surfaced nautilus, pierced for suspension, and thickly painted, but not adorned, by lumpy lines following the contours of the shell in four directions. But far superior to these is a mother-of-pearl ornament, from the South-Sea Islands, circular, and roughly cut by fret-work in patterns within four bands round a centre.

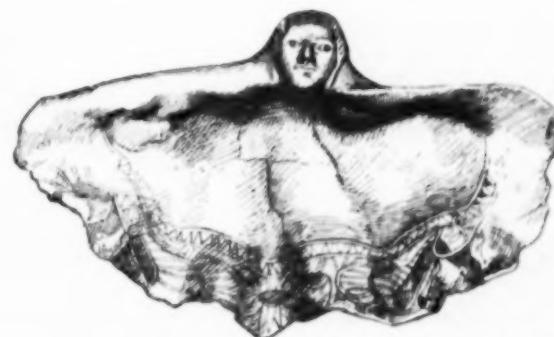
Next we perceive an immense advance in art, though it is many centuries since the designer laid aside his tools, which at last gave added beauty to an already

exquisite form. In a case in the First Vase Room in the British Museum are preserved shells engraved with designs probably of Phœnician origin, and others from tombs of the same period at Kameiros, and five or six similar fragments from Naukratis. Besides one small valve of *Tridacna squamosa* (clam-shell), another engraved fragment of the same, two small cowries, about an inch long, one worm-eaten and with a hole at the narrower end, the other still retaining most of its natural polish,

and a scorpion-shell (*Pteroceras truncatum*, Lamk.), of which all the enamel is worn away, leaving a creamy-grey, porous surface, with a large piece cut out of the body of the shell, causing a hole showing the inner convolutions, there is also a large specimen of half a *Tridacna squamosa* from Canino in Etruria, of which one of our sketches shows the character of the shell, and the other the engraving from above. The enamel has gone with age, and the tone is dirty, but the inner surface is engraved in lines, and beyond a border are involved representations of what seem to be wings and other objects; but the greatest curiosity is the thick hinge, which is carved as a head with hair, and a full view of a face with smiling archaic lips. Among the Assyrian antiquities is another, though injured, valve of *Tridacna squamosa*, also of Phœnician origin, but found among the ruins of Nimroud. The principal ornamentation is on the outer side of the shell, spreading from the head-carved hinge, in the form of two outstretched wings, and in the centre is a circular radiating pattern, with a seated human figure, one of which is bearded, on either side, and below all is a lotus-flower border. Similar fragments were discovered by Sir A. H. Layard in the great mound of Wurka in Southern Mesopotamia. Our



Old Italian cameo  
(Hercules killing the Nemean lion).



Etrurian Shell, showing carved head and engraved lines.

attention is now arrested by the delicate cameos of the Renaissance. For these, conch shells are the usual medium, and the most favoured varieties are the Black

Helmet (*Cassis tuberosa*), the Queen Conch (*Cassis madagascariensis*), the Fountain-shell of the West Indies (*Strombus gigas*), the Bull's Mouth (*Cassis rufa*), and the Horned Helmet (*Cassis cornuta*).

The really charming art of shell-cameo cutting, unto which one could attain with far greater facility than to that of engraving stone-cameos, has become so degraded, that it is now of but little repute, from the fact that the generality of the cutters of the nineteenth century were mere craftsmen instead of designers, who worked for small wages, and whose only ambition was to turn out a great number of copies of some reproduction of an antique design, each successive one losing in all probability something of the grace of the original. There was a colony of these men in Paris, but, lacking patronage during the siege, they were dispersed, and their productions deservedly went out of fashion, except with Italian peasant-women.

The designer of the "St. George and the Dragon" for the reverse of the English gold sovereign, Benedetto Pistrucci, who died in 1855, was of Roman origin, and the most celebrated modern cameo engraver.

The Gold Room at the British Museum contains two historical cameos, dating from the sixteenth century, both deserving notice owing to their unusual treatment. One is a three-quarter view of the head and shoulders of a bearded man. The distinguishing peculiarity is that all the background has been cut away, and the collar, the lion-head epaulettes, and the coat are richly enamelled with gold, lavender, green, blue, and red. The head remains white, and the whole shell is backed with a gold plate, which is bent to enclose the edges, and there is a ring at the top making it into a pendant. The other is in an enamelled locket. The cameo is neither very white nor very delicately modelled, but exceedingly quaint in design. The inner rim of the frame is an irregular oval, cutting off nearly all the pale brown background, but the outer side is fairly symmetrical. The subject is a three-quarter view of a woman's head, looking over her left shoulder, advantage having been taken of the natural thick lump in the shell to produce the high relief of the nose and mouth, the knot of drapery on the shoulder and the

upper arm. Behind the left side of the face is another head in profile, and in very low relief.

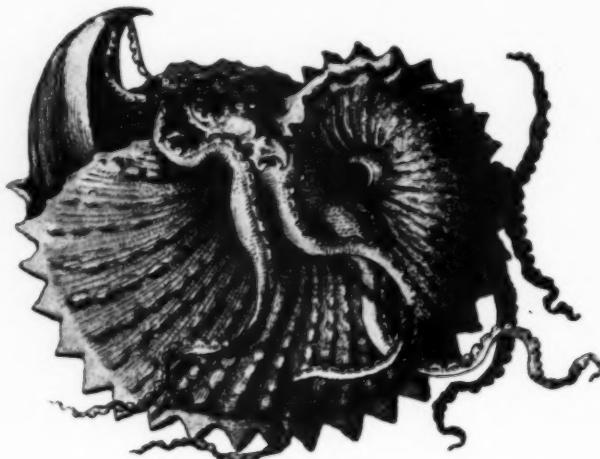
There is a curious experiment in the Mediæval Room,

in the form of a sixteenth-century Italian cameo cut in a cypræa shell representing an armed centaur. The piece is a rough oval from the back of the cowry, and the carving is in very slight relief owing to the nature of the medium. The broken colour is pleasant to the eye, but rather confusing to the effect of the design; the background is nearly black, and the predominating colours are blue-grey, pink, and yellow. Case F also contains, besides eleven carvings, one of which is an intaglio, in pearl-shell, which often affords considerable depth of material, nine other

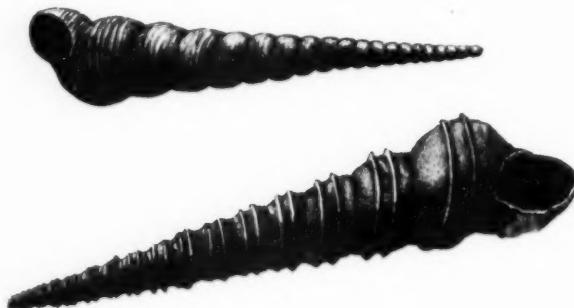
cameos, of which the most interesting are—an oval, representing "Ganymede feeding the Eagle"; another of the head of a youth facing that of Diana; one of Italian workmanship of about A.D. 1500, bearing the original owner's name, "P. Colin," in the silver mount, the subject being "Hercules killing Caucas," on a dark bluish background, which is neither highly polished nor quite smooth; a delicate little oblong work with a neat white border of about the same date, of which the subject is a hooded man in mediæval costume, hurrying along with a long-handled spade in his left hand and a horn and trumpet in his right hand, on a grey background, the colour and tone being produced by leaving a film of white over the coloured ground; another of similar treatment, but broken, of a three-quarter length portrait of a man; and

lastly, but of importance, and illustrated overleaf, a large surface conch covered with an Italian sixteenth-century design of "Hercules killing the Nemean lion." Modern Italian cameo-cutters frequently cover the whole or a great part of a Black Helmet with figures probably derived from Greek or Roman mythology, which, though good in technique, are nevertheless quite

repulsive from a sculptor's point of view, on account of the numerous and nearly inevitable contortions that occur owing to the natural bosses in the shell, which prevent the proper planes from being kept, proving that the cutter should always have a thorough training as a modeller. Our sketch of the specimen in question shows it to be an excellent example of skill in the choice of



*Nautilus, etched by Hollar.*



*Shells, etched by Hollar.*

subject, and of the arrangement of it on the irregular surface, the design being placed on the latter in such a way that the bosses of the wider part of the crown come at the base, and the limbs are hardly contorted, except that the more distant left hind leg of the lion, though of course lower in relief, is slightly more prominent than the outer right hind leg, thus spoiling the perspective; but Hercules is admirably managed.

The Chinese have learned a strange lesson from nature, from observing that on a foreign body coming by chance between the mantle and shell of a living species of freshwater mussel (*Dipsas plicata*) the irritation produced causes the animal to gradually cover the intruder with a nacreous deposit, examples of which may be seen in Case F at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where are two mother-of-pearl shells, each containing "a small fish (a species of *Fierasfer*) coated with nacre by the Oyster." Thus, in order to obtain pearls artificially, the Chinese keep the mussels in tanks, and among other objects "insert small metal images of Buddha, which soon become covered with pearl and firmly cemented to the shell, the production being to the uninitiated a superhuman testimony to the truth of Buddhism." Specimens of shells treated in this manner are exhibited in the Natural History Museum (Case F), in the Jermyn Street Museum of Practical Geology, and in Case F in the Oriental Saloon of the British Museum, each valve containing twelve, eleven, or seven queer little figures of pearl with human heads and straight arms, terminating at the hands clasped in front.

Sandro Botticelli's picture in the National Gallery of 'Mars and Venus' presents the goddess reclining on her elbow, and Mars asleep near her, with his head thrown back, while four little fauns play with his armour, and one of them is blowing through a large whelk or conch, just behind his right ear. Our sketch from the picture shows the design. This use of the shell is widespread, especially among modern savages. Sir John Lubbock, in "Prehistoric Times," observes that, "Throughout Australia, among some of the Brazilian tribes, in parts of Africa, and in various other countries,

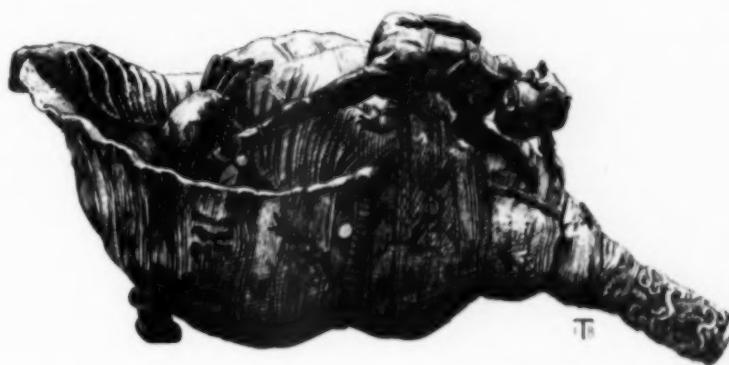
natural death is regarded as an impossibility. In the New Hebrides, when a man fell ill, he knew that some sorcerer was burning his rubbish, and shell trumpets, which could be heard for miles, were blown to signal to the sorcerers to stop, and wait for the presents which would be sent next morning. Night after night Mr. Turner used to hear the melancholy too-tooting of the shells, entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims."

But these trumpets have also been employed by the highly civilised Japanese, and in Sir A. W. Franks' case of netsukés in the British Museum there is a splendid shell, creamy white in colour, with light brown markings, retaining its natural polish. Of this we print an illustration. Small golden dragons are painted all over the outside, and a dragon-carved ivory mouthpiece is fitted to the end of the spire. An ugly human being with horns climbs out from the orifice, and turns his head, grinning to see that a great crab has just missed catching his foot in its claw.

It is not surprising that the Japanese, with their delight in and wonderful power of imitating small and beautiful products of nature, should appreciate shells, and no people have applied them so extensively to so many decorative and artistic purposes. The British Museum collection has, in addition to four larger and seven smaller natural bivalves with figure and landscape subjects painted on them, some interesting ivories, including, besides several groups which are simply still-life studies, some large clams—the valves, frequently with a round hole in the upper one, partly open, and one, instead of showing the protruding mollusk, discloses a house and trees, with two people meeting in front; a curiosity, called the "clam's dream," which represents the ivory clam half under a corner of a handsome black human habitation; and, quaintest of any, a little ivory goose, employed as our initial, on a base

about an inch and a-half long, standing flapping its wings, with its bill caught fast in a gigantic bivalve shell—doubtless a well-merited reward for inquisitiveness.

Coarser, but not unlike some of the Japanese pottery,



*Shell trumpet in the British Museum.*



*Cup formed of Nautilus.*

though probably the creation of an uninfluenced and entirely independent artistic genius, is the "Palissy ware," of which there are three specimens in the Franks' collections.

Except for the legend which makes the fossil ammonites of Whitby the headless remains of snakes which the Abbess St. Hilda transformed into stone, perhaps the only shell which has borne a part in history is the scallop (*Pecten Jacobaeus*), which was assigned as a cognizance to St. James by Spanish monks of the ninth century; hence, from being worn by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Iago at Compostella, it became the badge also of all palmers.

It is the scallop that bears to land the goddess, in Sandro Botticelli's beautiful picture of 'The Birth of Venus,' in the Uffizi, at Florence.

Besides several kinds of *Haliotis*, with lovely iridescent colours, and the *Avicula margaritifera* (Oriental pearl mussel), of such universal employment in inlaying, we need further only mention, for its influence on Art, the nautilus, which is echoed in the magnificent crystal and jewelled goblets, in the possession of which the Louvre is rich. Our sketch represents a cup formed of the natural shell, engraved and mounted in silver.

Moreover, it is the nautilus which is the subject of the most beautiful of Hollar's etchings of shells, of which proofs of thirty-eight plates may be seen in the Print Room. It is a lovely Albrecht Dürer-like work, and is a careful drawing of the shell; but that is inhabited by a somewhat imaginary mollusk, with a goblin head, with an eye and hooked nose or parrot-beak, and eight long octopus arms.

All the other etchings are studies of handsome Oriental or South-Sea specimens, but Hollar evidently admired most exquisite spirals, like Lord Tennyson, in the poem in "Maud":—

## I.

"See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail but a work Divine,  
Made so fairly well,  
With delicate spire and whorl;  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design !

## II.

"What is it? A learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name;  
Let him name it who can—  
The beauty would be the same."

## III.

"The tiny shell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill?  
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Thro' his dim water-world?

## IV.

"Slight to be crushed with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand;  
Small, but a work Divine;  
Frail, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand."

Children are always attracted by the strange reverberation in the cavity of a large shell, but to how many does it mean what it meant to Dante Gabriel Rossetti? a thought to which he gave expression in a verse from "The Sea-Limits":—

"Gather a shell from the strown beach,  
And listen at its lips! They sigh  
The same desire and mystery,  
The echo of the whole sea's speech,  
And all mankind is thus at heart  
Not anything but what thou art;  
And Faith, Sea, Man, are all in each."

The portrait of the late Cardinal Manning when four years of age was painted by a miniaturist, who posed the child kneeling on a cliff above the sea, holding a shell to his ear; and rather a curious fate befell the picture, for Mr. Manning's house at Totteridge was broken into one night by a gang of burglars, and this, besides miniatures of the future Cardinal's brothers and sisters, vanished among other valuables, to be found years afterwards in an old curiosity shop in London, when they were hung once more on the library wall,

L. B. THOMPSON.



*Sculpture. By Vanloo.  
From a picture in the South Kensington Museum.*

## A NORTHERN HOME.\*

### VI.—THE OLD MASTERS.

AT Learmouth Terrace are a few Dutch *genre* pieces and a few Dutch landscapes, including a very fine Ruysdael and a good Cuyp, but Mr. Arthur Sanderson's collection of "old masters" of foreign schools is specially remarkable for some exceptionally fine portraits by Rubens, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, and Velazquez, and other of the greater painters of the seventeenth century outside of Italy. By the great Peter Paul he has, I believe, portraits of both that artist's wives, but the picture which has been selected for reproduction here presents, as every one will see, the handsome features and fine figure of the often-painted Helen Fourment, his second wife. It must have been taken about the same time as the celebrated group of her, her husband, and a child, that is, or was, in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough, and shows her to us in all the splendour of her ripe luxurious beauty. She is dressed magnificently. A low square-cut body and high starched collar set off to advantage her beautiful neck and shoulders, and exquisite skin of cream and roses. Pearls and flowers adorn her hair, and round her throat is a necklace composed of large pearls. Her shapely hands are crossed before her, and are drawn and painted with extreme care, as indeed is the whole canvas. This very fine picture was, I believe, brought to England by the Earl of Egremont about the beginning of the present century.

Of a very different class are the attractions of this collector's admirable example of Franz Hals, the Velazquez



*Portrait of his Wife.  
By Rubens.*



*Portrait of his Mother.  
By Rembrandt.*

of the North. The portrait of Michael de Wael is studiously sober in colour, and, unlike the gallant and merry captains and soldiers of the Haarlem guards whom he painted with such gusto, has a pensive cast. Nevertheless there are few more characteristic specimens of his grasp of character and masterly execution. De Wael is standing, seen to the knees, in a black silk dress trimmed with velvet, with plain deep rufflike collar, and a round brimmed hat. His right arm with long white cuff hangs at his side, the hand holding a glove; the left is akimbo. His cheeks, rather dry and red, have high bones and are bare, but he wears a moustache, an imperial, and a short pointed beard. On the whole a face rather hard, but manly and agreeable withal—a face noticeable in a crowd, and to be trusted. This picture must be reckoned amongst Mr. Sanderson's most covetable possessions.

Greater even than Franz Hals was Rembrandt, greater even in my opinion than Velazquez, though each had qualities in which he was supreme. Their rival claims to the precedence amongst painters have been the cause of much controversy, and one recent and very intelligent critic has endeavoured to draw a distinction which is not easy to follow. He would call Velazquez the greatest "painter," and Rembrandt "the greatest artist in paint." But however this may be, it would, I think,

\* Concluded from page 213.

be difficult to prove that Velazquez was the greater master of his craft, while on the other hand there can be no doubt that the great Dutchman excelled the great Spaniard in certain qualities which, if not purely "artistic" in themselves, yet greatly enhance the human interest of works of art. Amongst these is that sympathetic penetration into the mind and character of his sitters which make the faces of even the oldest and ugliest of them like those of old friends. By this, perhaps the most profoundly human artist that ever lived, Mr. Sanderson possesses three portraits, two of old women, and one of a man in the prime of life here illustrated.

The latter is described in Smith's Catalogue (No. 376) as "A gentleman about fifty years of age, of a thin visage and light hair, seen nearly in front view, holding in his right hand a medal which is attached to a chain round his neck. He has a large red cap with yellow stripes, and a brown dress relieved by a white pendant collar."

Whoever this evidently distinguished personage may be (and it is strange that his identity has not been determined), the work is a masterpiece of the artist's best time, and in excellent preservation. It is one of those male portraits in which Rembrandt has combined great distinction and intellectual power with simplicity and gentleness. Its execution is of the broadest

and most subtle, and its tone of that rich gold with cool glimmering lights so characteristic of the finest works of the master. We give a reproduction of it above, as well as one of a noble portrait of an old lady overleaf, said to be Rembrandt's mother, but bearing little resemblance to her well-known face. It would appear to be an early work somewhat resembling in execution the wonderful portrait of an old lady in the National Gallery (No. 775), but not so supple in its modelling. She is represented the size of life, almost full-length, seated in a chair, with a hand resting on either arm. She wears a black embroidered dress with a large white ruff and a plain white cap, like a half-moon, and looks out of the picture with a quiet gaze as though occupied with her own thoughts.

There are very few private collections which can boast the possession of five works which have on good authority

been attributed to the great Spanish master Velazquez. At the present moment he may be taken as standing higher than any other painter in the estimation of a large number of connoisseurs and critics. Making all allowance for a view which pays little regard to any quality of a picture except its execution, or to any style of execution except one, Velazquez must yet be acknowledged as one of the princes of Painting, and especially of portrait painting, and one also of the greatest and most personal of colourists. It is well known that amongst the earlier pictures by Velazquez, painted mostly before he went to Madrid, were a number of scenes of humble life—*bodegones* as they were called—the best known of which

in this country is the 'Aguador,' belonging to the Duke of Wellington. One of these of about the same period, or even earlier, is in the possession of Mr. Sanderson, and represents three figures round a table furnished with the materials of a frugal repast, consisting of fried fish and a lemon, an orange, a carrot, and a loaf, with tumblers of red wine—all of which are painted with wonderful force and economy of means. Two others of Mr. Sanderson's pictures by Velazquez are duly noted and described in Mr. Curtis's catalogue of the works of the master.

One of them is a portrait of the Queen Mariana of Austria, second wife of Philip IV.,

who was so frequently painted by Velazquez. Mr. Curtis records no less than nine of such portraits as genuine, and Mr. Sanderson's is No. 242 in his catalogue. It then belonged to Don Nicolas Gato de Lema, of Madrid. It is a bust very similar to that of the full-length in the Museo del Prado (1,078), but with rolled hair and three bands of diamond-shaped trimming down the waist.

The other Velazquez belonging to Mr. Sanderson, and recorded by Curtis, is No. 205 in his book. It is described there as "A Spanish Nobleman—Bust, three-quarters, right, with chin whiskers, and mustache turned up, bare head, short hair, and very wide falling linen collar edged with lace—life size." It was sold at Lord Northwick's sale in 1859, and at the time Mr. Curtis described it, it was in the possession of Mr. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring. This fine picture is let into the paneling



*Portrait of a Personage.  
By Rembrandt.*

over the fireplace in Mr. Sanderson's library, illustrated at page 258. But of all the pictures ascribed to Velazquez in this collection, the two most uncommon and most beautiful are not to be found in Curtis. One of these is the portrait of a young and unknown lady with a very remarkable feathery head-dress of black and white, which it would be needless to describe further in the presence of our illustration overleaf. It is most exquisitely and carefully executed and rich and brilliant in colour. The complexion is high, of the purest white and red, the hair and eyebrows black. The pale sweet lips are of the Velazquez pink, and the livelier red of the cheeks would be suspicious in a portrait of the time and country when rouge was so commonly employed, were it not for its transparency, and the simplicity of the beautiful and refined features, which seem to represent such an insinuation. The mouth and eyes and slightly aquiline nose are full of the most subtle and refined lines, and the whole presence, in spite of the fantastic head-gear, is one of remarkable daintiness combined with simplicity. I am not acquainted with any work of Velazquez of exactly the same character throughout, but I have little doubt that this is one of the finest of his earlier works, when he had attained complete command over his materials, but not yet that supreme confidence which apparently enabled him to disregard all caution in using them. It came from the collection of Prince Paul Esterhazy.

A more mature and more unmistakable work by the master is a head of a simple little girl with high forehead, rich black eyes, and thick bands of straight hair falling on either side of her head. It came from the sale of Sir William Knighton, and has been called a portrait of the Infanta Margarita. The bust is unfinished, but the head is perfectly painted with masterly freedom. The complexion is of a golden brown and the expression most simple and childlike. It is not the princess, for her hair was light, and the plain arrangement of it (as

1897.

well as the absence of any ornament) does not suggest royalty or even nobility. We illustrate it on the next page. It has all the appearance of a family picture, and I should not be at all surprised to find that it was a portrait of one of the artist's own little grand-children who figure in that picture in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna which is known as the 'Family of Velazquez,' but probably represents the family of his daughter and her husband—Juan Bautista del Mazo.

With these words must end my survey of Mr Arthur Sanderson's splendid house and fine collections, which (for reasons already given more than once, I fear) must necessarily be incomplete, if not inadequate. My memory reproaches me when I think of Rembrandts unnoticed, of Constables undescribed, of certain other fine paintings like the magnificent Etty on the grand staircase, a very interesting Wilkie not far from it, and a fine example of Coells, which, if not altogether passed without remark, have scarcely had the consideration which they would deserve in an exhaustive notice. But when there is so much that claims attention, some injustice must be done in articles which do not pretend to be



*Michael de Wael.  
By Frans Hals*

final, and for which the space allotted in these pages was necessarily not without limitation. It is probable that before many years are over the collections may have grown, and in the natural course of things some changes may be made of subtraction as well as of addition, and then some further chronicles will have to be found to do justice to a still more worthy assemblage of works of art. It is not safe to prophesy of such matters, but I will venture to say that Mr. Sanderson will not part with many of the pictures I have described, and that he will be very ill-advised if he does so. Rare, indeed, will be his opportunities of securing works which would compensate for the loss of those which have been figured in these pages. And what is true of the pictures is true also, though, perhaps, to a more limited extent, of the furniture and bric-à-brac; though it will be comparatively

4 A



*Early Portrait.  
By Velasquez.*



*Little Spanish Girl.  
By Velasquez.*

easy to extend these collections and also to weed them, they yet contain a great number of pieces of the highest class, difficult to improve upon, and even in many instances to replace.

On the other hand, it is possible, though not probable, that Mr. Sanderson may relax his zeal as a collector, and expand his energies in other directions. I repeat that this is not probable, but if he should in effect say, "I will rest and be satisfied," he may well be content with the result he has already achieved. He has erected a noble monument to his own industry and character; he has done much to stimulate the decorative art of his own time and to increase the love and reverence for the great artists of the past, and in doing these things he has

set an excellent example to all who have spare wealth to employ for the benefit of their generation.

Before adding the last word to my series of papers on this "Northern Home," so superb in its adornment, so priceless in its contents, I should like to say something still more personal with regard to the man who built it, and filled it with one of the finest private collections of works of art which has been made in Scotland during his day. I should like at least to speak my mind as to the frank charm of his companionship, and the genial kindness of his hospitality, but in saying even so much, I am afraid that I am trespassing upon ground expressly forbidden by Mr. Sanderson himself.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

### 'LA FRINLANELLA.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRY WOODS, R.A. IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

**I**N nothing but what may be termed the accident of his birth is it possible to claim Mr. Henry Woods as a British artist. For so many years has he worked under the influence of Venetian life and surroundings, and in association with that group of painters who, like himself, have become subject to the spell which Venice exercises over those who dwell among its many mysteries, that both in tastes and methods he has grown into kinship with Italian Art. His pictures have the closeness of elaboration and the insistence upon detail which are characteristic of the school to which he has attached himself; and he has become so imbued with the local aestheticism that his work has almost entirely lost its English spirit, and has assumed a purely foreign atmosphere. It is none the less interesting, however, on account. What Mr. Woods gives us is not the half-conviction of a visitor to Venice who is inclined to

exaggerate peculiarities of the life and character which he finds there, peculiarities which seem typical simply because he is unaccustomed to them. There is no such element of caricature in his work. His acquaintance with his subjects is neither temporary nor superficial; it shows the intimacy with things small and great which is only possible to an artist who has abandoned the pre-conceptions which he brought from his native land, and has become so accustomed to his new place of abode that his observation of what is novel and strange has given way to real appreciation of the less obvious charms, and the more subtle beauties that reveal themselves only to the leisurely student.

Such a picture as 'La Frinlanella' is essentially a product of intimate local knowledge. It depends not at all upon anything dramatic or episodical, and neither illustrates nor implies anything in the way of a story.

The Art Journal, London, J. & C. Virtue & Co., Ltd.



From the Painting by Henry Woods, R.A.

Edited by C. W. Murray

La Trinitanella.

In the Collection of George M. Cullock, Esq.



It is a painting of a pleasant little Venetian triviality, a portrait of a type which would almost certainly be overlooked by any one who was for the first time influenced by the glamour of the place. The whole thing, in selection and treatment alike, summarises the inner individuality of a peculiar corner of the world, and the almost indefinite personal attractiveness of a people which has adapted itself exactly to unusual surroundings.

What Mr. Woods gives in his canvas is a personification of Venice—a presentation, within a small compass, of the characteristics of a race. He has studied and painted in one work the whole social history of the Queen of the Adriatic. The girl who occupies his foreground is a typical Venetian, ease-loving, enjoying the purely sensuous pleasure of existence, worried by no modern stress or striving, and content to live picturesquely for the moment. She assorts admirably with her surroundings—with the placid restfulness

of the mirror-like lagoon, and the idle repose of Nature in a haven which seems beyond the influence of even momentary disturbance.

Technically the painting, like so many of those which Mr. McCulloch has collected, ranks as one of the greater achievements of the artist. It is highly finished and elaborate, as his work always is; but its treatment is so judicious that there is no loss of breadth or largeness of manner. In colour, too, in delicacies of tint, and thoughtful juxtapositions of tone, the whole work is excellent. It suggests the subtle iridescence of the Southern atmosphere, and the play of sparkling colour variations which are brought into absolute harmony and agreement by a brighter sunlight than the North ever knows. It is all so well understood that the picture convinces us because it makes us feel that the artist has been never for a moment out of sympathy with his material. It is, in fact, a monument of his own knowledge and sincerity.

## THE LOST CAUSES OF HISTORY.

### THE STUARTS—THE BOURBONS.

WHAT the historian labours painfully to say, selecting and arranging adjectives, comparing characteristics, examining circumstances, times, fashions and habits of mind—all this cumbrous and often ineffective work is done for us with a few strokes of the magic brush of Art.

It is a limited source of instruction, and must remain unfruitful to the many. For those to whom Art speaks, she speaks at once with all the tongues of human nature; for those to whom Art says nothing (and these are the many) the craft of the historian is preferable; it says as much as they can understand, or are willing to admit exists.

No task is so severe as to explain the Lost Causes of History. Why should the Stuarts have failed? We know all the usual reasons that are given in history-books: but they do not convince. What manner of man could he have been who, gifted like all the Stuarts with personal charm, and heir to all the prestige in romantic melancholy that naturally attached to the heir of the House of Stuart, yet failed to secure the affection of his subjects—who actually preferred a dull old German with all James Stuart's failings and none of his attractiveness? We cannot help thinking that his subjects must have been exceptionally hard-hearted.

Nay, says Art, here is the Man: judge for yourselves.

Apparently in his eighteenth year, James Stuart looks on us from the walls of Hampton

Court Palace. The artist naturally did his best to flatter the King of England, and this is the utmost that he can do.

A mouth already tremulous from over-excitement; cheeks that have lost the bloom of youth without acquiring the pallid distinction of maturity; eyes that have neither the melancholy and severe air of command of his grandfather, nor the bold, cynical humour of his uncle—such are his features. Elegance was a traditional note of the Stuart pose, and the artist has endeavoured to suggest it in the drooping right hand. But what a languid gesture!

Not all the panoply of Garter blue, and gorgeous collar and George, nor the full wig of the time that dignifies almost any face, can hide from us the real James Stuart—an epitome of nerveless decadence.

He may have been jolly in his cups; Thackeray assures us that he was: but not a spark of intelligence gleams in those lustreless eyes. Nothing in all his features and bearing promises aught but sottishness at night and peevishness in the morning.

On the next page is the enemy of his house, William of Orange, when young.

It was a tradition with the Stuarts to be graceful; it was a tradition with the House of Orange to be strong. James Stuart had himself painted in the Robes of the Garter: William of Orange is here painted in armour.

Significant contrast! but merely the commencement of



*James Stuart, The Old Pretender.  
From the Portrait in Hampton Court Palace.*



*William, Prince of Orange.  
In Hampton Court Palace.*

the mind of the practical Dutchman except one of irritation that any man could think him either so pompous or so greedy of flattery. These rosy, complacent, over-dressed monarchs might be anybody. But this dark, alert little man is a born king. The full and mobile mouth answers to the large black eye, at once profound and resolute. No grace of pose is here, except the natural grace of youth. It is extraordinary to recollect that William was, by his mother's side, a Stuart; but the weaker strain is completely over-crowned by the sturdy stock of Orange. Here is the soul to ponder, and the will, at once firm and supple, to execute great plans. He who would understand the English Revolution should look on these two men.

He who can read the portrait of Louis XVI. needs not to study Carlyle, or any other historian, in order to understand the French Revolution. "Le Roi est si bon": well, here he is, the Good King: but (unless the artist has lied) neither good nor kingly. A good king may do anything, even in days of revolution; and it is one of the severest puzzles of the French Revolution that all men persisted in calling "good" the king of those disastrous years. This portrait shows us a man of whom it is impossible that anything else could have been said. When we say that a woman is good, we imply much that is praiseworthy; but if we can say nothing more of a man than

the explanation of how the House of Orange came to snatch the sceptre from the House of Stuart. I know of no portrait of William III. that helps us in any way to understand the man except this. The stiff full-length figure in the Inner Temple Hall, and the ludicrous allegorical portrait of the King on horseback, surrounded by admiring deities, both by Kneller, could have produced no impression on

that he is good, we mostly mean, alas! that he is good-for-nothing.

Louis is in his coronation robes; but he wears them badly; he is gorgeous, but not grand; pompous, but not imposing. He is smiling, but his smile is an effort made officially; it lacks *bonhomie*.

His receding forehead and large features show you a man heavy but not weighty; slow but not sure. The massive jowl, the dull eye, and the thick lips betray a lack of vivacity, a grossness of nature, and an absence of imagination that explain the part he played in the French Revolution better than pages of declamation. As we look on this portrait, we realise the man who could kill a pet dog for frisking round his knees unbidden (and that dog not his own), and would yet spare a Paris mob.



*Louis XVI. in his Coronation Robes.  
In Hampton Court Palace.*

These are not flattering conclusions: and yet, from the very circumstances of the case, the artist must have flattered the man.

FREWEN LORD.

## PICTURE SALES OF 1897.

THE art sale season which is just over bears a striking resemblance to that of 1896. In each series one sale stands out so prominently as almost to make the character of the season. The Goldsmid sale of 1896 with its wealth of works by the older British masters was

responsible for nearly all the highest-priced pictures last year, and similarly the Pender sale in May quite overshadows any other dispersal in 1897. In the Goldsmid sale the spectacle was witnessed of seventeen examples by British painters realizing over £50,000 between them;

again in the Pender sale four Turners alone fetched £30,345. There is a certain patriotic satisfaction to be derived from the fact that collectors nowadays fasten upon the early British school with a keenness similar to that formerly displayed by connoisseurs in the acquisition of works by the Old Masters. On the other hand, there is little cause for wonder in finding that the contemporary native painter, with works left on his hands, draws little comfort from conjecturing as to the probable verdict of posterity. Save in the case of the Pender sale at Christie's, the "open" sales of this year, as provided by the big auctioneers and the public art exhibitions, have been disappointing. Picture-buying is essentially one of the higher luxuries, but the unique period of national rejoicing which has just been enjoyed is a higher luxury still, and it cannot be gainsaid that artists have suffered in consequence. It is interesting to learn, however, that the "one-man" exhibition at the more important private galleries have been very successful. At first sight it might seem that the magnificent bequest to the nation of the Wallace Collection, valued by experts at between three and a-half and four millions sterling, had nothing to do with the question of art sales. The point of view, however, is everything, and it is no exaggeration to state that many collectors and dealers, as such, feel keenly the disappointment of being deprived of seeing the splendid collection at auction.

In arriving at a fairly accurate estimation of an art sale season it is a good test to apply a statistical comparison. As in previous years, the standard taken for a picture to become noteworthy at auction has been fixed at 1,400 guineas. In the past season thirty-one pictures reached or exceeded this limit, and it will be of interest to quote the figures of some previous years to establish a comparison.

	No. of Pictures sold for 1,400 guineas and over.		No. of Pictures sold for 1,400 guineas and over.
1897	31	1891	37
1896	28	1890	39
1895	45	1889	17
1894	20	1888	35
1893	26	1887	20
1892	55	1886	26

The remarkable feature of 1896 was that the twenty-eight pictures in this category were all by British masters. If this feat has not been quite reproduced it is yet noticeable that twenty-five of the 1897 number are also British examples. To carry the similarity between the two years still further it is to be noticed that each contained a sale of works by a past President of the Royal Academy; the Millais sale of 1897 being the limited pendant to the Leighton sale of 1896.

Dealing now with the details of the season, prominence must be given to the Pender collection. No sale, perhaps, has better illustrated the soundness of investing in pictures of what may be described classical pedigree. In the case of the four Turners already mentioned, Sir John Pender paid about £8,000 for the four; yet in the sale each example averaged nearly that amount. The prices realized were:—"The Wreckers," 7,600 gs. (Bicknell sale, 1863, 1,890 gs.); "Mercury and Herse," 7,500 gs.; "The State Procession," 7,000 gs.; "Venice: The Giudecca," 6,800 gs. For this last Mr. Bicknell paid originally only 250 gs., and in his sale it realized £1,655. In two instances the previous auction record of a Turner was surpassed; 7,100 gs. being the highest sum given up to this year for a work by this master at Christie's—the "Sheerness," in the Wells sale of 1890, passing into the possession of Lord Wantage at this figure. Of course, instances have

1897.

occurred of Turners changing hands privately for larger sums; in fact, it is well to bear in mind that the most valuable pictures often never come into the open market—a remark which applies especially to the masterpieces of the French School. There is a certain fascination, however, in the competition of the auction room, and to see four Turners submitted consecutively reaching £30,345, was a sight which will long remain as a vivid recollection to the frequenter of Christie's. Next in interest came the sale of Phillip's chief work, "La Gloria," which at 5,000 gs. fittingly found its way to the National Gallery of Scotland. Two Landseers effectively proved that the taste for work by this master has by no means died out. "The Lost Sheep," which reached 2,300 gs. in the Bicknell sale of 1863, now reached 3,000 gs., and the "Event in the Forest," 2,500 gs. "The Proscribed Royalist," painted by Millais in his pre-Raphaelite period, fell at 2,000 gs., a great advance on 525 gs. bid for it in the Plint sale of 1862. The other pictures which exceeded 1,400 gs. were:—W. Müller, "Encampment in the Desert," 1,600 gs.; Rosa Bonheur, "Landscape, with Cattle," 1,500 gs.; and C. Troyon, "Heights of Suresnes," 1,700 gs. This last picture showed an unexpected decline, as in the London Sécrétan sale, 1889, 2,900 gs. was paid for it. J. Phillip's "Gipsy Toilet," 1,700 gs. (Knowles sale, 1865, 525 gs.), should be set-off against the same painter's "Baptism in Scotland," 1,400 gs. (Eden sale, 1874, 1,755 gs.).

There were also in the sale the following, any fluctuations in prices being added in brackets:—S. Bough, "St. Monance," 1867, 445 gs. (Stewart sale, 1881, 420 gs.); Sir A. W. Calcott's "Italian Landscape," 380 gs. (Whittaker sale, 1865, 700 gs.); W. Collins, "Buying Fish," 1,100 gs. (Bicknell sale, 1863, 960 gs.); T. S. Cooper, "Winter Scene," 210 gs.; J. S. Copley, "Royal Children in a Garden," 800 gs.: this is a finished study of the picture in the possession of Her Majesty. D. Cox, "Welsh Landscape," 390 gs.; T. Faed, "O Nanny! will ye gang wi' me," 350 gs.; W. P. Frith, "A Gleaner," 85 gs. (Birt sale, 700 gs.); P. Graham, "Rising Mists," 720 gs.; Keeley Halswelle, "Canterbury," the last work of the artist before his voyage to the East with Sir John Pender, 425 gs.; Holman Hunt, "Valentine rescuing Sylvia," 270 gs. (Plint sale, 1862, 210 gs.); B. W. Leader, "In the Evening there shall be Light," 1882, 1,150 gs.; Lord Leighton, "Phoebe," Royal Academy, 1882, 550 gs.; J. Linnell, "Grand View in Kent," 470 gs. (Knowles sale, 1862, 700 gs.); Sir J. Millais, "The Evil One sowing Tares," Royal Academy, 1865, 400 gs.; G. Morland, "Coast Scene," 220 gs.; W. Müller, "Thebes," 200 gs.; P. Nasmyth, "Landscape," 1828, 800 gs.; J. Pettie, "Commencement of the Quarrel," 210 gs.; D. Roberts, "Chapel Dixmude," 540 gs.; ditto, "St. Jacques, Antwerp," 340 gs.; "Chapel St. Jacques, Dieppe," 450 gs. (Northwick sale, 1859, 285 gs.); Sir J. Reynolds, "Princess Sobieski," 450 gs.; C. Stanfield, "Mew Stone," 360 gs.; Alma Tadema, "Education of Children of Clovis," 760 gs.; T. Webster, "Sunday Evening," Royal Academy, 1858, 500 gs.; Sir D. Wilkie, "Cotter's Saturday Night," in the Academy sixty years ago, 1,250 gs. (sold in 1872, 590 gs.); J. R. Wilson, "Hilly Landscape," 280 gs.; P. de la Roche, "Napoleon crossing the Alps," engraved by François, 200 gs. (Dillon sale, 1869, 544 gs.); A. Holmberg, "Far from the Noisy World," 690 gs.; ditto, "The Lost Chord," 420 gs.; Ary Scheffer, "Paolo and Francesca," 320 gs.—a great depreciation from the 1,830 gs. paid in the Ellesmere sale, 1870. Altogether the single day's sale of the chief Pender pictures resulted in a total of £75,916, and it will be of usefulness to compare this aggregate with those of previous important disper-

sals: Becket-Denison (1885), £71,050; Bolckow (1888), £66,567; Wells (1890), £78,312; David Price (1892), £69,577; Murrieta (1892), £50,592; Dudley (1892), £99,564; Adrian Hope (1894), £49,884; James Price (1895), £87,144; and Goldsmid (1896), £67,342. Again, however, the highest individual price for a picture was paid for a masterpiece by Romney. In 1896 Mr. Charles Wertheimer secured the Clifden Romney, the portraits of Caroline Viscountess Clifden and Lady Spencer, for the huge sum of 10,500 gs. On June 16th, at the rooms of Messrs. Foster, in Pall Mall, £9,100 was paid for the portraits of 'Two Children in a Garden,' from the Cartleton Hall collection, Penrith.

There was a melancholy coincidence in the Millais sale falling on the day of the Royal Academy banquet. The catalogue consisted of twenty-five lots, seven of which were by the hand of the late President, and reached the following prices:—'The Empty Chair,' 700 gs.; 'The Naturalist,' exhibited at the Academy in 1885 as 'The Ruling Passion,' 1,700 gs.; 'The Girlhood of Saint Theresa,' R.A. 1893, 650 gs.; 'The Forerunner,' R.A. 1896, 480 gs.; 'Time,' 1895, 420 gs.; 'Sweet Emma Moreland,' 390 gs.; 'The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night,' 1,050 gs. The greatest interest centred in a fine portrait by Holbein of a man with black beard and black cap, with gold tags. Purchased by Millais when a young man for 70 gs.; it was eventually knocked down at the great price of 3,000 gs., its destination being the Berlin Gallery. A remarkable Vandyck, entitled 'Time clipping the Wings of Love,' reached 1,050 gs., a noticeable advance on the price in the Blenheim sale, 1886, viz., 230 gs. The Millais properties totalled £10,968. On the same day the late Mr. George Richmond's collection was sold, including:—Gainsborough, 'Gainsborough Dupont,' 600 gs.; ditto, 'The Artist's Portrait,' 580 gs.; G. Richmond, 'Haymakers,' 250 gs.; 'In the First Garden,' 200 gs.; and 'Napoleon I. holding his Letter of Abdication,' 235 gs. Also from various private sources: Briton Riviere, 'Circe,' 850 gs.; Sir E. Burne-Jones, 'Pan and Psyche,' 760 gs.; 'Luna,' 480 gs.; 'Sowing,' 550 gs.; Lord Leighton, 'Helen on the Walls of Troy,' 330 gs.; J. M. Swan, 'Maternity,' 410 gs.; and G. F. Watts, 'Hope,' from the Leighton collection, 620 gs.

Next in interest to the foregoing sales was the disposal on May 8th of early British examples from the collection of Earl Sondes, the Marquis of Normanby, and William Sharpe, a nephew of the poet Rogers. The chief feature of the afternoon lay in the sale of Gainsborough's 'Mrs. Puget,' which fell at 4,800 gs. to Mr. Charles Wertheimer. A portrait by the same master of 'Lady Mulgrave,' which in the Price sale, 1895, fetched 3,500 gs. (when another of the same title, but, of course, infinitely superior work, reached 10,000 gs.), did not go beyond 1,020 gs., it being understood that the 1895 sum was an erroneous upset figure. Three Romneys attained great sums. The first, a portrait of 'Mrs. Tickell,' went for 2,000 gs., and that of 'Mrs. Grove' 3,500 gs., whilst his 'Anne Henshaw' reached 2,300 gs. A replica of Reynolds' portrait of 'Lady Waldegrave' realized 800 gs. as against 1,050 gs. last year, and F. Cotes's 'Miss Miller' 400 gs. This picture was bought in in 1896 at 650 gs. Two other Reynolds portraits were 'Alexander Wedderburn' 1,200 gs. and 'Lady Anne Fitzpatrick as Sylvia,' 1,800 gs. (1,500 gs. Montrose sale, 1895). A portrait of a 'Young Lady,' by Hoppner, fell at 1,460 gs. Gainsborough's portrait of 'Charles Frederick Abel,' which the artist considered his best work, exhibited this year at the Grafton Gallery, realized 1,200 gs. as against 1,400 gs. obtained for it in the Egremont sale, 1892.

The one sale of importance of works by the Old Masters was provided by the disposal of the Unthank collection, which reached a total of £16,500. A characteristic example by Hondecoeter, 'Two Cocks fighting,' fetched 2,180 gs., and a village scene by Hobbema 1,900 gs. Other mentionable pictures were—Canaletto, 'View in Venice,' 600 gs.; Paul Potter, 'Cows in Meadow,' 345 gs.; Giorgione, 'Italian Noblemen,' 900 gs., and a 'Woody Landscape' by J. Ruysdael, 350 gs.

The Cholmondeley collection also contained one or two old masters of note. An example attributed to Velazquez representing the back of a house with peacock and dead game realized 1,340 gs., and a bird's-eye landscape by J. Van der Meer, 800 gs. A portrait by Velazquez of the Duke of Medina from Sir William Domville's collection fetched 380 gs., and a Guardi, 'View of the Doge Palace,' 605 gs. In the Cholmondeley sale was included also an interesting example by Sir P. Lawrence, 'Miss Farren,' which attained the high price of 2,250 gs.

The pictures belonging to the late Baron Hirsch housed in Piccadilly were not especially noticeable, the principal canvases being—Vandyck, 'Portrait of a Boy,' 1,600 gs.; J. L. David, 'Parting of Telemachus and Eucharis,' 210 gs.; Gainsborough, 'Second Baron Mulgrave,' 700 gs. (Mildmay sale, 1893, 570 gs.) and G. Terburg, 'An Interior,' 460 gs.

The collection of the late Mr. George James contained an interesting leaven of works by Anton Mauve and James Maris, which far exceeded any previous auction standard. The five Mauve (water-colours) realized the annexed prices:—'Cows in a Meadow,' 500 gs.; 'Landscape with Figure and Cattle,' 190 gs.; 'Ploughing,' 340 gs.; 'Troupeau près Bergerie,' 580 gs., and 'Washing Day,' 160 gs. A magnificent oil picture by James Maris, 31 in. by 58 in.—an Amsterdam view—realized 1,100 gs. Mauve's picture, 'Changing Pastures,' went for 950 gs., the price paid by Mr. James a few months before being £850. The collection, which consisted of one hundred water-colour drawings and nineteen pictures, realized £11,963.

In the sale of the late Sir Charles Booth's collection, the well-known Landseer, 'A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1864, and from the Huth collection, fetched 1,550 gs., and W. Müller's 'Gillingham,' exhibited at Manchester, 1887, 1,120 gs. On the same day Peter Graham's 'The Cradle of the Sea Bird,' from Mr. Snowdon Henry's collection, went for 830 gs.

Other sales which deserve passing mention were the Jenkins and Hopgood sales of March 27, and the dispersals of the pictures belonging to Mr. Benjamin Armitage, of Manchester, and to Mr. F. Armytage, of Melbourne.

Right up to the end of the season the unrestful craze of the market continued for the possession of portraits by the classic painters of the British School. On July 10, the Gott heirlooms evoked the keenest competition. The portrait of 'Benjamin Gott,' by Sir Thomas Lawrence, fetched 1,650 gs., although as a rule the master's portraits of women are more in demand. On the same day Romney's 'Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante' attained 1,900 gs., and a mere sketch of Mrs. Oliver, whose finished portrait realized £3,255 last year in the Goldsmid sale, went for 720 gs. A series of fine examples by Raeburn included 'Jane Fraser Tytler,' which reached 1,250 gs. Another Romney, 'John Walter Tempest,' went for 1,200 gs., and Sir T. Lawrence's portraits of the 'Sisters Hamond' realized 1,400 gs.—an amount which was exceeded by the 'Sisters Fullerton,' for which 2,200 gs.

was bid. In conclusion the following list of the principal prices of the year should be instructive:—

Romney .. .	'Two Children' .. .	£9,100
Turner .. .	'Wreckers' .. .	7,980
Do. .. .	'Mercury and Herse' .. .	7,850
Do. .. .	'State Procession' .. .	7,350
Do. .. .	'Venice' .. .	7,140
Phillip .. .	'La Gloria' .. .	5,250
Gainsborough .. .	'Mr. Puget' .. .	5,040
Romney .. .	'Mrs. Grove' .. .	3,675
Holbein .. .	'Man' .. .	3,150
Landseer .. .	'Lost Sheep' .. .	3,150
Do. .. .	'Event in the Forest' .. .	2,650
Romney .. .	'Anne Henshaw' .. .	2,415
Lawrence .. .	'Miss Farren' .. .	2,362

Lawrence .. .	'Misses Fullerton' .. .	£2,310
Hondecoeter .. .	'Two Cocks Fighting' .. .	2,284
Romney .. .	'Mrs. Tickell' .. .	2,100
Millais .. .	'Proscribed Royalist' .. .	2,100
Romney .. .	'Lady Hamilton as Bacchante' .. .	1,995
Hobbema .. .	'Village Scene' .. .	1,985
Reynolds .. .	'Sylvia' .. .	1,890
Millais .. .	'The Naturalist' .. .	1,785
Phillip .. .	'Gipsy Toilet' .. .	1,785
Troyon .. .	'Heights of Suresnes' .. .	1,785
Lawrence .. .	'Benjamin Gott' .. .	1,732
Vandyck .. .	'Boy' .. .	1,680
Muller .. .	'Encampment in Desert' .. .	1,680
Landseer .. .	'Piper and Nutcrackers' .. .	1,627
Bonheur, R. .. .	'Landscape' .. .	1,575
Hopper .. .	'Young Lady' .. .	1,533

A. C. R. CARTER.



The International Exhibition of Art at Copenhagen. Front View.

## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ART AT COPENHAGEN.

In our first article (p. 156) we made our readers acquainted with Ny Carlsberg Glyptotheca and its founder, Mr. Carl Jacobsen, and we shall now give a brief description of the exhibition of art which, as already said, is held to inaugurate the transmission of the collection to its new home. When these lines appear before the eyes of our readers, the installation of the collection will already have taken place, likewise the opening festivity, with songs and speeches in honour of the collection and its donor, and all the precious treasures will present themselves to the great public in the new and magnificent premises.

Of pictures, 924 have been announced (England 99, United States 41, France 114, Germany 148, etc.), so that even the great Exhibition that was held last year in Munich will be surpassed in so far as regards the number of works exhibited.

Entering the British room, one of the first pictures our eyes meet is a large beautiful portrait of a lady by Mr. MacNeil Whistler. This great artist, the most refined colourist of the present time, is excellently represented here. Noble and sublime, the young lady, Miss Rosa

Corder, stands there contemplating, the dark hue and tinge of her garments in glorious relief with the sombre background, as a 'Note in Black,' the light shades of her face only forming the necessary interruption.

Round this picture the other great masters are grouped. There is, for instance, a little picture by Sir E. Poynter, P.R.A. This picture represents 'A Roman Boat Race,' and gives us an excellent conception of the master's art, with his intense knowledge and love of the antique. Among the great historical pictures we specially direct the attention to Calderon's large canvas, 'Elizabeth Woodville, Edward the Fourth's widow, taking leave of her son the Duke of York in Westminster,' one of the most striking and sad events of English history; while other artists deal with less heartrending scenes, among which specially the following attract the attention of the public: W. F. Yeames, 'The Accused and his Defendant'; Collier's 'Touchstone and Audrey,' and Swan's excellent picture 'A Fallen Monarch,' will secure themselves a place in the favour of the public. The British Gallery contains likewise a lot of excellent landscapes, and the Scot seems to be the most promi-

nent in this branch. There is, for instance, Robert Nisbet's lovely landscape with a vast expansion of horizon and a fresh and bold-looking sky; and A. K. Brown with a real Scottish twilight; while a series of marine pictures shows us that it is not without reason that Britain is surrounded by the rolling waves and boasts of being a nation of mariners *par excellence*. Among the sculptures we see with pleasure Onslow Ford, who with his eminent ability stands as a good representative of English sculpture.

Most unfortunately there is no denying the fact, however, that the lack of that part of English art of which Burne-Jones, Watts, Rossetti, etc., are the bearers, that is to say the whole pre-Raphaelite school, is deeply felt.

Even if the ideas for which these artists try to advocate be well known in all interested Danish circles, and notwithstanding the fact of the managing committee having spared no exertion to make up for the lack of these painters by exhibiting photographs of their works, the absence of them must be deeply regretted.

Opposite to the English Gallery is the room in which the Dutch Gallery is housed. It is specially in Britain, where the knowledge and love of Dutch art is of an old date, that we depend upon these masterpieces being appreciated, when we mention such names as Israels, J. Maris, Mesdag, Mauve, Blommers, and Artz. The Americans also, chiefly Harrison, Pearce, and Stewart, contribute largely to the collection.

O. T.

## THE COTTONIAN LIBRARY, PLYMOUTH.

THE Technical Institute of Plymouth, together with the Art School, was built, it may be remembered, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's reign, and on the eve of a still more memorable event in our history it was wisely decided to erect a Museum and Art Gallery in the immediate neighbourhood of the same institution. There happened to be ground available there, and it was thought that a part at least of the money that the occasion required should be spent upon something of permanent value, while the rest was merely delighting the eyes of the jubilants of this generation.

"The Metropolis of the West" is a name we take kindly to. It is full-flavoured, grateful and comforting, and we endeavour to prove ourselves worthy of it. Of mercantile matters I may not speak here, however, and have only to say that increase of wealth means ever-increasing indulgence in pleasure; that the pleasures of Art are above all others refining; and that wherever it can be afforded there should be a gallery.

A recent contribution of mine to THE ART JOURNAL contains the remark that Plymouth has already in the Cottonian Library a collection of works that would have delighted Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now I am asked to give something of substance to a statement which may be said as it stands to excite curiosity without gratifying the reader's desire. Let me begin, then, by saying again what I have said in substance before—that I doubt whether there is in all England a collection so compact and complete of its kind. "Complete" because it was made by a distinguished amateur of Art and *Belles Lettres*, whose life ran a parallel course with that of the leading men of his day; and "compact" because what was saved of the original collection is here in one room. Some particulars of its descent to the present Trustees were given in an article upon "William Wynne Ryland and Blake," which recently appeared in this journal.

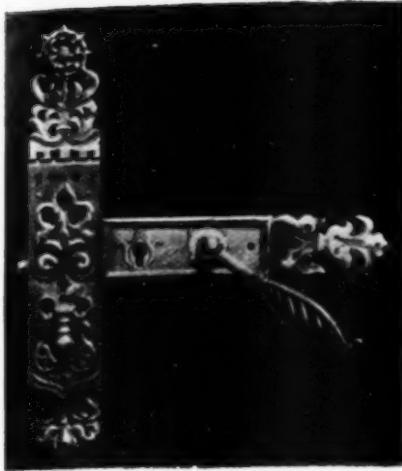
If enough has been said in a general way to recommend it to lovers of letters and Art, it is time now to particularise, and to distinguish this collection of ours from the possessions of other municipalities. Let me say then, at once, that it has the "local flavour" distinctly. Mr. Cotton, to whom we owe the bequest, was a native of Devon, and was connected by marriage with the original founder, Mr. Charles Rogers. The collection that descended to him is richly representative of Reynolds. The prints in which the great painter saw his immortality secured were the works of the greatest engravers of Reynolds's day. The art of mezzotint engraving, thanks be to Prince Rupert who brought it from Flanders,

is England's adopted child, and here in the quiet of the Cottonian Library its growth may be advantageously studied, for, apart from many most excellent works, is a volume of "Historical Mezzotints" containing 168 prints, which is probably unique in this form.

In John Evelyn's "Sculptura," dated 1662, there is, I believe, the first account of the art that was published in England, and this, enriched, as we say, with a specimen mezzotint from the hand of Prince Rupert himself, has its place on our shelves. Space will not permit me to publish a list of the principal volumes in which the prints are contained, and I am only able to say that they will be found to amount to some thousands, and that they illustrate almost every known mode of engraving. Arranged as they are at present, it would be impossible to introduce them in anything like regular order, and my readers must guess what their contents may be. They may be assured, however, that they were not indiscriminately accumulated, and that there are in abundance amongst them the finest productions of foreign and English engravers. They are partly arranged in "schools," but the attempt to proceed on this plan appears to have broken the Librarian's heart, and it would be impossible for me, confined as I am, to treat of these things in detail. I desire to direct attention especially to the richness of the collection in examples of the art that was perfected to glorify Reynolds, and of these, if space had permitted, I should have spoken at length. It would be pleasant to be able at this point to spring a surprise on the reader, and to announce that Plymouth possesses a collection of engravings after Reynolds's works numerically complete, individually splendid, and altogether amazing; but Plymouth, after all, would hardly be the place for such a collection even if we were able to say that we have it. We have enough to be proud of, however, for amongst the hundred engravings after paintings by Reynolds are many of the most desirable. "Enough," I have said, and more than enough (considering that these form only a part of the whole collection) to make the student of Art content to abide in the place of his birth until he desires to complete his knowledge, takes wings to himself, and departs.

I have said nothing of framed pictures and drawings, as they are not, I believe, very valuable, and have not space to devote to the contents of several glass cases. A perfectly-preserved and beautifully-bound copy of the jewel of the Aldine Press—the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, 1499,"—is the rarest of these.

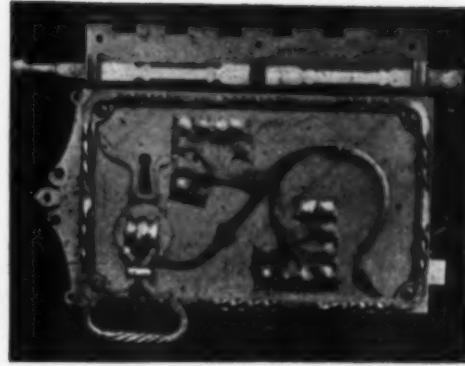
ERNEST RADFORD.



Rim Lock in Wrought Iron.  
(Messrs. Hart, Son, & Peard.)



Lantern in Wrought Iron.  
(Messrs. Hart, Son, & Peard.)



Rim Lock in Wrought Iron.  
(Messrs. Hart, Son, & Peard.)

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE designer and craftsman have few better opportunities of showing their ingenuity and ability than in the internal decoration of our great ocean liners — those floating palaces whose luxury makes the long voyage to the Cape or the Australian Colonies a pleasure rather than a hardship. A great deal of work of this kind has been done by Mr. Aldam Heaton. By him the saloons and cabins of the *Teutonic* and *Majestic* were decorated, and he has now undertaken the same work for the *Briton*, a new steamer of the Union Line. I saw some of the fittings for the *Briton* the other day in Mr. Aldam Heaton's new rooms at 89, Mount Street. They included elaborate cabinet work, carved and modelled friezes, and sumptuous wall-hangings of gilt and painted leather, which, to the

1897.

unprofessional eye, might seem fitter for a house in Mayfair than for the cabins of a ship. The panel for the wall of a library on one steamer, of which an illustration is given overleaf, is an excellent example of the admirable work of this kind done by Mr. Aldam Heaton. The panel is of plaster, toughened and hardened by some peculiar process, its creamy whiteness relieved by the gilt frame which surrounds the painting in the centre. The mantelpiece and overmantel of fumed oak, shown in the other illustration here, were also made by Mr. Aldam Heaton. The room in Hyde Park Terrace for which they were designed is extremely light, and its decoration is therefore low and reserved in tone. Mr. Heaton holds —rightly, I think —that the decorative picture over the mantelpiece

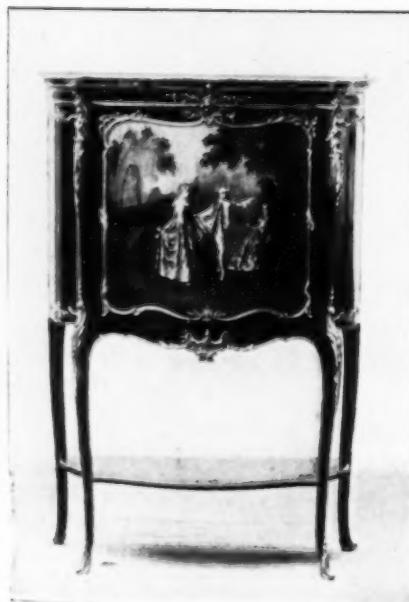


Mantelpiece in Carved Oak with Overmantel.  
(Messrs. Aldam Heaton & Co.)



Plaster Panel for Library Wall.  
(Messrs. Aldam Heaton & Co.)

should be kept in its proper relation to the general design, and not allowed to



Louis XV. Cabinet.  
(Messrs. Graham & Banks.)



Louis XV. Commode.  
(Messrs. Graham & Banks.)

assert itself unduly. It has been painted, therefore, on an absorbent ground, and its unvarnished surface has a subdued and fresco-like appearance. The patterns of the De Morgan tiles show much more prominently than they should in the photograph. In reality the pattern is not very noticeable, but the red of the tiles harmonises finely with the warm colour of the *brèche sanguine* marble which surrounds them, and with the rich tone of the fumed oak. In the decoration of his new rooms

in Mount Street, Mr. Aldam Heaton has made great use of the stencil-plate. The stencilled wall-papers shown there are singularly attractive, and are likely to attain an even greater popularity than that which they now enjoy. A quiet grey paper of small pattern and somewhat conventional design, upon which the larger, bolder, and more brightly coloured stencilling told with

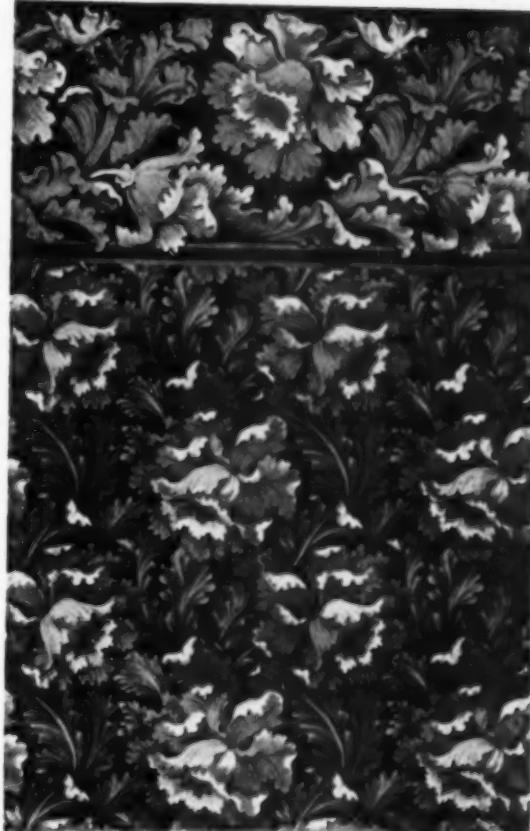


Sedan-Chair Cabinet.  
(Messrs. Graham & Banks.)

excellent effect, seemed to me to be one of the happiest examples of this work.

A wrought-iron lantern of peculiarly elaborate workmanship has recently been made for the outer porch of a suburban house by Messrs. Hart, Son and Peard, of 91, Drury Lane. In this lantern three different processes of smith's work are well illustrated: forging, in the main constructive portions; "curling hot," in the ribbon and corkscrew scrolls and twists; and beaten and pierced work, in the domed roof. The crested top and the grotesque heads—the latter combinations of forging and beaten plate—are valuable features in a bold and original design. The two locks, which I saw in process of manufacture in the same workshops, are to be used in an old country house, some parts of which date back to the time of Edward III. A more advanced phase of working in metal than that displayed in the lantern, all of which are illustrated at the head of this article, is shown in these locks. Both are of uncommon size, but the one with crenellations and bolt at the top is by far the larger. The smaller one, which is about thirteen inches long, is intended for the door of a state bedroom, in which there is some fine old carved work in wood and stone. The work has been designed in sympathy with the original decoration of the room.

The three specimens opposite of Louis XV. furniture, two cabinets and a commode, were made by Messrs. Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street. The commode, beautifully shaped and modelled, with fine swelling curves and lines, is of king-wood, the mounts being of chiselled bronze gilded by the mercurial process. I believe that metal gilded by this method has the advantage of being practically unaffected by the corroding, blackening action of the London atmosphere. The process is, however,



*The Brienne Wall-Paper.  
(Messrs. W. Woollams & Co.)*

expensive, and for this reason other and cheaper methods are often employed in Paris and those Continental cities where the air is drier and purer than it is here. The quaintly-shaped cabinet, modelled in the form of a sedan chair, and fitted with glass shelves for china, is also of king-wood, mounted with chiselled and gilt bronze. Even those who do not usually care for the furniture of this period may find much to admire in the second cabinet, with its slender curved legs and its panel of Vernis Martin, where, upon a golden background, are depicted a lady and gentleman, of the type Watteau loved to paint, treading a stately measure in a woodland glade.

The importance of choosing wall-papers of good design and harmonious colour is but rarely appreciated by the average householder. Too often, indeed, he merely makes a hasty selection from a pattern-book without considering whether the paper chosen will suit his carpets, his furniture, or the particular room in which it is to be hung. That the result of this haphazard method is not invariably disastrous is due probably to the fact that the greater number of the wall-papers of the present day are at least tolerable, if they are not actually good in design, and that the commonplace patterns of earlier periods are fast disappearing from our midst. For the gradual improvement in modern wall-papers much credit belongs to Messrs. Woollams & Co., of High Street, Marylebone, two of whose newest designs are reproduced on this page. The "Brienne" is, presumably, named after the military college where Napoleon Buonaparte was educated, although the symbols of the First Empire, which have figured lately on many of Messrs. Woollams' papers,



*The Inchkeith Wall Paper.  
(Messrs. W. Woollams & Co.)*

find no place in its design. The ground of the "Brienne" is of a dull but beautiful red, the floral pattern being in tones of paler red and fawn. The second wall-paper, the "Inchkeith," is, I think, preferable in some ways to the "Brienne." The pattern—lilies decoratively treated in green and grey on a very large scale—is exceedingly

striking, and reflects great credit upon the designer, Mr. E. A. Hunter. One of Messrs. Woollams' Anaglypta papers has recently been chosen by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., for the walls of certain rooms at the National Gallery.

W. T. WHITLEY.

## EUROPEAN ENAMELS.

ONE great charm about the recent Exhibition of European Enamels at the gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club was that the objects were arranged as nearly as may be in chronological order, or rather in the order of technical development, so that it was possible, and indeed easy with the aid of the helpful essays by which Mr. Starkie Gardner and Mr. Alfred Higgins prefaced the catalogue, to trace the progress of enamelling from something like its infancy to something like decrepitude. The collection comprised the treasures of collectors such as the Duke of Devonshire, Earls Crawford and Home, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, General Pitt-Rivers, the Rev. A. H. Sanxay-Barwell, Mr. Borrodaile, Mr. Breckenridge, Mr. Salting, Mr. J. E. Taylor, and others.

An enamel is defined by Mr. Starkie Gardner as a something in "metal coated with glass applied at its melting temperature." Before that was thought of, glass was applied to metal more or less after the fashion of ancient jewel-setting. The old Egyptians, and the Anglo-Saxon jewellers after them, enriched their goldsmiths' work with a mosaic of glass, used sometimes in association with, and often in imitation of, actually precious stones: true, they used precious stones mainly as colour, in which respect glass answered the purpose almost equally well. A tray of Egyptian jewels, some of which are cloisonné with precious stones, was shown in Case XIV. side by side with an Anglo-Saxon jewel with cloisons fitted with inlaid glass in imitation of rubies and emeralds. Trinkets, according to Mr. Gardner, were made in Roman Gaul, in which glass inlay was just sufficiently melted to adhere to the setting: before that the glass mosaic was cemented into its metal cells. This mere fusing of the glass was already halfway towards enamelling. The workman had only to fill his metal cells with powdered glass (ground up into a paste), instead of solid pieces, and the fire did the rest.

The metal cells were in the first instance built up by soldering edgewise on to a surface thin strips or tapes of metal (cloisonné). The companion process, however, that of digging the cells out of the solid (champlevé) has rather an earlier, because a ruder, appearance. According to either process the "pastes" of vitreous colour were embedded in metal, even where, as in early German work (a singularly beautiful example of which occurred in No. 1) the colour of the paste was graduated, from grey to blue, from yellow to green, and so on. Indeed, until towards the sixteenth century it was rarely that any great expanse of enamel was left unbroken by intervals of metal—broad surfaces often in champlevé, in cloisonné more likely a mere network of lines. Case II. contained some very fine plaques of champlevé work (Limoges), originally book-covers, and, by way of interesting contrast to them, a cover in Russian cloisonné of much later date. Quite the most beautiful effect of mediaeval colour was reached in the two ciboria in Case III. (both, it is said, English), one of which, with its copper blue ground, recalled the triumphs of the Chinese in this sort.

A most interesting survival (or was it a revival?) of the champlevé method was illustrated in Case XV., where there were shown a number of andirons, candlesticks, and suchlike, which at first reminded one of a certain class of Russian work. It was rather a surprise to find on nearer view that they were seventeenth-century English work—rude, but in its way dignified and decorative. The colour is of course opaque, as was the case with early champlevé work—inevitably so as they were executed on brass or bronze, of which tin is a component part. It was by the addition of tin that enamellers gave to their colours density enough to hide the metal underneath—and tin, it seems, is so insinuating that its presence in the metal is enough to obscure the enamel in the process of firing.

It was on a ground of copper, silver, or gold that the luscious effects of transparent colour were obtained such as were shown in Case XIV. and in the objects lent by Sir Charles Robinson; his valuable collection, however, being shown apart in a case by itself, was not so available for the purpose of consecutive study as those of collectors who have placed their treasures more unreservedly at the disposal of the committee. Just as champlevé was naturally used in the case of the baser metals, cloisonné was largely adopted by the goldsmiths—gold, for one thing, is very readily soldered. The two methods were also used in association, wires being introduced to break up the larger cells cut out of the metal ground; and this cutting up of a surface of one colour with cloisons may be taken as evidence that the artificer found it for a long while beyond his means safely to fire unbroken sheets of enamel. But in the fifteenth century there were made in Venice great copper vessels (fine examples of which were to be found in Cases XII. and XVA.) coated with translucent blue and green, and opaque white (with here and there, perhaps, a jewel of turquoise or coral colour), and filigreed over with golden arabesque, not in the form of cloisons, but laid on to the enamel in the shape of goldleaf.

And already by the second half of the fourteenth century translucent enamel was turned to yet more subtle account than this. The gold or silver ground, that is to say, was chased, more or less deeply; and according to the depth of the chasing, and the consequent thickness of the coat of enamel floated over it, was the depth of the translucent colour. The variety of tone obtained in this "émail de basse taille" was valuable, especially to the jeweller, who had to do with small surfaces; and the great Italian goldsmiths of the fifteenth century, who were all enamellers also, employed it, as may be seen in sundry examples shown, with wonderful effect.

The jewellers also used enamel, both transparent and opaque, as a sort of paint on modelled surfaces, much as sculptors of the period painted their reliefs. There is no denying, in presence of the votive jewels for example in Case XIV., that beautiful things were done in that way; but it is not the way most distinctly proper to enamel, and it is not so lasting as the older form of inlaid enamel. That is seen in certain of Sir Charles

Robinson's possessions, in which this "encrusted" enamel, as it is called, has peeled off: there are instances also of the perishing of "basse taille" enamel.

No gradual transition is to be traced between the robust metal-bound enamel of the Middle Ages and the *enamel-painting* of the Renaissance. It does not seem as if the vitreous paste had been used in larger and larger masses, until at last the enameller found he could do without the metal strips between, and simply left them out. On the contrary, there was an interregnum in the fifteenth century, after which the later method of painting is found somewhat suddenly in full development. In Limoges, in fact, enamelling fell after the thirteenth century into disuse—and it was not till the discovery that it was possible to *paint* in vitreous colour, without cells to hold it, that a new impetus was given to the craft. But this was such a very new departure that it may be considered as practically almost a new art which was thenceforth pursued. Mr. Higgins's theory that enamel painting may have been derived from the practice of the glass painters will not hold good, seeing that it was not until well into the sixteenth century that glass painters resorted to enamel colours. More likely it was the achievement of the enamellers which encouraged glass painters to follow (fatally) in their track. Superb plaques painted in translucent colours by the Limoges masters were to be found in Cases VIII. and IX. The sixteenth-century compositions are marred, however, by the

inevitable opacity of the flesh tones, which, whether in grisaille or tinted with manganese, were always out of tune with the clear notes of the translucent colour scale. It was this, perhaps, which led Leonard Limousin and the rest to paint wholly in opaque pigment (as in the remarkable portrait panels of Francis I. and Queen Claude in Case X.), and eventually wholly in grisaille.

The process employed in grisaille was a kind of *peinture sur pâte*—a building up, as it were, of the high lights in solid enamel. The ground was usually of a lustrous black: grey tones painted upon this had a tendency to sink to the ground and deepen; they had to be enforced by a second or third painting (and so again with the whites) until the high lights not only stood out quite white, but actually stood up in slight relief as well. The Exhibition was singularly rich in sixteenth-century work both in colour and grisaille. But, beautifully as the designs of Raffaelle, Giulio Romano, and others were painted by the great grisailists (they do not seem to have invented much for themselves), and perfect as was their technique, lovers of colour must, even in presence of the masterpieces of Leonard, Penicaud, Jean Cour *dit* Vignier, Pierre Raymond, and the rest, regret the straying of these masters from a manner in which the enameller has an obvious and easy advantage over other craftsmen—in which, in fact, it is only the glazier on a grand scale and the jeweller on a minute one who can in the least compete with him.

Lewis F. Day.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

"PHOTOGRAPHY in natural colours" has claimed a great amount of attention this year. The particular method which has come most prominently before us was introduced by Sir Henry Trueman Wood, at the Society of Arts, and supported by the authority of Captain Abney. It was the invention of two Frenchmen, Dansac and Chassagne, a secret process so far as concerns the materials used, but one which was demonstrated before Captain Abney and Sir Henry Wood, and which seemed full of promise. The claims first made have been considerably modified; and the demonstrations which were given at the Photographic Convention at Yarmouth satisfied most of the onlookers that even the modified claims are slightly enthusiastic. We were first told that a negative was to be made on a specially prepared plate, and from this a print on specially prepared paper. The print was to be toned and fixed in the ordinary way, and then rocked for a time in sundry solutions, including a blue, a red, and a green dye. These solutions had free access to all parts of the print, which, however, only absorbed the colours in the parts where such colours were needed to represent natural tints.

At the actual demonstrations, what we saw was this:—First, a silver-print was laid on a table; then, with a large mop-brush, a practically colourless liquid—apparently a size, with a somewhat saline taste—was brushed all over. This liquid had mixed with it a few drops of the "blue solution," but the amount was so small that it could not well affect the colour of the print. Then the first liquid was blotted off; a strong solution of the blue colour was made up, and the demonstrator, with a series of small brushes, painted it over those parts into

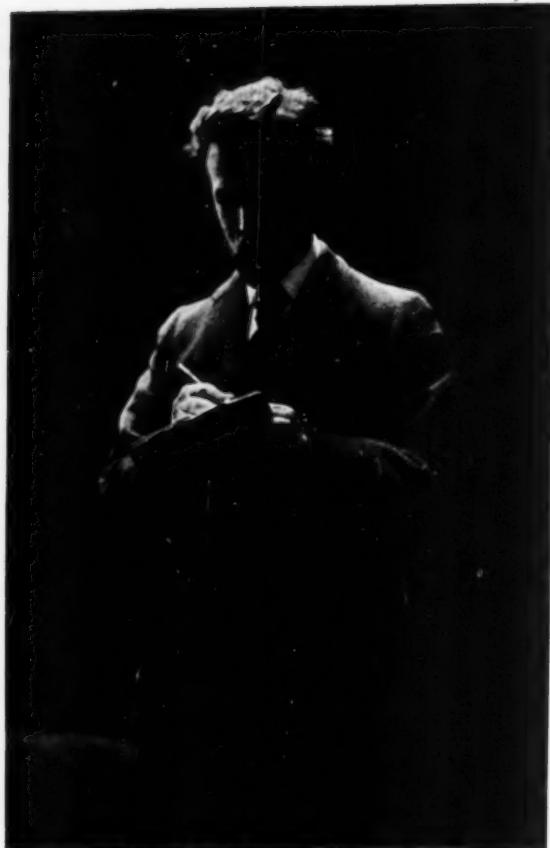
1897.

the colour of which a blue might be expected to enter; the same thing occurred with the green and the red:—first, a wash all over of a solution so weak in dye as to affect the print but little; then a careful local brush-application of the stronger dye solution. For the fine details—as in the flowers of a lady's bonnet—fine brushes were used, and we concluded that the skill of the worker was more important than any "selective action" of the dyes.

The *reductio ad absurdum* came when questions were asked. We had been told that there was a "selective action," supposed to be exerted by the silver-salt of the image upon the dye; and it was surprising to learn that the same result could be obtained with a carbon print, into the composition of which no silver enters. The demonstrator was asked whether the results could be obtained with a half-tone print, and offered to try. An advertisement torn from a dealer's catalogue was handed in, and curiously enough, when the blue solution was applied the sky became beautifully blue, while a white horse remained white. The demonstrator did not try the other colours, but it was unnecessary—we were satisfied.

"Why are amateur portraits so much more life-like than those taken by professionals?" is a question often asked; and one that cannot be answered in a simple sentence. It is partly based on a misconception, an idea that the work of all professional photographers is of one stamp. It is true that the average professional is bound by bad conventions, but it is equally true that the bad conventional work is demanded by about ninety-nine per cent. of the sitters; and, alas! that the professional

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Photograph. By W. Crooke.

photographer is in business to make a living by pleasing his sitters. Unfortunately, the fashion in photographic portraiture was set at a time when photographers were too often men of little general education and no art training. Unfortunately, too, facility of production was lauded as the great advantage of the, then, new process. As a result, the uneducated workers found much to strive after and to admire in a certain technical ability; and their aim was to produce the largest possible number of "soft, well-lighted pictures" in the shortest possible time.

A fixed system of studio lighting, the same for all faces and a small number of poses—"seated, with a small table and a volumn; or standin', with a pillar, an' a vase, an' a curtain"—became the order of the day, and the great mass of the people were satisfied for a time. If we compare the portraits of 1897, even the work of the most conventional photographer, with the portraits of 1867, we shall find an enormous advance.

The demon of retouching, too, has much to answer for. There, again, though the photographer created the monster, the client keeps it in existence. The amateur, fortunately, knows nothing of retouching, so that his portrait, starting with the advantage of not being confined to a fixed studio lighting, has another advantage in that the lines of character are not removed from the face. Unfortunately for photography, the very sitter who will praise the work of the amateur because of its likeness, character, and expression, would indignantly return the same work if it were sent by a professional, because we have all learned to expect a certain technical quality and "finish" in the work for which we pay. Much as the professional may have to answer for, the

sitter is largely responsible for keeping portrait photography down to a low standard.

Naturalness of surroundings is greatly in favour of the amateur, and also of the professional who makes a speciality of "at home" portraits. This not only directly, by providing backgrounds and accessories less hackneyed than those of the studio, but also indirectly, by tending to naturalness of pose and expression. The average man, in the average studio, feels stiff and uncomfortable, and his portraits show it. Our best professional photographers fully recognise this, and as a result the old-fashioned studio accessory has been practically banished to the lumber-room. Artificial posing, too, the painful adjustment of each finger, and almost every hair, is practically a thing of the past, and many leaders in the craft can say with W. Crooke, of Edinburgh, "My best poses are those which I observe, not those which I create." If the sitter can give time; if the studio is large and its contents interesting; if the photographer can engage the sitter in conversation, and record the best of the poses and expressions assumed, all the advantages of "amateur" working may be secured, with the great additional advantage of varied and controllable lighting. I am able to reproduce one of Mr. Crooke's "caught" poses; and also a portrait by Harold Baker, of Birmingham. In the latter case the sitter had a friend in the studio, and the photographer asked them to continue their conversation on some business matter. During a ten-minutes' talk, without a single request to "keep still, and look pleasant," four plates were exposed, and, as a result, four portraits such as could not have been obtained by hours of "posing."

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



Photograph. By Harold Baker.

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE opening of the new Tate Gallery at Millbank must be regarded as marking an era in the history of British Art. Hitherto the official recognition of our native school has been a somewhat half-hearted affair, and has been limited to the acceptance at the National Gallery of a few canvases by certain of the greater painters who have flourished in this country, and to the display in the South Kensington Museum of a small collection of less important works by British artists. Nothing like a systematic illustration of the growth and progress of our Art during the present century has been before attempted, although in various temporary exhibitions many convincing proofs have been given that the material for a permanent British collection is both ample and admirable. It is to the remarkable generosity of a private individual that we owe the existence now of an institution which, both in its first beginning and in the promise which it gives of future development, is of the utmost value.

When Mr. Henry Tate first proposed to present to the nation the collection of pictures by British artists which he had for some years been actively gathering, his offer was by no means as graciously received as might have been expected; but when the excellence of his intentions was amply proved by his undertaking to provide not only the pictures, but the gallery as well in which they were to be hung, criticism was silenced, and his splendid scheme was accepted with something like enthusiasm. The land on which the building was to be erected was provided by the Government, and a definite arrangement was made that the care of the new gallery and its contents would be undertaken by the State. Since then there has been no delay in the progress of affairs; and the opening of the building by the Prince of Wales, and its formal assignment to national purposes, in the middle of July, have marked auspiciously the completion of the first stage of a scheme which is full of probable benefit to British Art. The opening ceremony, however, by no means ends Mr. Tate's liberality with regard to his present to the nation. What has been completed and given by him represents only part of his ultimate intention. The building as it stands is but a promise, a foretaste of more to come. It is eventually to be more than doubled in size, and for the final completion Mr. Tate has made himself responsible. Ten more important rooms are to be added to those now

available, and it is said that the extension is likely to be proceeded with directly.

What is already visible at Millbank is certainly to be reckoned as an excellent beginning. A building has been provided which is architecturally imposing, well designed, and judiciously arranged, and in appearance and character worthy of its dedication to the mission of glorifying British achievements in Art. It is, as it should be, structurally important, proclaiming its monumental purpose by its external aspect, and internally thoroughly well adapted to serve as a place of exhibition for works of art of all kinds. The galleries are spacious and well lighted, so that pictures hung on the walls can be seen and studied properly; and in the vestibule, central hall, and corridors there is plenty of room to show effectively whatever examples of sculpture may come into the possession of the nation. When the additional rooms are built there will be a generous provision for the expansion of the collection, space enough to meet the legitimate needs of the British School for some years to come. The value of such a building specially erected and thoroughly fitted for every requirement cannot fail to be immediately perceptible. The example of those generous donors who have in the past added to the treasures in our other national storehouses of Art will certainly be widely followed now that there is such tangible evidence that anything which may be held worthy of the nation's acceptance is sure of a place among appropriate surroundings, and that the conditions under which it will be exhibited will be such that its proper preservation is beyond question.

The collection which the National Gallery of British Art already contains gives an admirable suggestion of what will ultimately be the nature of the representation there of the artistic history of this country. Mr. Tate himself has given sixty-five pictures, which are hung together in one room; from the National Gallery have been transferred nearly a hundred canvases of various dates; three rooms are filled with the purchases made out of the Chantrey Fund; and in one of the smaller rooms appear some eighteen or twenty of the great allegorical works which Mr. G. F. Watts has set aside for presentation to the nation. From these various sources enough has been collected to very nearly occupy the available wall-space in the section of the building now completed, so that there is no hint of



*The Norden Dyke, Dordrecht.*  
By G. C. Haitt, R.A.

tentative arrangement. And on the whole, the interest is very well distributed. A great many of our modern masters are seen to distinct advantage: some, like Sir John Millais and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, are represented by groups of pictures; some, like Albert Moore and Mr. G. H. Boughton, by single works of notable quality. Of course, at present the collection, from the historical point of view, consists very largely of gaps; but these we may expect to see very soon filled up. Meanwhile, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on having gained so much; what is to happen in the future is really in our own hands.

**I**T having been decided, we think very properly, that the Wallace Collection should remain in its home in Hertford House, the Government has appointed six trustees to act as a governing body. These are the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T.; the Right Hon. Sir Edward B. Malet, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.; Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., M.P.; Major-General Sir Arthur E. A. Ellis, K.C.V.O., C.S.I.; Mr. A. B. Freeman Mitford, C.B.; and Mr. Alfred C. de Rothschild.

**T**HE appointment of Keeper was a more difficult task, but the matter has been settled in the very best possible way by its having been offered to Mr. Claude Phillips. This well-known authority on Art has accepted the position, and we very warmly applaud the appointment. Mr. Claude Phillips is one of the younger experts in this country, but there is no one more capable or more likely to carry out his ideas on lines both acceptable to the public and to the connoisseur. Mr. Claude Phillips has frequently written for this Journal, and his present papers on the Longford pictures are attracting attention in all parts of the world. The Wallace Collection will not be opened to the public until the beginning of next year. We are specially glad to learn that Mr. Phillips

will at once prepare a Catalogue of the Hertford House Collection, and afterwards he will publish a serious work on the subject.

**M**R. R. G. C. HAITÉ held during July an exhibition at 118, New Bond Street, of "One Hundred Liliputian Pictures in Oils," which, like all the work he produces, were full of the charm which is inseparable from clever management of colour and skilful directness of brushwork. All the pictures were small in scale, only a few square inches in surface measure, but they were almost without exception, brilliant examples of technical suggestion and had artistic qualities of high order. Their subjects were gathered in all directions—in the London streets gay with Jubilee decorations and crowded with holiday-makers, on the Thames, away in the wilds of the country—everywhere, in fact, that interesting material presented itself to the artist. They were frankly sketches, slight notes such as few men have the courage to exhibit, but to many people their fascinating freedom must have been extremely welcome. The one of 'The Norden Dyke, Dordrecht,' which we reproduce, gives an excellent idea of the character of what was brought together.

**O**NE of the younger water-colour painters, Mr. Herbert J. Finn, has been attracting attention by his ambitious work. Recently he has had a successful exhibition at Canterbury with seventy water-colours and nearly a dozen pictures in oil. Mr. Finn's best work is architectural, and although he is somewhat inclined to leave the shadows too thin, greater strength will probably be developed as he becomes more certain of his capacity. As a Kentish artist he is very properly engaged in cultivating a *clientèle* in his own county.



*The Harvest Moon.*  
From a Drawing by Miss A. Bauerle.





*The Artist's Studio.* By J. McNeill Whistler.  
In the Collection of Douglas Freshfield, Esq.

## SOME EARLY PICTURES BY MR. WHISTLER.

AT the beginning of this year we reproduced some of the later works of Mr. Whistler in these pages, and great interest was manifested in the pictures. Since then two of them, 'The Rose of Lyme Regis' and 'The Master Smith of Lyme Regis,' have been hung in the Art Museum in Boston, and they are now permanently added to the artistic wealth of the United States.

OCTOBER, 1897.

The etching opposite is from the very well-known picture, now in Mr. George McCulloch's collection, of Mr. Whistler's portrait by himself. When it was publicly exhibited in London, some years ago, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson declared it as his opinion that this was one of the most remarkable portraits of our time:— "Surely at the day this was painted, no other eye in

England but Whistler's could thus clearly pierce the veil of common trivialities that hides the real aspect of the world from the less earnest and the less sympathetic eyesight. Not only to see nature makes the painter, but also to feel Art. Mr. Whistler is sensitive to the effects of style, and he has learnt to know what will tell on the canvas and what will merely divert attention and darken counsel. The artist is impressed by sound or sight in nature, but he must voice it on the stage if he is an actor, and if he is a painter he must express it in composition, in tone, in colour, or in subtle varieties of definition. Scarce a portrait outside the work of Velasquez, Titian, or Rembrandt is placed on the canvas with the simple telling effect of this one. How many heads look as if they were chucked on to a canvas, and as if with equal effect they might have been chucked on to any other. Let your attention climb the swaggering line of the hat and head of this figure, and tell me if you could willingly lose the running rhythm of pleasant spaces that ripples between it and the stiff four-sided frame. It is like the changing counterpoint that follows a repeated bass, and you might as well play Bach with one finger as dispense with the intervals of proportion that Mr. Whistler has placed between his figure and his frame. If you call this a question of mere decoration, look again, and you will see that the aroma of individuality disengaged from this portrait comes in great measure from the composition, which emphasizes the swinging energy of the line of the head by contrasting it with the obstinate rectitude of the frame. There is no tedium and nothing mechanical or over-symmetrical about this picture; yet the dropping of the figure between the two verticals of the frame is like an interval in music justly hit. The two spaces of background on either side, one spread out and tranquil, the other confined and jagged, complete each other admirably."

Mr. William Hole, the eminent etcher, has risen to this

high ideal, and he has produced a plate absolutely faithful to the original painting in oil. Mr. Hole is now engaged in some very remarkable decoration work in Edinburgh, and he is not likely to be able to produce many etchings for some time, and it was only his great admiration for the artist that induced him to execute this plate.

At the head of this note is another portrait of the artist which is very little known and has not before been reproduced. It is very slight in workmanship but quite complete in effect, and the colour, a warm, slight rose tone, is delicate and charming in the extreme. Seen as in a mirror, Mr. Whistler has painted himself as he appeared and full length. Being reversed in the mirror, the artist seems to hold the brush in his left hand. Behind him are two models who have probably been posing for some of the Japanese pictures Mr. Whistler occasionally painted. The likeness to Mr. Whistler is still very marked, and the picture now in Mr. Douglas Freshfield's collection, is one of the most interesting the artist has painted.

The 'Valparaiso Nocturne' opposite is a fine example of the kind of picture the ordinary British public in the past never would or could understand. The painting is a full rich dark blue, purple colour, with the lights in golden contrast, and a slight indication of falling fireworks high over the pier-head. This was painted about the same time as the other two pictures, and, with Mr. Graham Robertson's equally beautiful if more prosaic 'Valparaiso Afternoon,' form the works painted by Mr. Whistler when about thirty years ago he went to South America as a volunteer (he was trained at West Point) and was known as Lieutenant Whistler.

Lastly, we reproduce the very slight sketch executed by Mr. Whistler, in preparation for his well-known full-length 'Miss Alexander.' This will recall the quaint setting of the figure in the large canvas, and although it cannot compete with the finished portrait, it is very charming as a rapid sketch.

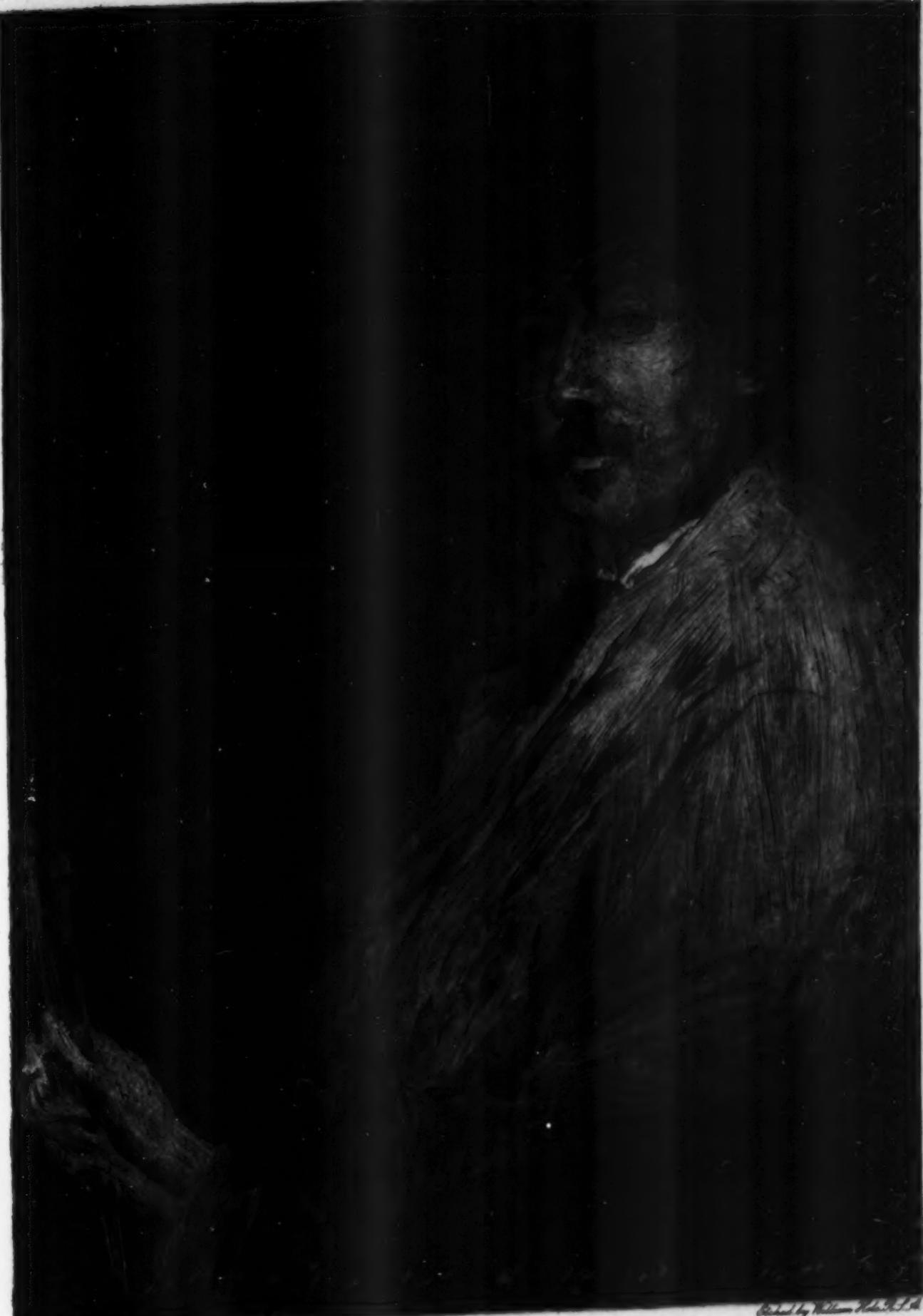


*Sketch for the Portrait of Miss Alexander.*

*By J. McNeill Whistler.  
In the possession of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.*



The Art Journal London, Vol. V, No. 2, 1860.



Painted by J. McNeill Whistler

Art by R. W. E. 1860

Portrait of the Artist.  
From the picture in the collection of Sir. McClelland, Esq.





*Nocturne—Blue and Gold—Valparaiso.*  
By J. McNeill Whistler.  
In the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.



*Hauling Launces.*

*From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.*

## SUMMER TIME AT ST. IVES, CORNWALL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE WRITER.

TWO stations from Penzance on the Great Western Railway is St. Erth Junction, where intending travellers for St. Ives must change.

The little branch line which leads to one of the quaintest of Cornish fishing towns passes through, in its six-mile journey, first the beautiful sand dunes around Lelant, on to Carbis Bay, then with glimpses of lovely strands you steam into the little station of St. Ives.

My first visit took place early in June; thus I escaped, so I was informed, the strong odours connected with the spring fishing, just then at a close, and I can quite believe there was cause for thankfulness on that score. With the departure of the fishing fleet, together with the greater part of the able-bodied fishermen and boys, for the Isle of Man, Scotland, Ireland, and other places, the old town is no doubt shorn of a good deal of life

and animation. However that may be, St. Ives under summer skies is very interesting from many points of view. There is just enough fishing life going on to give animation, the old town itself is picturesque, the sea is a beautiful colour, while the strands are so good that bathing and swimming are as good as the most exacting could wish.

The natural position of St. Ives, lying at the extreme end of a small promontory, is very interesting, while the bay is really beautiful with the varied coast-line. The town occupies a most sheltered position, the only exposed point being to the south-east, and then not to the open Atlantic. The sand dunes, beginning about four miles away at Lelant, extend round for about nine miles, broken only by the entrance to Hale Harbour.

In the general aspect of the old town there is something a little foreign. It arises, I imagine, mainly from the lack of red, the prevailing tone being a silvery grey; and very delightful harmonies result from the greys of the stone walls, together with the old slate roofs. These roofs are very characteristic of the place: with the idea of protecting the slates against the violence of the winter gales, they receive a coating of lime, which in course of years wears away, leaving a silvery tone which is



*The Pilchard Fisheries : Waiting for the Signal.*

*From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.*

most charming. Looking down on a mass of roofs either in sunny or cloudy weather, a variety of tones are revealed. Under moonlight, too, they present quite a mother-of-pearl appearance.



*Old Flag House.  
From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.*

During the summer months the launce or sand-eel fishing becomes the most familiar sight, it being of

half an hour's pulling, the net bag containing the results of the catch comes into view, and, re-embarking their man, a return is made to the harbour. The whole incident is a picturesque one, and as the main portion of it takes place so close to the shore, one has every opportunity of studying all the varied effects of movement, both of the crew as well as the sea and sky.

The landing in the harbour of large quantities of skate is another familiar sight, most of which, I believe, is exported to Paris, to reach the consumers as "raie au beurre noir."

I was struck with the difference in physique between the men and women at St. Ives; the men so sturdy and brawny, while the women were thin and underfed-looking. Commenting on this to a native one day, he said it might be the quantities of tea the women take. Whatever may be the reason, a fine buxom-looking woman is not a common sight among the fisher class. The children look healthy enough, and down in the warm corner by the harbour the colour of life, as Mrs. Meynell calls it, is very much in evidence. Naked boys play and gambol on the sand apparently all the live-long day. They all learn to swim, for swimming is a decided feature in the summer life at St. Ives; and on fine afternoons a large proportion of the young male population find their way to the bathing ground.



*The First Sprats of the Season.  
From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.*

almost daily occurrence. After all the necessary preparations have been made in the harbour, the long white boat, containing generally about four men, pulls away for the strand under Tregenna Castle. Here, after landing one of the crew, the remainder pull away for about fifty yards from the shore, where the net is cast, and to which the man on shore has a line attached. Hauling then begins from the boat and the shore, and the boat gradually draws nearer the shore, until, in about

Artists, always pretty numerous, are, I think, very welcome to the fisher folk, and the superannuated old salts who sit and sun themselves on the old benches lament exceedingly if the usual number of "sketchers" shows any sign of falling off. The painters, indeed, provide them with food for conversation as well as for the eye. I remember one very advanced impressionist creating an idea among these local art critics that, as his productions were quite unintelligible, he must be a little

queer in his head; also sundry details connected with his get-up and his methods generally were all considered strong evidence of his want of sanity. One fine old type of fisherman had been painted by so many of the annual visitors that he was firmly convinced that in the event of his coming to London he was certain to be recognised. He used to show, with a considerable amount of pride, a telescope he had received from Mr. Hook.

Scenery of an entirely different character prevails on the western side of the town. Here we find bold, rocky cliffs, as contrasting with the sand bays and dunes on

encircled the brig. The effect was extraordinary. There, as a background, was an inky blue sky, the vessel framed, as it were, by the rainbow, standing out a strong black amidst the intense whiteness of the sunlit surf and the wild stretch of sea behind—a subject which the genius of a Turner was necessary to do justice to.

Although there is very little of local costume at St. Ives, still there are a few things that strike one, as for instance a certain fondness for blue in the men's jackets and the women's aprons, which gives a Continental touch of colour. The "barked" jumpers, of a delightful brown, is another predominant note; but the headgear of the women is undoubtedly ugly.

Early in September sees the beginning of the return of the fishing fleet from the north and elsewhere, and at the end of the harbour by the picturesque old lighthouse is now daily a little crowd ready to welcome the return of any particular boat. Of course the women and children of the home-coming husbands are there, but the Cornish folk are not outwardly demonstrative, for the greetings between the men and their wives consist usually of merely a handshake, anything of a warmer character being reserved till they get home; but the whole scene is a picturesque and an animated one.

Day by day now the old town is visibly becoming more lively, and soon preparations for the autumn pilchard fishing are begun.

But I was told that it is not what it was: Italy no longer consumes the immense quantities she once did. I never was fortunate enough to witness a haul of pilchards, but quite an elaborate system of signalling from elevated positions is carried on to convey the news that a shoal has been sighted in such and such a place to the men in boats with all in readiness lying in the bay. These men aboard have an easy if not monotonous time of it; but with cards and dominoes and the wherewithal to boil the kettle, they pass the time away.

As evidences of the trade once done with Italy, there is scarcely a house of any size that does not contain some souvenirs of Naples, usually a picture of Vesuvius. The famous volcano figures under all possible aspects by day and night, generally with an eruption in full swing. A few more speculative of the captains have brought home more ambitious pictures in the shape of old masters. One I remember to have seen representing the ducal palace at Venice in flames. This particular work of art was considered very valuable by its owner, who owned several houses, and as these were let in summer, this particular picture was always removed and carried by the proprietor himself to wherever he shifted his quarters to. It was never by any chance committed to the care of any of his tenants, so the ducal palace in flames became quite a familiar sight.

Although St. Ives is no doubt gradually extending its



*Old Lighthouse, St. Ives.*

*From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.*

the eastern. Here, too, is the little promontory known locally as The Island, "and when the breezes blow" is an ideal spot for studying the long Atlantic rollers. After a stiff sou'wester has been blowing all day, and when, towards evening, the wind shifts to the nor'west, one can, in all security, perched up on the rocks at the far end of the "island," watch the grand rollers making their way to the shore.

Another change of scene is quickly obtained either by walking or by rail to Lelant, where you have a beautiful stretch of sand dunes, and where, on the lovely grey-green grass overlooking the entrance to Hale Harbour, many delightful hours can be spent. The quaint little ferry house on the shore, with its Norwegian punt, gives a touch of life to what is otherwise a spot where one can "commune with Nature face to face" with very small prospect of being disturbed, and that to those on sketching intent is a delightful change after the somewhat too numerous an audience usual at St. Ives. I remember witnessing from Lelant a wonderful effect at the end of a wild autumnal afternoon. We were taking shelter under a bank from the gale and the rain, when, approaching the bar at the mouth of Hale Harbour, we saw a brig with sails all tattered and torn. Over the bar ran the roaring surf, into which the vessel plunged a few minutes later, and by a wonderful chance at the same moment the sun came out, and a rainbow

summer clientele, still it is to be hoped its increasing prosperity will not detract from its old-world charm, and that no speculative townsman will become ambitious to

supply the town with a pier and other up-to-date advantages. To put it on low grounds, its old-worldness will have an ever-increasing value as years roll on.

W. H. BARTLETT.



*Practising for the Swimming Match.  
From a Drawing by W. H. Bartlett.*

## CAMERA CRAFT.

THE photographic world has but one topic of conversation this month—the London exhibitions. The "old" show of the Royal Photographic Society, opened on September 27th, at the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, in Pall Mall, is now well on the way to its fiftieth year of success. The Photographic Salon, opened on October 4th, at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, is but five years old—a very vigorous baby. There was a time when one principal exhibition was sufficient for photographers, but a few years ago the longing to be recognised as Artists (with a capital A) was very strong upon some of our progressive workers, and in 1893 they planned the Photographic Salon, to do justice to the "advanced" work for which the hanging committee of the Royal was supposed to have but little taste.

Of the relative merits of the two exhibitions it would be unwise for me to write. Of course there was much bitter feeling when the old society, with its record of forty annual exhibitions, was confronted by a new-comer; but this has now settled down to a friendly emulation. Everyone recognises that photography has gained a great impetus and shaken off many of the fetters of tradition as a

result of the attention directed to its artistic side. We of the camera craft have advanced many steps towards securing the recognition of our craft as an "art," and have shown the world some results to which even the most adverse of painter-critics are willing to



*Brompton Road.  
By Eustace Calland.*

*Day's Awakening.*

By A. Horsley Hinton.

award *some* praise, but at the same time we have ceased to be so anxious as were some of us a few years ago, for the style and title of "Artist." We are claiming less and achieving more; copying less from the artists in other methods, and originating methods of our own; and we are very willing to call in the painter or the sculptor to help us with criticism and suggestion.

The anxiety of the modern photographer to have his work judged and criticised as an attempt at artistic expression is well illustrated by the composition of the board of judges elected by the members of the Royal Photographic Society. Omitting the three "technical" judges, to whom only a small section of the exhibits is submitted, the judicial board consists of six members, of whom no less than five are painters. The wisdom of thus asking the workers in one well-defined method to judge the results of a method entirely different, is, of

course, open to discussion. I simply state the fact as evidence of a tendency.

Of course, no one will be thoroughly satisfied with the awards; and since there is no life left in the controversy between the old school and the new, we may be sure of a vigorous onslaught upon the judges' decisions in the pages of the photographic journals. I do not suppose that photographers are more fierce than other craftsmen, but as they are represented by no less than four active weekly papers, always ready for an interesting correspondence, there is every inducement to rush into print. The Salon, having no judges and giving no awards, misses a good deal of this tongue-lashing, but is not entirely free from the wailing threats of the rejected. The composition of the "Linked Ring" by which the Salon is managed, is decidedly interesting. Its members, originally forty in number, are now, perhaps, nearly twice as many; and the body is curious as having no rules, no subscription, and no officers, save Alfred Maskell, a secretary who is a host in himself. The members who happen to be in London dine together once a month, choosing their chairman for the evening; if funds are wanted for any purpose, the hat goes round; and when selection-day arrives, practically the whole of the "links" form the selecting committee. When the work of any particular member comes up for judgment, he (if present) leaves the room until its fate is decided, after which he returns to deliberate upon the work of his fellows, and of those outsiders who aspire to a place on the walls.

The Linked Ring is notable for the catholicity with which it places amateurs and professionals on an absolutely equal footing; and one of its best works has been the demonstration that the most successful amateur (in the best sense of the word) is often he who has the extra advantage of being a professional.

It is true that amongst a section of the Salon landscape men there has been a tendency—following the lead of Dr. P. H. Emerson and Geo. Davison and especially the teachings of A. Horsley Hinton—to run somewhat into a rut of low-toned effects; but even at its extreme, the work of the leaders was distinct and individual. An example by Horsley Hinton may be considered fairly typical of a class of work which will probably be less copied in the future than it has been in the past, though it is difficult to say what will be the next fashion. It may be a following of the example set two years ago by Eustace Calland, in his 'Brompton Road,' the full beauty of which is only appreciable by a Londoner; and the reproduction of which, by half-tone, is most difficult. Similar sunshine-effects were somewhat in evidence last year, and at the time of writing I have seen several which are to be submitted to the present year's exhibitions. The very fact that fashions may be set and followed proves the possibility of individuality.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

## THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT LONGFORD CASTLE.\*

### IV.—THE NETHERLANDISH PICTURES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

PORTRAIT OF A SON OF RUBENS, BY RUBENS.—In the monumental work of M. Max Rooses, "La Vie et l'Œuvre de Rubens," this picture is described as the portrait of Nicolas Rubens, the second of his two sons by Isabelle Brant—the younger of the two youths, therefore, who are depicted in the masterly portrait-group which is one of the chief boasts of the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna. I infer that M. Rooses has seen only the copy of our picture contributed by M. E. Osterrieth, of Antwerp, to the remarkable loan collection brought together in Brussels in the year 1886. The original at Longford he describes as "une esquisse magistralement achevée." Even so it is somewhat surprising that the greatest living authority on the Antwerp master should not at once have recognised in the picture the portrait not of Nicolas, but of François (or Frans) Rubens, the eldest son and second child of the master by his second wife, Hélène Fourment. The type of the pretty, rather effeminate-looking boy and the technique of the work leave no reasonable doubt as to the correctness of this conclusion. The Liechtenstein picture, of which an excellent contem-

porary repetition exists at Dresden, shows Nicolas several years older than the boy of six or seven who stands facing us, so proud of his splendid costume, in the Long Parlour at Longford. Yet the technique of

the Vienna picture—a masterpiece of its kind, painted in 1625 or 1626—is firmer and harder, with little or none of the *suumato*, the blending into each other of the luscious colours, to be noted in the canvas which now occupies our attention.

Judging from its style, and the age of the child, this must be placed among the last pictures painted by Rubens. The likeness is extraordinarily striking, not only to Hélène Fourment, whose eyes and mouth are here at once suggested, but to her elder sister, Susanne Fourment, who, as M. Rooses himself has convincingly shown, is the original of the famous 'Chapeau de Paille (or Poil)' in the National Gallery, as well as of portraits in the Louvre and the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Little François wears here a buff doublet and hose, white satin sleeves, and a cherry-coloured mantle with rosettes and trimming of the same, by no means common, hue, which is with rare brilliancy and skill modulated through all its gradations of



The Son of Rubens.  
By Rubens.

\* Continued from page 246.  
1897.

light and shadow. The felt hat held in the right hand is adorned with a brave plume of red and yellow feathers. The Longford portrait may well have been painted in 1639, or even 1640; its technique agrees quite well with that of Rubens's late masterpiece, the 'Virgin and Child, with Saints,' still the crowning adornment of his mortuary chapel in the Church of Saint-Jacques at Antwerp.

François, the darling of the second Rubens *ménage*, appears several times—in various costumes and no-costumes—in the late works of the master. First, in

she walks in a garden with her husband, who looks still stately and attractive, notwithstanding his seniority of some thirty-odd years. It is impossible to say with certainty which child of the second marriage is portrayed in this sumptuous commemoration of matrimonial dignity and happiness.

CUPIDS HARVESTING, BY RUBENS AND VAN UDEN.—This gay and brilliantly decorative piece is described in the already-cited work of M. Max Rooses as "Enfants et Cupidons faisant la Moisson" (Vol. IV., p. 99). It is developed from the sketch in oils now in the collection of Mr. Arthur H. Smith-Barry, M.P., which, even more clearly than the larger version at Longford, shows the hand of the master himself.

VIEW OF THE ESCURIAL, ASCRIBED TO RUBENS AND VERHULST.—This is a vast canvas, not in itself of high pictorial attractiveness, yet rendered interesting by historical associations. It is the largest and most important of a series of similar representations, all of them probably by Verhulst, which are to be found at Dresden and in some private galleries. There is very strong evidence in support of the assumption that the Longford picture is the one obtained for Charles I. from the collection of Rubens in 1640, the year of the master's death. On the 13th of March in that year, Balthasar Gerbier, writing from Brussels to Rubens, asks on behalf of the king for the picture "representing the environs of Madrid in Spain, with the Escurial appearing in the distance," requesting him further to "people the foreground with pedestrians and personages in the costume of the country." On the 15th of March, Rubens—evidently a little *froissé* that there should be a desire to obtain for the art-loving king an inferior work not from his own hand—answers that the canvas is "done entirely by a quite common painter (called Verhulst), after a drawing of mine made on the spot, and is in no way worthy to appear among the wonders of the king's cabinet." Charles, or the royal agent on his behalf, persisting nevertheless, the picture is finished according to his expressed wish. Rubens writes to Gerbier in April, 1640, in sending the picture, that it has been "achevée selon la capacité du maître, toutesfois avecq mon avis. Plaise à Dieu que l'extravagance du sujet (*sic*) puisse donner quelque récréation à sa majesté." He goes on to describe "une grande croix de bois" and "un érémite que voicy avec son borico" (sa bourrique—his donkey). As a postscript comes "J'ai oublié de dire qu'au sommet nous rencontrâmes force vinayson (force venaison) comme est représenté en la peinture." It is this, above all, that fixes the Longford picture as the one actually sent to Charles, since, differing here from the other examples, it shows in the foreground a group of deer of comparatively large dimensions. At the foot of the "cross of wood," near which passes the hermit with his donkey, we have the huge initials "P.P.R." It is owing to some confusion that M. Rooses states in his often-quoted work that the vast canvas in question is at Longford attributed to Josse de Momper. There is in the collection a first-rate example of the last-named Flemish master, rightly catalogued as from his hand, but wrongly as a 'View of the Escurial.' It represents with wonderful minuteness, and at the same time with a true sense of general effect, a vast prospect of wooded country, having nothing to do with the Escurial, or indeed with Spain. The picture now under discussion is, and has always been, catalogued as by Rubens.

EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT OF THE NETHERLANDS.—The Regent of the Low Countries,



Archduke Albrecht of the Netherlands.  
By Rubens.

the popular 'Hélène Fourment with her Child,' which is No. 797 in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich: here François, a lovely boy of two at the most, appears completely naked, save for a wondrous hat and feathers. Then we have the quieter, more pathetic portrait-group, No. 460 in the gallery of the Louvre, only the heads in which are completely finished. In this the boy, a little older than in the brilliant Munich picture, is clothed, and sits on his mother's knee, having as his companion a grave little girl somewhat older than himself. Yet again, in the 'Vierge au Chardonneret' of the Cologne Museum, the Infant Christ has been manifestly studied from François. The already-cited 'Madonna and Child, with Saints' of Saint-Jacques—popularly and rather loosely described as 'Rubens's Family Picture'—is also supposed to contain the portraits of Hélène and her boy. In this case, however, the likeness, if likeness it be, is much vaguer. In the magnificent portrait-group, 'Rubens, Hélène Fourment, and their Infant Child,' which, from Blenheim, has found its way into the collection of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild at Paris, we see one of the children held in leading-strings by the fair and much-worshipped Helena, as

whose consort was the unprepossessing Isabella Clara Eugenia, absolutely faces the spectator, wearing a curious helmet-hat; he rides a bay charger with a flowing mane and tail of the exaggerated type so fashionable during the first half of the seventeenth century. If there were any doubt as to the personage here represented, it would but be necessary to refer to the portraits of the archduke at Madrid and Vienna to acquire certitude. The former presents him in half-length, seated near the balustrade of a terrace, with a landscape painted by Jan (Velvet) Breughel. The latter is the imposing profile portrait in the left wing of the great St. Ildefonso altarpiece, painted about 1632, and now in the Vienna Gallery. This is, it need hardly be pointed out, a posthumous representation, since the archduke died in 1621; but it is evidently based on portraits done by Rubens in the ruler's lifetime, and the resemblance to our Longford picture, both in feature and general character, is most striking. In the latter the virile head is very firmly, finely characterised; the armour of burnished steel damascened with gold displays an equal mastery. All this part is well worthy to be by Rubens in his earlier Flemish manner (after his return from Italy). The rest of the costume, the charger and the enframing landscape, are much more hastily brushed in. An exactly similar picture has been lithographed by Josef Hellig. This would appear to be the canvas described by M. Max Rooses as having been seen at Prague in the Museum of the Amis Patriotiques de l'Art. The dimensions of the

Prague picture have not been given, and no photograph of it being available, it is not possible at present to define more accurately its relation to the Longford example. The former corresponds closely to one of those paintings which figure in the gallery of the Archduke Albert, as represented by Jan (Velvet) Breughel in the picture 'Sight,' one of a series of five illustrating the 'Five Senses,' all of which are now in the gallery of the Prado at Madrid.

RUBENS ON THE HORSE GIVEN HIM BY VAN DYCK, BY VAN DYCK.—This is the superb portrait-sketch by Van Dyck of a dapple-grey horse and its rider, a young

cavalier clad in a buff and grey doublet, and wearing a felt hat with a white plume. All the pains have been lavished on the magnificent charger; the rider is a mere sketch, the personage presented in which it would, under the circumstances, be hazardous to identify with Rubens or any other individual. A very similar but smaller portrait-sketch, also from the brush of Van Dyck, and of the same period, is to be found in the Spanish Room of the Buda-Pesth Gallery, cata-



*Rubens on the Horse given him by Van Dyck.  
By Van Dyck.*

logged as a Velazquez. Both belong to the earliest manner of the brilliant young Antwerper, and must date just before the time of his start on the memorable Italian tour, which was so wonderfully to develop his art, and yet, in some ways, to deaden and conventionalise his genius. This same grey horse is to be found in two famous versions of 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak with the Beggar'—the one the well-known altarpiece at Savenhem, round which a whole romantic legend has crystallised; the other the more elaborate rendering at Windsor Castle, in which the figures of a beggar-woman and child are added. This last

adorns the Rubens Room, and there still passes under the name of the elder master. Those who wonder at such mastery as the brilliant young artist displays in this splendid study at Longford, at a time when he cannot, at the outside, have been more than twenty-four, will do well to remember these same great canvases at Windsor and Saventhem, the tremendously dramatic 'Prendimiento' at Madrid, the still more brilliant sketch for that picture in the collection of Sir Francis Cook, and the 'Worship of the Brazen Serpent,' also in the Prado Gallery; which last, notwithstanding its celebrity as a Rubens, and its huge signature, is assuredly, in essentials, by his gifted pupil.

**PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, BY VAN DYCK.**—This is one of the greatest treasures of Longford. Though not one of the best known, it is one of the very finest portraits, by the court-painter, of Charles's queen. For solidity, mastery, and finish it knows, indeed, no rivals in the long list of her likenesses, save that in the great family picture painted, like this, in 1632—the year of the painter's definitive migration to England—and the two wonderful studies, the one a full-face portrait and the other a profile, which were done as documents for Bernini when it was intended that he should furnish a pendant to his famous bust of the king. These last canvases, painted by an artist for an artist, with a singular disregard of conventional flattery, are among the most surprising things that Van Dyck has left behind him. The reproduction here given of the Longford canvas renders a detailed analysis unnecessary. The queen's costume in its combination of splendour and dignity with measure and simplicity stands out in agreeable contrast to the tasteless vagaries in which Queen Elizabeth revelled, and which in an even aggravated form were passed on to the next reign. Her dress of black satin is set off by a lace collar and ruff disposed with a rare grace and *désinvolture*, as well as by knots of ribbon, heavily interwoven with gold, placed at the breast, the girdle, and the sleeves. The tasteful way in which the magnificent parure of pearls is worn might serve as a model to many a great lady of to-day who, in the desire to display at the same time all her treasures, claps on, one beneath the other, necklaces and ornaments of the most heterogeneous description. The curtain at the back is of a deep amber, toned down so as to lose much of its self-assertive quality. In her hand Henrietta Maria holds the usual full-blown red rose. The face of the queen, though it shows strongly already the Medici type derived from the Queen-Mother, Marie de Médicis, preserves its youthful freshness sufficiently to be agreeable, especially fine being the rendering of the full dewy lips. Contemporary with the picture, and no doubt added by the artist himself, is the painted mark of identification "M. R. 1632," with the royal crown superposed. Though Van Dyck cannot exactly be said to have painted less well during the remaining years of his stay in England than he did here, in the large portrait-group at Windsor already referred to, and in some other pieces of the same year, 1632, he hardly again painted with such loving care as regards detail, or with so manifest a desire to show the very best that he could do. After the previous fruitless visit to England in 1630-31 (to say nothing of that early one in 1621) he was evidently determined that his supremacy over the contemporary Netherlanders who had taken root at the court should be once for all definitively established.

I do not trace any reference to this exceptional work in the catalogue to M. Jules Guiffrey's "Van Dyck."

**HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.**—This hangs as a pendant to the superb portrait of the queen just described, but is far from attaining the same artistic level, or in a like degree suggesting the master's own handiwork. The king appears in armour, bareheaded, his helmet and the royal crown being on the table beside him.

**PORTRAIT OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE.**—This is an old repetition or copy of the portrait, the finest original of which is that in the Borghese Gallery at Rome. It is a presentment of the intriguing frivolous queen remarkable for a reticence and pathos which yet does not exclude the consciousness of exalted rank.

**PORTRAIT OF GASTON, DUC D'ORLÉANS, BY VAN DYCK.**—This is, with the Windsor half-length, the finest extant portrait of the cowardly and traitorous brother of Louis XIII. and Henrietta Maria, who proved so much more fatal to his friends than to his enemies. Like the 'Henrietta Maria' here, it is much less known than it deserves to be. Gaston d'Orléans, fleeing from France, arrived in Brussels at the end of January, 1632, and this portrait must either have been painted in that year—just before Van Dyck started for England—or in 1634, when he made a short and triumphant visit to Antwerp, and found Gaston again in the Low Countries. I am strongly inclined to fix the earlier date for the Longford half-length, since the modelling of the face, the careful elaboration of the costume, and the handling generally quite agree with the 'Henrietta Maria' here and in the already mentioned portrait-group at Windsor. To 1634, the year of the visit to Antwerp, belong two of the most remarkable Van Dycks in England, the 'Henrietta of Lorraine, Princess of Phalsburg,' now in the collection of Lord Iveagh, and the imitable 'Abbé Scaglia,' in Captain Holford's collection at Dorchester House, of which last-named work a good repetition exists in the Antwerp Gallery. The Longford portrait is not so much an intimate one, intended to reveal character, as the regular *portrait d'apparat* destined to assert rank, dignity, and material splendour. At the same time, the individuality of the sinister prince, *frère du roi*, is suggested with a subtlety not common in works of the showy class to which it belongs. The repellent Medici type is here much stronger than in his sister, Charles's consort, and the likeness to his nephew, Charles II. of England, a very striking one; only the winning *bonhomie* which in the Merry Monarch makes partial amends for extreme coarseness of feature, is here conspicuously absent. Very remarkable, too, is the care bestowed in elaborating the elegant costume—the falling lace collar, the slashings of the sleeves, the cuirass, the full, carelessly disposed sash, the crimson breeches covered with splendid embroideries. And the elaboration is not, as it is in some curious portraits by Mytens and other more or less contemporary Dutchmen, the result of patient mechanical working out only; it is true painter's work, as remarkable for delicacy as for firmness, and closely akin to that which the painter himself has lavished upon the exquisite 'Children of Charles I.' in the Turin Gallery.

M. Jules Guiffrey, whose imposing volume, first published in 1882, has not yet been superseded as the standard biography of the master, falls into some confusion with regard to this picture, which he very probably has not seen. He appears to identify it as to type with the fine half-length at Windsor (engraved by L. Vorsterman, P. de Jode, and others), since he notes repetitions of that picture in "(B.) collection de Lord



*Queen Henrietta Maria.*  
*By Van Dyck.*

4 H

Folkestone, (C.) collection de Lord Radnor." This is—it is hardly necessary to point out—one and the same collection. Moreover the Longford full-length is not to be traced from the Windsor half-length, but is itself a splendid original. The full-length at Chantilly described by M. Guiffrey as "la faible copie d'une toile de Van Dyck" may very possibly be derived from the Longford example.\*

MARGARET CAREY, COUNTESS OF MONMOUTH.—This full-length by Van Dyck is chiefly remarkable for the charming harmony made by the amber dress with the green curtains and the pale blue of the sash. It is such as few but Van Dyck himself could have attempted with success. As a colourist he based his art upon that of his master Rubens, and further developed it under the influence of Titian and the Venetians of the great time. Yet in his dexterous massing, and occasionally his bold contrasting, of brilliant colours, he showed, especially in his fourth or English

manner, a singular originality. He greatly excelled in the treatment of all shades of amber and yellow, and still more in the handling of bright shimmering blue in large spaces. In this last *tour de force* he could show many a complete success which should have saved Sir Joshua Reynolds from making his too absolute pronouncement against the massing of bright blue in the lights of a picture. To turn to Van Dyck's "Rachel de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton," in the collection of Earl Cowper, or his "Children of Charles I." in the Turin Gallery, is to find Sir Joshua's aggressive and too narrow theory disproved nearly a century and a-half before Gainsborough painted his "Blue Boy" for the express purpose of combating it. Both Rubens and

\* The writer does not remember to have seen this "eable copy" on a recent visit to Chantilly.



Gaston, Duc d'Orléans.

By Van Dyck.

demonstrates, especially in the figures, how much more the brilliant and celebrated master of the same name owed to his father than has generally been allowed. His all-too-monotonous types of humanity are in many instances but those of the elder painter carried on, and repeated until they almost become conventionalised. It will be remembered that the Wynne Ellis Bequest placed the National Gallery in possession of three examples of Teniers the elder of very important dimensions. By Paul Van Somer, who was by birth an Antwerper, but lived at Amsterdam before he came to England in the first years of the seventeenth century, there is an important example, "Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond."

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)

Van Dyck in their great sacred compositions used celestial blue with great effect in the lights—a large "Assumption" of the former painter at Brussels being a case in point, though not, perhaps, an instance of the most unqualified success.

CATHERINE HASTINGS, COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD (daughter of Thomas, Lord Wotton).—This is another full-length by Van Dyck, said to have been painted in the year 1636. It is far less interesting, and less suggestive of the master's own hand, than the preceding picture—to say nothing of the masterpieces previously enumerated. The class of English Van Dycks to which it belongs show well the deterioration of his execution—or rather the large share in it left to assistants—when the overwhelming tide of fashion set in, following upon royal patronage.

By the elder Teniers we have at Longford a large canvas "Returning from Shooting," with figures of a young and an old man and their sporting dogs, in a landscape. It



*The side of a Drawing-Room with curtained Fireside Seats.*

## ART IN THE HOME.—V.\*

### THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE Drawing-Room is the apartment of the ordinary home in which generally the most interest centres, and it is there that the taste of the house is looked for at its best. Most of the hours of family intercourse are spent there, in all its variety. In view of all that is being written about the drawing-room in fashionable journals, it is difficult to present in a short article what will be of interest. Talks over teacups and gossip about Lady So-and-so's latest arrangement of her room will, we suspect, be more engaging than the cogitations of a practical man. Lady —— was about to entertain H.R.H. and the decorator had "done up" her room entirely in yellow ! yellow everything !! Scraps of this nature and all about the oddities of the new nursery Noah's Ark style are beyond us, and we can only give our attention to a sober line of thought.

As indicated in a former article, a home for some may be a palace, but in our short space we will only note that in such houses style more than homeliness is called for, and it is most fitting that the graceful treatment of the architectural period in which the house is built should be displayed in the drawing-room in all their dignity and elegance, in sympathy with gentle manners and full dress.

The first concern in the design of this room is the method of lighting, both artificial light and daylight. It is not always

possible to avoid heavy shadows, but here a well-diffused daylight is desirable. It should come from the sunny side, with, if possible, subordinate windows where the outlook is good. The ornamentation of the room and all the objects which are placed in any picturesque grouping, as well as the people in the room, look to best advantage when the light is strongest from one side. In artificial lighting, a main central light is found most successful for the apartment generally, but many things in the room often lose the artistic value they possess in daylight by the alteration of the illuminating centre, which causes a different light and shadow relief. We take occasion here again to refer to the need there often arises in delicate modelled work in plaster or wood for the aid of tinting, as the modelling in many places where there is a diffused light is all but lost. When a drawing-room has ample window space and it is considered desirable to retain all the daylight, the treatment of the decoration should be delicate, for fulness of colour and strong detail are almost sure to run to coarseness, unless a very skilful hand controls. When the light is scanty, luminous tints and strong contrasts of form and colour are desirable, as they help greatly to relieve the apartment of the blackness of the shadows, and make use of them to help the colour effect. Where there is a recess or dark corner which is



*Photo, Bedford Lemere.*

*Drawing-Room at Auchterarder.*

\* Continued from page 260.

objectionable, there is often presented an opportunity for adding the best touch to the apartment by setting something of china, bronze, statuary, flowers, or a screen, which will tell with much effect in the shaded setting surrounding shadow; provided, of course, that such objects be so placed as to catch a favourable light. In light rooms, a soft-coloured wood like satinwood is certainly the best; but in lower toned rooms, dark woods like mahogany or rosewood relieved with ormolu or gilding are most fitting.

When a cheerful room is desired nearly every one thinks of white painted wood. It is clean, and easily obtained, and raises no serious ground for criticism; but in every case where white is used it should be tinted to allow of its easy assimilation with the strongest colour, be it on the wall, seat covers, or floor. To deviate from the elementary practice of painting in white is to open the door for expense and vexation, for the colour sense among ordinary house-painters is an exceedingly rare possession; and, besides, the colouring processes can only be rightly arranged by one who sees the completion of the room from the beginning. With gilding no one disagrees as to colour effect, unless it becomes obtrusive, and it is a great means of drawing the various items of a scheme together, like the play of sunlight. A point of first importance in colour treatment in the drawing-room is its effect on flesh-colour. In the use of full-dyed silks and damask papers one often sees colours which are strongly objectionable because of the apparent change of tint in the faces of those in the apartment. Some colours so possess the eye, and weary it, that the complementary or opposite hue of these appears to be blended over all objects which are less obtrusive. Thus a pallor, or it may be a purplish or green hue, is over the faces of those in the room. The colour atmosphere is not studied generally as it ought to be.

Through all the vicissitudes of architecture since the drawing-room became a necessity in the home, there have been distinct treatments in this country which have afforded a basis for tasteful people to work upon in the expression of their individuality, and notwithstanding all our recent efforts, it is difficult to see

that we have advanced beyond the distinctly English development of the latter half of last century, but in our following on the same lines there is the likelihood of falling into mere copying and insipidity.

The freshness in the work of those who have gone back to nature in more or less conventional treatments is delightful, but the most part of what we have seen is in a different scale of colour from last century work, being more mediæval in its complexion. While often sweet and restful—like a quiet garden without the sun—it lacks the play and cheerfulness of the best French and English work.

The disposition of the wall spaces is a chief feature in the

design of the drawing-room, and requires to be treated in each case to suit those who are to live in it. The first illustration is of an architectural character, showing the wall divided into two main spaces in the height. The framework is of walnut, the lower panels are of soft green and maize silk damask, and the upper space is gilded plaster of a roughish texture. The second illustration shows a somewhat similar method, but the lower portion is covered with a fine-textured material as

a background for small paintings, porcelain, &c., and the upper space is of painted plaster, coloured as a background for family portraits, &c. The fireplace is of mellow coloured walnut with inlay, and a finely tinted band of embroidery is fixed to the upper mantel-shelf. The seats at each side of the fireplace are made to work on a pivot, and wheel to each side of the fireplace, forming an inviting tête-à-tête arrangement. With these seats there is a backrail from which hangs a curtaining of embroidery.

The next two illustrations show upper wall spaces in the more customary fashion for the display of movable pictures. The first is that of a small drawing-room in Grosvenor House. The walls are in toned gold on Tyne-castle modelled canvas. This gilded method has proved very favourable for paintings, and in passing it may be stated that Mr. Orchardson, R.A., and also the art advisers of the New Tate Gallery, have adopted this as a picture background.

The other illustration gives an additional view of a room which was referred to in this journal of January



*Photo, Bedford Lemere.*

*Drawing-Room at Grosvenor House.*



*Drawing-Room at Mr. Sanderson's House.*

last, in the series of "A Northern Home." The paintings, china, and furniture are of the most exquisite quality. The carpet is of a neutral brownish red, the woodwork is clear golden elm with toned gold enrichments, and the walls of the modelled canvas in delicate relief. The illustration, which is from a photograph, gives undue prominence to the gilding in the wall design, the background of which is a varied old ivory tint, and both gold and ivory are so scumbled over with a warm grey that the effect is soft, and does not in the least disturb the most delicate painting. The blue china in the cabinets of satinwood, and the sky in the paintings, give a feeling of coolness and clearness to all the colouring.

Very delightful background surfaces for pictures are obtainable by the coating of the walls, after due preparation, with thick paint, and combing them over with specially prepared tools, and then stencilling some dreamy-looking design over the texture thus produced. But this method requires skilful handling—mere stencilling is easily done and overdone, but restraint and colour-feeling are essential, for gradations of tint in the stencillings are required to redeem them from the look of thinness.

It is worth while alluding to an idea of a drawing-room which was commonplace in its plan and fittings, but which was made charming by the introduction of a broad band of old Italian embroidery placed round the walls, on the edge of a shelf sufficiently high to show a variety of interesting objects. Below the shelf there was a Morris paper of a simple geometrical design in neutral olive colour, which was a pleasant contrast to the silk and canvas embroidery.

Another idea was that of a small room which was unduly high for its width and length. The upper space was covered with conventional landscapes and flowers painted in flat medium on a specially prepared canvas. This scheme was adopted to give cool colour effects. The



Photo, Bedford Lemere.

A Drawing-Room of the Last Century  
at Berkeley Square.

middle wall space was for small pictures, &c., above a painted wood dado.

Of the ordinary wall papers little needs be stated here, except that it will generally be found that those which

are the most pleasing for homely rooms are not those which ordinarily attract one in a decorator's showroom. The mass of a wall colour is always stronger than appears in a small pattern, and it is safe to choose a colour which will be a pleasant offset to the complexions of the ladies who are to be "at home."

Our two further illustrations are of rooms of the last century. The first shows the walls of tapestry arranged in panels, with flowers, wreaths, and pillars, and crossed at

the top with conventional broad bands. In the style indicated by this illustration there may be endless variety. It is based on the delicate Roman work, in which there was much of Greek influence, and the same has to be stated of all the best work of the Renaissance. In the decoration of the Loggia at Rome and of part of the Uffizi at Florence, there is much that is

suggestive for modern treatment, both in play of colour and ornament and in panelled schemes, which admit of the introduction of subjects of interest to the possessor. The other drawing-room represented is in a light French style, but without pictures. The delicate plaster or composition work in the various divisions of the design are enriched with gildings. This style offers scope for a playful ornamentist, but it is too superficial to be satisfying. Fashion will always have its influence



Photo, Bedford Lemere.

Drawing-Room at Chesterfield House, Mayfair.

in the drawing-room, and this may take its lead from a strong personality in the social or artistic circles, from some foreign influence or importation, or the advent of some new decorative materials. But our alternating sunshine and dulness, our city life and country life, amid hills, lawns, flowers and trees, or at the sea-side, all demand care as to what is most suitable in each

condition, and it is not for any practitioner in the decorative arts to assert that his point of view is the best, and run his ideas all through greatly varied conditions into what are often manifest absurdities. "If we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get," indicates a state of mind that saves many a worry and disappointment. Certain conditions absolutely forbid the carrying out of pet ideas. A lady of much taste as a water-colourist desired her drawing-room walls to be decorated as a background for a collection of her favourite pictures. A tint of yellowish grey olive was selected. But trouble arose from the fact that the house having been designed by Owen Jones, the rich Moorish frieze, 4 feet broad, as well as the ceiling, ought to have the Moorish colours introduced in their purity into those parts. A beginning was made in the lady's presence with the primary colours she had set her mind on, but, in conjunction specially with the olive wall, the effect very soon convinced her that the scheme could not be carried out. What was done was to catch on to the soft wall tint with a preponderance of yellow, and work off to a smaller quantity of red and very little blue, with broken white and a sprinkling of gold all through. The primaries had, of course, to be reduced in intensity, and only the impression of the pure colours given. All experienced colourists know that in inside tinting the greatly subdued quality of light does not admit of purity of colour in decoration.

We have an abiding recollection of a beautiful drawing-room decorated in a broad, quiet, Italian method. The main feature in the room was a specially painted landscape of particular interest to the owner. This picture was the centre of the colour scheme, and was fixed on the end wall; all the colouring was in sympathy with it. And we have also seen drawing-rooms in London and New York in which the frieze and ceiling panels were from the hand of the late Lord Leighton. Notwithstanding the decorative value of the paintings, in both

instances the framework of dark walnut was harsh, and damaging to the coloured work. Unless fixed paintings are strong and low in tone they cannot assimilate with dark wood work. Carvings and mouldings of such woods seem to require mellowed gilding to give true value as a framework for decorative paintings.

Of the floor little need be stated. A clearance of the drawing-room is sometimes a necessity, and a sound floor of redwood, teak, or oak planking, or parquetry, is desirable for appearance when the carpets are lifted. In redwood or pitch-pine a slight stain before varnishing, with Vandyke brown and vinegar, gives a fine colour; and oak and parquetry are capable of mellow treatment with stains, varnishing, and wax. The great inflow in recent years of old Oriental rugs and carpets has been greatly appreciated, but it is now becoming very difficult to get what is right for size, colour, quality, and price. Templeton and other carpet manufacturers are able to meet almost every demand as to colour and texture, and those two requirements—more than form—are of primary importance in the selection of the carpet, which, of course, should be but the basis of the colour scheme.

Our limited space prevents us, beyond a mere allusion, from entering on the subject of furniture. It will be admitted that, for the drawing-room, the productions of last century have not been excelled, both for form and comfort, and good examples are now very difficult to obtain and are costly. Some fine examples have been recently illustrated in this Journal in the articles before alluded to. It is much to be feared that the great companies now being formed for supplying the wants of house-furnishers, the spirit of commercialism and trades-unionism, will swamp the spirit of patience and love which are needful to keep alive such industries as flourished in the times which we like to look back to.

Of the productions of the loom for every kind of texture and colour there is no lack, and the thing to be avoided is obtrusiveness in the use of these.

WM. SCOTT MORTON.

(To be continued.)

### THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE COLLECTION.—III.\*

**I**N continuation of our description of the Works of Art in Holloway College we have now to notice:—'Newgate—Committed for Trial' (see large illustration opposite),† by Frank Holl, R.A., the most powerful composition that ever left his brush. The dramatic possibilities of this subject, it has been stated, had a peculiar fascination over Sir Edwin Landseer, who, however, did not undertake to render it on canvas. Holl's treatment, vigorous to the extent of impulsiveness, one does not hesitate to say, is far more suited to the rugged effectiveness of the scene than the clean, neat brushwork of Sir Edwin would have been. It was while painting 'Newgate' that Holl made his first serious attempt at a portrait, being induced somewhat reluctantly to, as he modestly put it, "do my best, but I have never had any experience in that line." The portrait was exhibited with 'Newgate' in the Academy, and proved so successful that his friends urged him to further efforts in this direction. The result was that in the following year (1879) the celebrated portrait of Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., appeared, and thenceforth commissions rolled in so rapidly that Holl was practi-

cally divorced from subject-painting from that time. That he felt much regret at not having time to carry out themes evolved from his own inner consciousness



Salcombe Estuary, South Devon.  
By H. T. Dawson.

\* Continued from page 305.

† Canvas 60 by 83, £858 10s. Collection of Edward Hermon, Esq., M.P.

*Newgate—Committed for Trial.*  
*By Frank Holl, R.A.*



is certain, for he frequently expressed the hope that some day he would again return to them, and referring to the first portrait he said, "I almost began to wish that I had never meddled with the head at all." Frank Holl's subjects were always sad and commonplace. Some people called them morbid, and condemned them for their sadness, but treated as he used to treat it, with true sincerity and great power, the expression of grief became a real emotion and merits the fullest praise. Indeed, the motto for 1879 in the Royal Academy catalogue is defence enough, if any is needed. "Art is noble in itself. The artist, therefore, is not afraid of the commonplace, for his very touch ennobles it."—*Goethe*.

In 'Newgate' the pathos is particularly impressive, and is conveyed with unmistakable ability; there is no morbid or sham effectiveness about it. Mr. Holl witnessed this scene some years before he painted the picture, and it made a deep and lasting impression upon him. An account which he wrote to me of his visit states that "prisoners for all sorts of crimes were there, the lowest brutal criminal, swindlers, forgers, and boy



*Haweswater, from Water-Gill Force.*

By J. B. Pyne.



*A Young Gillie.*  
By J. Hardy.

thieves. They are all 'caged' together, awaiting the results of their separate trials. In some cases their senses are so dulled by incessant crime that they do not realise the unhappiness their friends feel at seeing them in their hopeless condition."

'Salcombe Estuary, South Devon,'\* is a bright little seapiece by H. T. Dawson, the brother of Henry Dawson. It shows one of the prettiest neighbourhoods of southern coast scenery. A huge steamer is rounding Bolt Head in the distance, and the streaming rays of sunlight carry the eye down from the clouds above to the glittering reflections on the waves. The cliffs on the right are covered with foliage, which the painter has treated in a rather conventional manner.

'Haweswater, from Water-Gill Force,'† by J. B. Pyne, was engraved in that artist's publication, "The English Lake Series." Without the least presumption Pyne was naturally Turner-esque in his treatment of landscape scenery. Producing in his oil pictures, as Turner so often did, the effect of water-colours, he acquired an atmosphere, a lightness and brilliancy of effect, with a delicacy of touch, yet without losing the richness of colouring, which constitute the great charm of his subjects.

\* Canvas 30 by 42, £152 5s.

† Canvas 33 by 44, £273. Collection of the late Wm. Sharp, Esq.

Daniel Maclise, R.A., painted in his time some wonderful work, but he fell singularly short of being a great artist. The essence of great art, life, and soul, cannot be found in any of his pictures. Marvellous in his powers of drawing, wonderful in his capacity for executing detail, and rapid in his brushwork, these very powers seemed to bar true greatness in his art, and he was woefully unsuccessful in colour. 'Peter the Great at Deptford Dockyard' is the subject which represents Maclise in this gallery. Clad as an ordinary shipwright and working with the other workmen, Peter, the Czar of all the Russias, is visited by King William III. of England, accompanied by Lords Carmarthen and Shrewsbury. The composition, though historically true as to the introduction of the actress and her maids, the dwarf, the negro-boy and the monkey, seems an extraordinary assemblage. There is too much in the picture, and the separate groups are made too important. There is material enough for four or five pictures.

The other illustrations now given are 'The Young Gillie,' with some cleverly painted dead game, by James Hardy, R.I.; 'Dordrecht,' by James Webb; 'The Windmill,' by John Syer; 'Trentside' and 'The First Glimpse of the Sea,'† by Thomas Creswick, R.A. The last-named work is a masterpiece. It is a large work for

\* Canvas 60 by 96, £388 10s. Collection of the late H. Woods, Esq.

† Canvas 40 by 60, £1,312 10s. Collections of Baron Albert Grant and William Lee, Esq.



*Dordrecht.*  
By James Webb

Creswick, though not quite so large a canvas as his 'Trentside.'

In 'The First Glimpse of the Sea,' a bit of rising ground which the spectator is supposed to have just ascended affords him a clear view across an extensive and unbroken tract of country stretching miles, twenty or more, away to where, on the far horizon, the "silver margent of the sea" gleams in the brilliancy of the sunlight. A windmill on the top of the hill, not far away, rears its effective shadow against the sky, and some cottages and the miller's cart complete the composition on our right. Away to the left a long range of distant hills help the perspective of the valley beneath, and the footpath, heather, and a trickling rill with a girl dipping water are all admirably introduced in the foreground, unpretentiously but with sufficient effect. The very simplicity of its composition lends itself to add to the charm of accurate perceptive feeling with which the whole work is carried out.

Of 'Trentside' the reader has a reproduction here which illustrates one of Creswick's charming riverside pictures. It appeared on the Academy walls in 1861, and combines a rare skill in composition with a true harmony of tone and tint, happily expressive of the following lines from Horace Smith, with which its title was accompanied in the catalogue of the exhibition.

"The lowly wan'-der under other skies  
Thinks on the happy fields he  
may not see;  
The home-enfold-  
ing landscape  
seems to rise  
With sunlight on  
the lea.  
"And musing on  
the scenes un-  
loved till now,  
But grown so dear  
he never can  
forget,  
He feels how pleas-  
ures past will  
ever grow  
Dearer in grim re-  
gret."

Equally attractive, though widely different in style and treatment, are 'Dordrecht' and 'Carthagena,' by James Webb, and 'Welsh Drovers' and

'The Windmill,' by John Syer. Syer's conception is vigorous and his handling strong, but there is a fresh vitality and purity of atmospheric effect in the work of James Webb that is evidently due to the earnest study

\* Canvas 45" by 72, £2,100. Collection of the late John Marshall, Esq.

of the ever-varying aspects of nature, and which show that this artist might justly have been more generally appreciated.

Space will permit me to only mention the names of the following most worthy pictures: 'The Wayfarers,'\* by J. Linnell; 'The Harbour Bar,' by Edwin Ellis, and 'The Quay, Hennebont,' and 'Abbeville,' by Jules Noel. One's attention, however, is more definitely arrested by 'Leaving at Low Water, Scilly Isles,' † by J. C. Hook, R.A., and 'Borrowdale, Cumberland,' ‡ by W. Collins, R.A. Four years before painting the above-mentioned subject, Hook had exhibited, in 1859, his celebrated 'Luff, Boy!' of which Mr. Ruskin at the time burst into unrestrained glorification. The Holloway picture is a joyful representative of the cyanine seas and cerulean skies, appropriately termed "Hookscapes." Rich, luminous, innumerable tinted, and softly radiant, the scenes he chose around the Scilly Isles or the Cornish coast, Bideford, Clovelly, or Lundy Island, are invested by this artist with an individuality which stamps them as his own. Of the other important works in this collection, I hope to speak in the next and concluding article.

It sometimes happens that in working out the details of a composition, the broad lines of which are suggested by the subject about to be illustrated, more than one artist will hit upon the same sequence of arrangement in the disposition of his materials. A noticeable instance of this occurs in 'Licensing the Beggars in Spain,' § by J. B. Burgess, R.A., and 'The Suppliants—Expulsion of the Gypsies from Spain,' the late Edwin Long, R.A.

It is singular how identical are the details of the composition in these

\* Canvas 28 by 36, £810. Collection of William Lee, Esq.

† Canvas 27 by 42, £1,365. Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.

‡ Canvas 34 by 46, £6,625. Collection of the late William Sharp, Esq.

§ Canvas 48 by 76, £1,165 10s. Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.

|| Canvas 72 by 113, £4,105. Collection of Edward Hermon, Esq., M.P.



*Trentside.*

By Thomas Creswick, R.A.



*The First Glimpse of the Sea.*

By Thomas Creswick, R.A.

pictures—the positions on the canvas of the principal figures of the priest and magistrate in the former, and the young King and Cardinal in the latter; the angular arrangement of the respective groups of beggars; in each picture sombreros held with the same action and in the same attitude give the accentuating "spot" of dark; the statue of the Queen in the niche and the figure of the young Queen in the corridor correspondingly break up the masses of space behind. Distance is given in one case by a peep through the door of the magistrate's room, and in the other by a view between the pillars of the cloister; notices on the walls afford detail; and again a sombrero and a tambourine respectively break the picture line at the bottom. This is no plagiarism, but simply a coincidence. The technical merits of the two works are very similar, they are full of good qualities, sound and earnest painting, academic in its precision. In a letter on the subject of his picture, in my own possession, Mr. Burgess says, "I believe the custom of licensing the beggars extends up to the present day in Seville, where my picture was studied."

'The Suppliants' is, with the exception of Long's other picture, 'The Babylonian Marriage Market,' in point of size the most important picture in the Holloway collection. With reference to it the artist wrote about ten years ago:—

"'The Suppliants' was suggested by the writings of Pacheco, Secretary to the Holy Inquisition of Spain in 1624, which are preserved in the archives of Simancas. It is the story of the intended expulsion of the gypsies in the reign of Philip III., a weak monarch, entirely under the influence of the priesthood, and especially of the Cardinal Gonzales. The gypsies in Spain have always been considered a very degraded race; they were at that time excommunicated, and consequently not allowed to enter a church. It is supposed that the edict of expulsion would have been carried out, as in the case of the Jews in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, but for the timely deputation which the picture attempts to represent, when the King and the Cardinal were descending the steps of the Santa Annunciata in Valladolid, and for the compassionate intervention of the young Queen, who may be seen in the corridor above. The historical portraits were studied in the gallery at Madrid, and the gypsies were all painted from the

probable descendants of the suppliants themselves living near Granada in 1871."

'The Babylonian Marriage Market,' No. 13,\* appeared on the Academy walls in 1875, three years after 'The Suppliants.' An explanation of the subject is fully given in the passage from "Herodotus," translated by George C. Swayne, M.A., which was quoted in the catalogue. The damsels were arranged in the order of their beauty; the most comely was "put up" first, the highest bidder of course being privileged to marry the maiden. The most extraordinary part of the arrangement, however, seems to be that in order to secure husbands for the less favoured they were "knocked down" to the gallants who agreed to marry them for the smallest consideration. A sum of money would be offered as dowry, when, if there were more than one bidder, it was reduced, Dutch-auction fashion, until the one willing to accept the least amount as an accompaniment to his "lot" became successful. These sums were taken from those received for the prettier girls, so that "beauty was made to endow ugliness, and the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain." May be, in some instances, a poor man was enabled, by accepting a plain wife, to obtain a dowry with her that would be sufficient to maintain them without work for the rest of their days. Ambitious in the extreme, the subject was one which took Mr. Long a considerable time to realise, though when it was eventually accomplished he was rewarded with a greater meed of praise than has been accorded to him for any other work. The composition is unusual, and if the horizontal arrangement of the figures is not altogether agreeable it is original. But it is in the variety of character and expression in the purchasers behind and the "lots" in the foreground that the conception of a genius is apparent, and in concealing the faces of the Alpha and Omega of beauty the painter deserves credit for an effective inspiration. The figure of the girl on the pedestal, a jewel of comeliness, placed in the very "eye" of the picture, is being regarded by the audience with an admiration that reflects more unseen beauty into her face than Long could ever have painted.

C. W. CAREY.

(To be concluded.)

\* Canvas 68 by 120, £6,615. Collection of Edward Hermon Esq., M.P.



*The Windmill.  
By John Syer.*



### DIRGE.

No tears, no sighing, no despair,  
No trembling dewy smile of care,  
    No mourning weeds;  
Nought that discloses  
    A heart that bleeds.  
But looks contented I will bear,  
And o'er my cheeks strew roses;  
Unto the world I may not weep,  
But save my sorrow all, and keep  
    A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,  
As the great earth and swelling sea.

*T. LOVELL BEDDOES (1803-1849).*



*From a Drawing by Rupert C. W. Bunny.*



Fig. 1. *Portrait of Lady.*  
(Poldi-Pezzoli Gallery, Milan.)



Fig. 2. *Portrait of Lady.*  
(Berlin.)



Fig. 3. *Portrait of Lady.*  
(Uffizi, Florence.)

### THREE MYSTERIOUS PROFILES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE beautiful profile portrait, No. 21 in the Poldi-Pezzoli Collection in Milan, is perhaps one of the most mysterious paintings of the fifteenth century, and has roused wider differences of opinion, nothing beyond the merest suggestions having been advanced, and these in the most tentative way. By the same hand, and shrouded in the same mystery, is the equally beautiful portrait, formerly belonging to Lord Ashburnham, lately bought by Doctor Bode for the Berlin Collection; and to these we must add the profile in the Uffizi Collection, although it is so ruined by stippling and repainting of the period most unappreciative of Renaissance Art as to be of hardly any value in the theories advanced.

The accepted name under which they all hang is that of Piero della Francesca, an attribution not at all to be wondered at when one considers the resemblance between them and the figures in the Arezzo Frescoes in the Church of S. Francesco; for example, 'The Meeting of Solomon

with the Queen of Sheba.' But remarkable as the resemblance is, it is a superficial one only, and a short comparative study of the technique of Piero in his panel-paintings with these profiles shows the impossibility of their being by the same hand. It is, however, important to notice the similarity of type, of form, of colour, and of dress, because there is undoubtedly in the work of the unknown painter a very strong influence of Piero della Francesca.

In the other suggested attributions we find at least the opinion as to the school being Florentine unanimous, the three painters being Domenico Veneziano, Antonio Pollajuolo, and Verrocchio. In the scanty work remaining of the first of these three, both the altarpiece in the Uffizi and the fragment of its predella in Berlin contain female profiles; but in neither is to be found in form, feeling, or technique any similarity with the portraits. Pollajuolo and Verrocchio have more recently been suggested, and it was



Fig. 9. *Detail of Meeting of Solomon and Queen of Sheba.*  
Fresco by Piero della Francesca. (Arezzo.)  
By permission of Messrs. Alinari, Florence.

while searching for some likeness in the works of the latter, that an idea, daily growing into a conviction, forced itself upon my mind, notwithstanding the seemingly insuperable objections which at first completely baffled me.

One day in the Bargello, as I was searching in Verrocchio's bust of a lady for some proof of his authorship, my eyes, straying beyond it along the row of marble heads, were arrested by the sight of the very face, a resemblance to which I was so vainly seeking in the Verrocchio marble, and on going closer to compare it with the photograph of the Poldi-Pezzoli head, I found not only a formal likeness in the face, but that it had the same feeling of tranquil delicacy, and that details such as the treatment of nostril, lip, and neck were the same in both. The work is called 'Portrait of a Lady,' and is by Desiderio da Settignano.

But Desiderio was no painter, and though it seemed strange to find so strong a resemblance, I hardly gave any thought to the matter for the time. A few days later, however, while looking at his beautiful Marsuppini Tomb in Santa Croce, I chanced to get in profile the head of the *putto* who supports it to the right of the spectator, and here again I was struck by finding, much more exactly reproduced, the features of the Poldi-Pezzoli lady. This time my attention was thoroughly



Fig. 4. Tomb of Marsuppini. By Desiderio.  
(S. Croce, Florence.)



Fig. 5. Head of Boy. By Desiderio.  
(S. Lorenzo, Florence.)

aroused, for it could be no coincidence. The unknown painter and Desiderio might have had the same lady as their model, but that a conception of so individual a face should have impressed itself on two different people, so that in such different representations as those of a young woman and a winged child the face and feeling should be alike, would be, to say the least, extra-

ordinary. Although I thought very often of the strange resemblance, I had no opportunity to make any investigations till I went shortly afterwards to Berlin, and knowing there were at least seven works attributed to Desiderio in the gallery, three of which were certainly genuine, I took photographs of the paintings and began at once to compare them. The result in all cases was fairly satisfactory, though nothing appeared again so strikingly alike in features as the *putto* of the Santa Croce tomb.

I shall make further on a separate analysis of each head referred to, and as I have had photographs taken in the same position as the paintings, the reader will be able to judge for himself of the importance of the resemblance. On returning to Florence I went to see the figures of young boys which support the Tabernacle by Desiderio in the Chapel of the Sacrament in San Lorenzo, and again found, although the position of the face, leaning down and with open mouth, is entirely different,



Fig. 6. Princess of Urbino.  
(Berlin.)



Fig. 7. Portrait of Young Florentine.  
(Berlin.)



Fig. 8. Portrait of a Lady.

a likeness of feature and modelling, as well as of feeling, which these very differences rendered more remarkable.

Thus so far from being baffled in my investigations, in spite of myself almost, Desiderio was being forced upon me as the mysterious painter of these portraits, and at last I determined to try and contend methodically with the difficulties, and to give the idea a place at least as a possibility. But from the outset the difficulties are enormous. If he had belonged to the goldsmith's branch of sculpture, as did the Pollajuoli and Verrocchio, the task would be simpler, for they constantly practised, as we know, the art of painting; but with the stonemasons—the *scarpellatori*—it is different. There is no record of any of these men at this period of the fifteenth century combining the two crafts. However, a negative objection is never an insuperable obstacle, and for the rest, the very scantiness of the knowledge we have of Desiderio is a point in favour of the theory, for if a man writing, like Vasari, not ninety years later, when the air was hot with the sayings and doings of the older Florentines hardly yet cooled into traditions, could make so vast a mistake as to date his birth twenty-two years later than it was and to place his time of activity twenty-one years after his death, it is not surprising that his skill in painting, if it existed, should have been forgotten.

It will be as well to state briefly all the facts that are with certainty known of him. That he was born in 1428 and died in 1464. That by that time he had executed two of the most beautiful works in Florence with a knowledge and mastery hardly in our own days appreciated to their full value. That he was influenced either directly or indirectly by Donatello, and may even, as Vasari asserts, have been his pupil; for though Donatello was already a man of forty-two when Desiderio was born, yet he lived to the age of eighty, and was active more or less within a few years of his death. But pupil either actually or by affinity he certainly was, for nothing in art is more noticeable than the impression in his works of this influence of Donatello.

We know, further, that he came of a family of *scarpellatori*, his father Meo, and his two brothers Francisco and Geri, his son Bernardino, and his nephew Paolo, belonging all of them to the craft, and that he died January 16th, 1464, at the age of thirty-six, and was buried in S. Pier Maggiore, as it is registered in "the Libro dei Morti" of Florence. As regards his chief works in that city, the monument of Santa Croce and the Tabernacle of San Lorenzo bear witness to his position and power, ranking him only below Donatello in ability. The former is perhaps one of the most learned and beautiful pieces of rich decoration in existence, every detail being given its place by due subordination and accentuation, and the right degree of prominence admirably kept. Its parent is, of course, the Tomb of Leonardo Bruni opposite, by Bernardo Rossellino; but how great is the difference between the two! Here every line lives its own life, and there is to the full as much vital strength in these acanthus-leaves as in those of the bronze and porphyry tomb of Verrocchio in San Lorenzo. These wings—"che non di marmo, ma piumose si mostrano"—have, besides this imitative beauty, a vigorous life that no other sculptured or painted wings possess; and the two *putti* at the foot are unsurpassed in delicacy of limb and especially of hands and feet.

By Desiderio is also the nearly effaced slab at the foot, of Gregorio Marsuppini, the few little bean-flowers still remaining in its worn beautiful border, showing the same power of giving life which is characteristic of all great artists.

The most beautiful part of the Tabernacle of San Lorenzo, a work of his latest years, is entirely concealed behind the altar; but in these two statues of boys, again the dainty execution of hands and feet is unsurpassed. A general effect is impossible in the position in which it now stands, but it seems very little inferior to the tomb of Santa Croce.

Leaving the few facts in the life of Desiderio, it is now time to give attention in detail to the resemblances between the three painted profiles and the undoubted works of Desiderio given in the illustrations, and to say what I have been able to discover in support of the theory that he and the painter of the portraits are one and the same person.

To begin the analysis with the two heads in which the likeness is most striking—the portrait of the wife of the Florentine Giovanni dei Bardi—in the Poldi-Pezzoli Collection (Fig. 1) and the *putto* of the Marsuppini Tomb (Fig. 4). An equal-sized tracing of the one placed over the other would scarcely differ in a hair's breadth in the outline, from the spring of the hair down to the retreating edge of the under-lip. For the inside modelling, though Fig. 4 does not give a clear view of the nostril, yet they are identical in shape. This is very important, for the high placing of the nostril, and consequent thickness of the junction of nose and lip is a peculiar characteristic in the painted profiles, and a mannerism never absent in the works of Desiderio. Here, as in all, the temples and arch of the brows are alike, while the shape of the eye and curve of the lip are identical. The dainty and very subtle modelling of cheek and chin might have been copied one from the other.

The brow and nostril, as well as the chin and beautiful outline of the digastricus in Fig. 4 are the same as in Figs. 2 and 3, while the likeness between the outline of the upper lip and nose to that of Fig. 2 is as remarkable as it is in Fig. 1.

The profile (Fig. 5) of the boy supporting the Tabernacle of San Lorenzo is useful, because, in spite of the different position and the open mouth, its likeness to the Poldi-Pezzoli head in the curves, especially that of the mouth, is so remarkable, while the digastric muscle and outline of the neck are exactly reproduced in all these paintings, perhaps more closely in the few lines not entirely disfigured by repaint, of the Uffizi head (Fig. 3) than either of the other two.

In the corresponding boy's profile on the other side of this Tabernacle, unfortunately in a position impossible to photograph, there is a curious suggestion of the head (Fig. 3) of the Uffizi, too vague to attempt any analysis, especially as the painting is in so worthless a condition, but noticeable enough to be very important.

In comparing Fig. 1 with the Berlin bust (Fig. 6), to which it bears a remarkable general resemblance, we find, besides such superficial likenesses as the drawing of the veil over the ear, and the binding of the hair at intervals with ribbons—fashions of the early fifteenth century very dear to Desiderio—the hair itself is treated in the dry, wavy, *frisé* manner characteristic of the paintings. Here again are the same forehead and brow, high-placed nostril, and line from under-lip to chin, while the beautiful modelling of cheek, jaw, and long slender neck is identical. I must not, however, omit to mention (since this paper is written rather in the search for truth than the desire to prove a theory) the prominence given in the painting to the seventh cervical vertebra, a peculiarity not accentuated in the busts. In one other point, also, there is dissimilarity between the paintings and sculptures—the carelessly-treated round-topped ears of the latter,

and minutely-painted tapering points of the former. In attempting to solve this, the most difficult point in the theory, I have only this to advance. Painting under the influence of Piero della Francesca, to whose type these ears bear a striking resemblance (Fig. 9.), Desiderio, with his love of delicate detail, may have been impressed by the beauty of the tapering points and shell-like convolutions, and have seized the chance offered by the new medium of accentuating a feature the sculptor's instinct teaches him to subordinate.

Comparing the rough sketch in clay (Fig. 8) with the Berlin profile (Fig. 2), we find the same characteristic massing of the hair drawn back from the temples, and the same straight line of upper-lip. *The eyes in all the eight photographs are alike*, with their *alive* look, and rather thick, but not heavy, lids. In the 'Bust of the Young Florentine' (Fig. 7), one of the most charming and sensitive portraits of the fifteenth century, besides the usual resemblance of temple, brow, and eye, there is a most exact similarity of line where the neck joins the chest with the ruined Uffizi portrait, and this is perhaps the only part of the head where the delicate line of the painter has remained fairly intact.

Leaving now minute analysis to consider for one moment the general feeling of these heads—a difficult task, for nothing is more subjective than the impression produced upon the observer by a work of art—and just as one person may find in a living face some special quality and another an entirely different, and even antagonistic, one, so here it may be impossible for the reader to find in all these eight heads the same dainty grace and delicate purity of conception that I do. It is this resemblance of feeling that from the first has struck me so strongly, and which, where formal likenesses, as in the ears, have failed, by its constant presence has insisted that the painter and the sculptor are the same. It has always seemed to me that this similarity of feeling and conception in art is of the greatest importance, because this essential spirit of the master is more reliable, once it is felt and understood, than any technical or stylistic likeness, for this it is only which is inimitable.

Having already given all the facts that are known from documents, etc., of the life of Desiderio, there remains only to try if from his authentic works we may not be able to supply some suppositions which make it possible that he may be the painter of these three profile portraits. So far as documentary record goes we have no certainty that Desiderio ever worked away from Florence, but the fact that two of his most authentic busts, No. 62A in the Berlin Collection (Fig. 6), and the restored head belonging to Lord Wenys in England, are portraits probably of Princesses of Urbino; and that Laurana, the architect of the ducal palace, is so strongly influenced by him, there is little doubt that he was intimate with the circle of artists for whom Urbino was the centre, and who all felt the influence of Piero della Francesca, although he did not actually at that time work in the city. Nothing is more likely than that two men whose feeling for delicacy and grace were so akin, should come into companionship, or that, impressed by the beauty of his colour, the younger artist may have been inspired to try his hand at painting as well. The line is not so hard and fast between it and the coloured sculpture of the time, nor between it and bas-relief; and to Desiderio's skill in this branch of sculpture we have evidence in the S. Jerome belonging to Signor Frizzoni in Milan.

The type of face of Desiderio in all his sculpture, while stylistically so close to Donatello, in gentle tranquillity

and delicate refinement, is in strong contrast to the reckless and somewhat perky feeling of the older sculptor, and is just such work as would be produced under the combined influence of Donatello and Piero della Francesca.

That these portraits were painted under the latter influence there can be no shadow of doubt. Even the colour, though in the Poldi-Pezzoli portrait in a darker key, is singularly like that of Piero, and even these pointed and strangely-shaped ears closely resemble those of several of the figures in the Arezzo frescoes, a detail from one of which is given in Fig. 9.

As an additional point in favour of the theory, the reader will notice a curious combination in these portraits of (for the time) quite extraordinary correctness of facial anatomy with a certain apparent difficulty in realising it in the painting, specially noticeable in the outline of the features. This is easily seen even in the photographs, where the thick paint of the background casts so heavy a shadow that it looks like a black line round the face, particularly in Fig. 1; and this is not due to any thickening of the paint produced by time, as Sir Charles Eastlake has shown is often the case, for where no special pains has been taken, as in the outline of the cranium and clothed parts of the bust, one can pass one's finger over the surface and find no change, whereas round the features and neck the background is the appreciable part of an inch higher than the face, which appears sunk into it, the outline being gained, not by painting the head on the background, but by painting the background round the head. A close examination shows this to be the result of repeated repainting over former lines, allowed to dry meanwhile, and bears witness to the labour the last exquisite outline cost, and to a difficulty singularly at variance with the complete mastery of facial anatomy in its most subtle details, unsurpassed in any painter of the early fifteenth century; which mastery, it thus seems reasonable to suppose, had been gained by practice in some other branch of art. Besides this, the extremely disproportioned size of the heads to the panels on which they are painted, especially in the Poldi-Pezzoli portrait, shows an ignorance of the laws of composition of which no practised painter would be guilty. Another strong point in favour of the theory is the impression the Berlin portrait (Fig. 2) gives, especially at a distance, of being a painting, not of flesh and blood, but of a marble bust, hair, flesh, and head-dress being all of the same pale stone-colour. At first I thought this was due to the same kind of scraping and scrubbing process to which the 'Pan' of Signorelli close by has been subjected; but a closer attention and appreciation of the extreme delicacy and subtlety of the modelling of the cheek and nostril, the beautiful rippling of the hair, and the minute care with which the ear is finished, showed that this supposition was impossible, for no such delicacy would be found in under-painting, while to presume it due to retouching is to suppose a late artist of as consummate ability as this painter of the fifteenth century. It will be noticed that the massing of the hair in this profile is treated in a singularly sculpturesque style, and similar, as before mentioned, to that in Fig. 8.

I consider this portrait to have been painted earlier than that of the Poldi-Pezzoli Collection for the following reasons:—First, that the sculptor had not yet mastered the difficulties of colour, and gave the face as a monochrome, while the colour of the other is remarkably beautiful and true to nature. Second, that with all the beauty of modelling, the face is as *appliquéd* to the background as a medal in low relief, whereas the other

has a certain depth and solidity. Third, that the careless and almost childish treatment of the body betrays an indifference or incompetence not noticeable in that of the lady in the Poldi-Pezzoli. It is conceivable that the portrait of the Uffizi may have been later than either, considering the greater facility with which the least ruined parts—the lower part of the neck and the embroidered robe—are painted; but though it is necessary to number this with the other two as being originally by the same hand, yet the stippled repaint is too thickly and too coarsely applied to allow of much use being made of it as evidence.

All the reasons having now been given for the support of the suggestion that Desiderio da Settignano was the painter of these three portraits, it is for the student to decide whether it seems probable that he should have been attracted to the neighbourhood of Piero della Francesca either by friendship or by admiration of his

work; that this admiration incited him to attempt himself a different medium than his usual one; and that he produced portraits under this influence, of which the three remaining are examples; to the support of which theory the double resemblance to the works of Desiderio and of Piero della Francesca in these paintings bears evidence. Whether this extraordinary resemblance of feature and spirit between the sculptures and the paintings will excuse me in the eyes of students for venturing a theory so hypothetical, depends upon the force with which it strikes them. I have almost unwillingly followed the clue, so strange and impossible at first sight did the idea seem, but link after link has added itself to the chain of proof, until it has become more impossible to blind myself to the evidence of my eyes than to disbelieve that a man of whom we know little except that he was a great sculptor should for a moment in his brief life have turned painter.

MAUD CRUTTWELL.

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

**I**T was unfortunate that the authorities at South Kensington were unable this year to find space in the Museum itself in which to exhibit the National Competition prize works. The building behind the machinery galleries in the Exhibition Road, in which they were shown, is certainly spacious and well lighted, and would be suitable enough if it were in a less remote situation. Few, however, of the many visitors to the South Kensington Museum know of the existence even of the machinery galleries, while fewer still explore them, and it is probable, therefore, that the number of people who saw this very interesting exhibition of prize works was comparatively small. In the National Competition, as many of the readers of this journal will be aware, the students of all the Government Art Schools take part. Nearly ninety-seven thousand drawings, paintings, designs and models, executed during the preceding twelve months, were sent by them to South Kensington last April, and from this immense bulk, eight hundred and seventy-five works were selected as worthy of medals or book prizes by the examiners, among whom were Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., the Hon. John Collier, Mr. G. J. Frampton, A.R.A., Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis F. Day, Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., and Mr. W. De Morgan. Sixteen gold medals were awarded, three of which went to Birmingham and three to Glasgow. To the latter school, indeed, belong the chief honours of the competition, for the Glasgow students carried off, in addition to their three gold medals, eight of silver and twenty-three of bronze. It is interesting, in glancing over the prize list, to notice the numerous honours gained by what Sir Wyke Bayliss, in his speech to the South Kensington students, called "the sisterhood of Art." The women competitors, although their achievements were not so remarkable as in some previous years, yet managed to secure four gold medals (three of which were for original designs), twenty-five silver medals, and ninety-six bronze medals.

I must confine myself to noticing a few only of the more striking studies. The designs both for textile fabrics and for wall papers were exceptionally good. The best design for a wall paper—the only one for which a gold medal was awarded—was the work of a Glasgow

student, Miss Helena R. Dow, and from Glasgow also came Mr. Robert Paterson's admirable design for a carpet, by far the best thing in its class. Among a number of stencil designs two were prominent—one, a beautiful piece of colour, by Mr. Albert J. Hardman, of Wolverhampton, and the other, to which the gold medal was given, by Mr. Geoffrey A. Baker. Mr. Baker has been trained at the Canterbury School of Art, the students from which have in several previous years carried off high honours in design. A gold medal was also given for a bold and striking design for tapestry by a Birmingham student, Miss Offlow Scattergood, a young lady whose work, probably owing to her singular name, has been criticised as that of a man in more than one newspaper.

Few better studies of the nude figure have been seen in the National Competitions than those which gained for Mr. W. N. M. Orpen, of Dublin, the premier award. His drawing is a little wanting in squareness, but in each of his three studies a singular appreciation of form and feeling for grace were displayed. Mr. Orpen, who is only eighteen years of age according to the label affixed to his drawings, is a student of promise of whom one may hope to hear more by-and-by. I noticed several other very good drawings; one in particular, by Mr. Francis E. Colthurst, was full of individuality and distinction. On the other hand, the paintings from the life were very inferior. The examiners in this class (the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., and Sir James Linton) state in their report that the paintings of heads submitted to them were "deplorably bad," with the exception of the three studies to which prizes were given, and their opinions of the paintings from the nude figure were almost as unflattering. The paintings from the nude shown at South Kensington are usually inferior to the drawings; but this year the difference was exceptionally marked. A study of a woman, by Mr. Alfred Rushton, of Leeds, was cleverly painted, and not unpleasant in colour. There was something good, too, about the painting of a seated girl, by Mr. Ormond Gollins, of Birmingham; but the work in this class, judged by the standard of previous years, was disappointing to the last degree.

Some of the modelled design was excellent. For her vigorous study of a group of wrestlers, Miss Ruby Levick, whose work has been seen more than once at the Royal Academy, was awarded a gold medal, a similar and equally well-deserved honour falling to the lot of Mr. Ernest G. Gillick, of Nottingham, for an admirable design for a chimneypiece. High commendation must also be given to the work of Mr. F. P. Marriott, of New Cross, whose modelled wall fountain was one of the best things of its class, and to that of Mr. George M. Ellwood, of Holloway, one of whose clever designs for furniture, a piano front in oak, painted and decorated, had been carried out and was exhibited among his drawings.

The mantelpiece in black walnut, of which an illustration is given, was designed by Messrs. H. & J. Cooper, of Great Pulteney Street, for the billiard-room of a country house in Cheshire, the decoration of which is of a somewhat Eastern type. Simple almost to severity, it could easily have borne more embellishment in the shape of carving. Solidity and excellence of workmanship have, however, in this instance been aimed at rather than mere decorative effect.

Some interesting examples of bookbinding in embossed, modelled, and tooled leather, are now being exhibited



Mantelpiece in Black Walnut.  
(Messrs. H. & J. Cooper.)

at the Library Bureau, 10, Bloomsbury Street, London. These bindings, several of which are illustrated this month, have been executed by Mr. Cedric Chivers with the idea of showing that satisfactory decorative results can be obtained without the use of dies or engraved tools. Instead of decorating his bindings in the ordinary way with the ordinary tools, Mr. Chivers employs the following ingenious method: The design is first drawn in outline on a piece of leather (which has been previously softened in water) and then incised with a sharp graver.

The "wrong" side of the leather is then scraped with an ivory tool, until a hollow is made within the space of the design. The hollow is filled with cement, and then, by manipulation and pressure, the design is brought into relief on the "right" side of the leather. The gilding, colouring, and finishing are done after the book is bound. The quality of the design and modelling is, of course, dependent upon the skill of the artist, who has, however, far more freedom and power of expression than when employing the ordinary methods of decoration. The designs are never repeated, and the fact that no two volumes are bound alike will in itself be a great recommendation to the lover of sumptuous and original bindings. The greater number of the bindings shown by Mr. Chivers, many of which were exceedingly attractive, were designed by Miss Alice Shepherd.

W. T. WHITLEY.



Example of Bookbinding in Leather.  
(Mr. Cedric Chivers.)

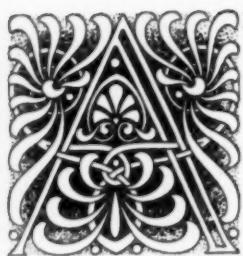


Example of Bookbinding in Leather.  
(Mr. Cedric Chivers.)



Example of Bookbinding in Leather.  
(Mr. Cedric Chivers.)

## THE AMERICAN TAX ON ART.



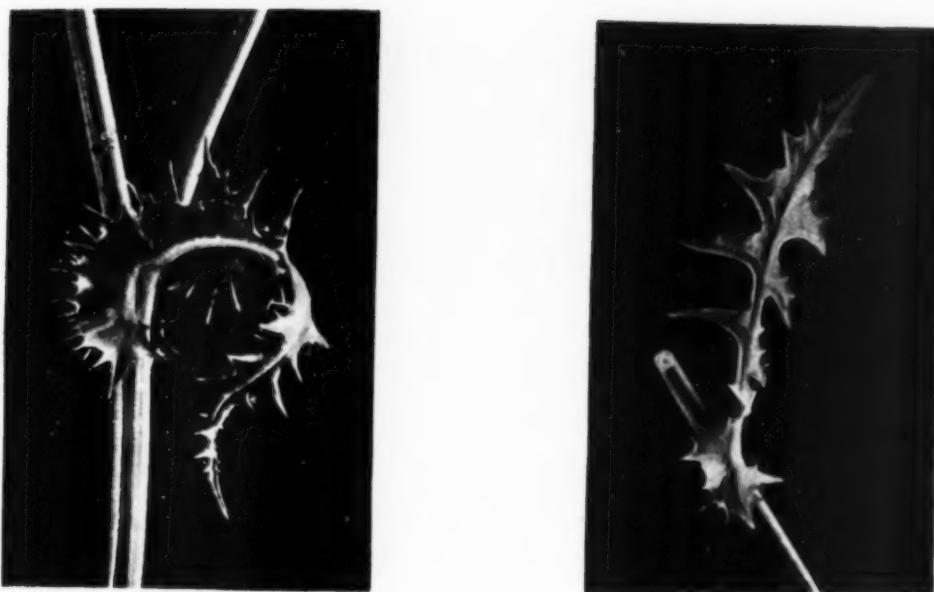
ARTISTS on this side of the Atlantic are distinctly concerned in the recent decision of the American Government to impose a duty upon all works of Art imported into that country. There has of late grown up in America a considerable demand for the products of European studios; and the wealthy collectors who are here forming important galleries have plainly shown that they are inclined to depend, for the proper representation of the achievement of modern Art, upon foreign rather than native workers. It is possible that the effect of the tax will be more strongly felt in France than in this country; but even a partial closing of the American market is certain to have a perceptible influence upon the prosperity of British painters. The transfer from the Old World to the New of the few great canvases for which the collectors of all nations are competing will of course continue; the desire of the millionaire to possess a priceless treasure is not likely to be diminished by the knowledge that he will have to pay a fine to his own Government for the privilege of outbidding all other competitors; and the sale of the best examples of the Art of the day will also be but little affected, because a buyer rich enough to acquire them would hardly regard as a serious burden the increase in price which the tax will necessarily imply. Where the duty will press heavily will be in the studios of the less prominent men, who do not attract the millionaire, but find their market among the moderately well-to-do, and know by past experience that Americans of this class are by no means disinclined to gather, when on their wanderings, foreign Art work that is attractive and yet moderately priced. The merely moderately-well-off patron will scarcely be so ready to collect trophies of his European tour if he is to be confronted, on his return home, with a Government demand that would throw a heavy strain upon a purse emptied by the expenses of travel.

The type of artist who will feel the duty most is, however, the man who paints simply for the market. To him America has been extremely useful as a place to which he could export the canvases that were not easily to be disposed of here. A very fair trade in pictures bought in batches from various studios, and at a reduction in consideration of the quantity taken, has latterly grown up between the two continents. This must now practically cease, for the margin of profit on transactions of this order has never been large enough to bear the weight of a 20 per cent. tax; and the action of the American Government, because it will have this effect, is by no means viewed with disapproval by the dealers here who handle Art work of real importance. Their contention, indeed, is that the suppression of the pot-boiler as an article of commerce between Europe and America will have a beneficial influence upon American taste, and will tend to the development of real discrimination among the picture buyers in that country.

Whether or not this desirable result will be brought about depends, however, very largely upon the use which the Americans themselves make of the tax. If they treat it only as a means of protecting themselves against bad work, it may serve as a valuable aid in the formation of

a sound school of native Art; but if it is to be used as a commercial device for the suppression of all Art which is not of home manufacture, a very deplorable effect is likely to be produced. If we can judge from the utterances of some of the American papers on the subject, there is the possibility of serious harm being done by pushing the principle of self-protection beyond the limits of discretion and common-sense. The danger lies in the fact that newspaper opinion, which probably leads or represents that of a large section of the public, affects to consider artistic effort merely from the craftsmanship point of view, and regards the work of the painter simply as an article of manufacture subject to the same commercial laws which control the products of any local factory. A native artist, in accordance with this argument, must be protected against foreign competition, not because he can produce a superior class of work, but simply that the profits of his industry may be increased. Pictures from abroad are to be taxed to a prohibitive extent because America wants a school of American Art; and it is held that the only way to secure this quite legitimate aim is to compel the people to buy the pictures painted by American artists. It is pleaded that if Americans are unpatriotic enough to recognise in foreign Art qualities which are non-existent in that of their own country, they ought to be heavily fined for their lack of perception of local talent. And there is even a demand made that American students should be forbidden by law to leave their own country for the purposes of completing their education, on the ground that what they practise after their period of European study is not a truly native Art, but a transplanted foreign one, which is imported in spite of tariffs and duties, and contrasts unpleasantly with the definite Americanism of the more patriotic workers who have stayed at home.

All this is, of course, utterly foolish argument, and is only worthy of attention because it may influence the professed convictions of many people who, without any definite beliefs of their own, are able by the power of the vote to coerce the more enlightened minority. A great national school cannot be formed from within, and no native Art deserving of any notice has been created without the closest study and comparison of the achievements of other peoples. Even a great artistic nation with traditions resulting from centuries of assiduous practice can find in the Art which exists beyond its borders suggestions for the most momentous changes and departures. The example of a small group of British artists gave rise to the finest school of landscape that France has ever seen; and the educational power of the Spanish, the Dutch, and the Italian schools has made itself felt wherever Art of the nobler kind is practised. The growth of any national Art is purely the outcome of a process of analysis, by which what is most adaptable to the local wants is extracted and assimilated; and there is no way of ensuring the healthy vitality of a native school to be compared with the constant introduction of fresh blood from other countries. If America proposes to cultivate its Art by prolonged and compulsory inbreeding it will produce nothing but a witless and crippled monstrosity that will have to be killed to save the passers-by from the horror of its presence. No nation can become artistic except by the widest selection, and by earnest consideration and observation of the æstheticism of the rest of the world.



*Illustrations from "Studies of Plants."*

## AIDS TO DESIGN.

THE path of design is every day being made smoother—too smooth, perhaps, to be quite safe. There seems just now to be a race among publishers as to who shall be first in the field with a collection of plant studies helpful towards design. The latest of these, Meurer's "Pflanzenbilder," a work "for the use of Architects, Designers, Decorators, and others," is appearing in parts, published at no definite intervals, by Gerhard Huhtmann, at Dresden. Its aim, says the "foreword," is to provide the designer with plant-forms to suit "all kinds of ornamental purposes."

The Editor is perfectly right in his dictum that it is only by the intelligent study and thorough understanding of natural form, that the faculty of inventing ornamental shapes is developed. And he argues no less truly that the high pressure at which modern design is produced, the pace at which we go, gives scant time for study. His idea is, therefore, to "devil," so to speak, for the artist, and provide him with material for design. There is danger in that, of course. A certain amount of drudgery is the best introduction to design—nothing will supply the place of hard, individual study; but intelligent devilling, intelligently used, may be very helpful, and Herr Meurer's book promises to be really serviceable. He knows, it is evident, what a designer wants, and is not merely intent on producing a showy set of plates; there is hardly a sheet of his but would be handy to the decorator, and, indeed, to the designer. When it represents merely sprays of laurel, those sprays are chosen with an eye to design. More often it gives the details of plants; separate leaves, for example, of the thistle, sowthistle, chicory, or acanthus. Then we have the leaves as they wrap round the stalk, and budding leaves, and again the leaf-buds, and the buds just burst—all of which are suggestive, and even inspiring. An unusual and useful feature in this publication is the enlargement of details which on the natural scale are apt to escape

attention, and which in any case would be difficult to reproduce in small with the requisite precision. The discrimination of the Editor is shown by the choice of such examples as the scabious flower, and the clover-head out of which the flowers have fallen, leaving only the beautifully-formed cone of dry husks.

A great part of the plates are "process" reproductions of well-chosen photographs. That is as it should be. Whatever the artistic shortcomings of "process," we owe it this much at least, that it gives us faithful and unimpeachable records of facts we want to know, and at a price which students who mean to study can afford to buy.

But photographs are not enough: there are things it is necessary to draw; there are points which want emphasis; and Herr Meurer has got about him men who can draw. The strongest of these is Dannenberg, though Deventer has a lighter touch. Homolka has certainly not a keen sense of beauty, but there are useful hints of design even in the occasionally ugly forms which he perpetuates.

Another novel feature in this work is the reproduction of forms modelled after nature. Some of these are quite good, the magnified bryony blossoms, for example, by Heitsch, and the same artist's finial-like leaf-buds; but his treatment of the nettle is mechanical and commonplace. On the whole, the modellers have not done their work so well as the draughtsmen; but, still, the notion of these modelled versions of plant-form is distinctly good, and adds to the usefulness of the book, or makes it useful, rather, to a wider range of artists. "Pflanzenbilder" is a genuine endeavour to supply what is in a sense a real want (whether we ought to want this sort of stimulant is another matter), and, if it only goes on as it has begun, it promises a success which other attempts in this direction have not yet achieved.

Lewis F. Day.

## PASSING EVENTS.

IT is most regrettable that the directors of the so-called Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court should have tried to make a collection of the works of artists living under the reign of Queen Victoria. The very inadequate number of works brought together in no sense represents the best of modern British Art, and the

nineteenth centuries, to be held at the Guildhall Art Gallery next year. The previous shows held at the Gallery have been so successfully carried out that we may look forward to an Exhibition worthy of the important era which it covers.

IN spite of the fears that have been expressed with regard to the difficulty of access to the new National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, the number of visitors since the opening has been greater than could have been expected. During the first month the average number per day was as follows: Week days, 2,013; Sundays, 3,096; Student days, 542. On the first Sunday after the opening no less than 3,500 persons visited the Gallery. The space in front of the building is still in a very unfinished condition, but the interior is quite complete.

AN exhibition of works by Hans Holbein, to celebrate the 400th anniversary of his birth, is to be opened at the beginning of October at Basle, where the famous painter spent the greater part of his early life.

THE recent criticism of the mosaic work which is being carried out at St. Paul's Cathedral, under the direction of Sir William Richmond, R.A., appears somewhat ill-timed to those who know the amount of energy and skill that has been displayed by the artist in carrying out this important work, and who can appreciate the successful results which have so far been attained. The great drawback to the portion already finished is that it is difficult to obtain a good view of it from below; but those who have been fortunate enough to obtain a closer examination cannot but be struck by its beauty.

WE understand that Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., has been compelled through failing health to resign the treasurership of the Royal Academy, a position he has held since 1883.

WE have to chronicle the death of Sir Everett Millais, the eldest son of the late President of the Royal Academy, which occurred at his residence at Littleton House, Shepperton, on September 8th, at the comparatively early age of forty-one. Sir Everett was, like his father, an apparently robust man, but he succumbed to a severe attack of pneumonia, after a short illness of six days.

GUIDE books as a rule are very tame reading away from the spot they describe. A very notable exception is the "Guide to Zermatt and the Matterhorn," by Mr. Edward Whymper (Murray). The description of the first ascent of this, the most picturesque mountain in the Alps, of the terrible disasters befalling the hardy pioneers, and the hairbreadth escapes of the author himself, are told with extraordinary vigour, and for these alone the book is worth buying.—"The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon" (Dawbarn and Ward) was much wanted by visitors to that shrine, and the authors (Mr. and Mrs. Snowden Ward), who have made the subject their own, will earn the gratitude of every one passing a few days in Shakespeare's country.



Old Court off Sheep Street, Stratford-on-Avon.  
From a Drawing by W. T. Whitehead.  
(Shakespearean Guide.)

few there are have been poorly hung in galleries of which one side only has sufficient light.

WE understand that no publication representing artistic interests has been invited to send to inspect this gathering, and certainly this was a wise discretion, for no one with pretensions to appreciate the work of the past sixty years could consider the result as satisfactory. One portion of the fine art department has been well done, and that is the series of engravings of the period. This is complete and useful, and the arrangement has been well carried out; but then these engravings have been brought together, and placed, by an expert.

THE annual exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists was very quietly opened in Edinburgh in August. The collection is remarkably good, especially in portraits, and the committee need not have hesitated to invite the critics. A fine Corot and a Cecil Lawson added greatly to the merits of the show.

M R. A. G. TEMPLE is making arrangements for an Exhibition of French Art of the eighteenth and



*Silver Casket designed for the Skinners' Company. (No. 1.)  
By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.*

## GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A., ART WORKER.

"The strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone."—IBSEN'S *An Enemy of Society*.

GEORGE FRAMPTON is an all-round craftsman, and prefers to be known as an art worker, and not by the more restricted title of sculptor, though it was his originality and skill in this direction which gained him the Associateship of the Royal Academy in 1894.

Mr. Frampton is, I venture to say, one of those strong individualities in the art world of to-day whose influence is an ever-widening circle. He is the champion of individualism as opposed to precedent, and while speaking to me the first time I called upon him at his studio, he sketched out roughly on the back of a letter a couple of diagrams to enforce his meaning, which I have redrawn in order to reproduce here. Said the sculptor, in effect: "You have a frieze to decorate. One of the most familiar ways of effecting this is to start with an undulating line, and from this you add scrolls, then flowers and leaves, and get roughly something like this:—



No doubt this is a very excellent way of decorating a narrow border, and one authorised by custom, but a designer might come along and say, I prefer to take the lowly cabbage and familiar daisy, and arrange them something on this plan:—



Maybe the first arrangement is the better—though that is, of course, entirely a question of taste—but it is certainly not the only way to decorate a frieze. If I am asked to decorate it, why should not I try to give a



*Mr. Frampton at work on 'The Angel of Death.' (No. 2.)*

fresh treatment, or at any rate step outside the familiar lines."

This illustrates Mr. Frampton's attitude in all the art crafts. What you expect from every artist is that he shall give you a new point of view, bring his own perception to bear upon nature, which shall find forcible expression in his art; and the greater the power of the artist, the more stamped with his individuality (ego) will his work be. His character will show itself in his creations, and this very individuality becomes in time crystallized into what those who come after call "style." No one who has thought over this question denies the use of past examples to the present-day craftsman. If we are to add a notch in time's measuring-rod, we must be more or less familiar with what has been done; for if every man works independently, and trusts to evolving all things for himself, no advance is possible—art remains in the rudimentary state we find it in a savage's carving of a fetish to fasten to his wigwam. But precedent is a sore hindrance, and the slavish following of old forms, so much insisted upon in some art schools, becomes harmful because of its stifling the utterance and paralyzing the movements of those just beginning to find themselves. As an instance of how shackling past methods become, Mr. Frampton pointed to a monument to Mitchell, the shipbuilder, he is working

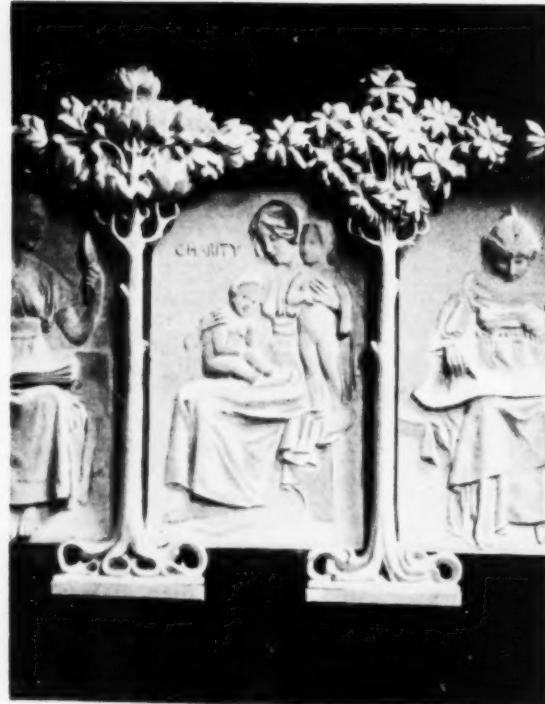


A, Crozier.

B, Carved Wood Capital. (No. 4.)  
By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.

ment, though most men would have divided up the panels below by columns, for the very insignificant reason that columns have been so employed for some centuries, and therefore instead of thinking out a new way, something of one's own, precedent is followed.

Mr. Frampton goes back to nature, and models a tree trunk (of which the column is only a highly conventionalised representation) to divide the panels, and in lieu of capitals or arches, introduces the foliage; and not only so, but gives a particular meaning to each "herb." Thus the Pear symbolizes Love and Affection; the Orange, Generosity; Magnolia, Perseverance; Walnut, Intellect; Elm, Dignity; Fig, Prolificness; Olive, Peace. Thought



Portion of Mitchell Memorial (in progress). (No. 3.)  
By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.

at. The monument, in low relief, occupies a space between two half-columns supporting a Gothic arch in one of the aisles of the church. But the sculptor has introduced none of these architectural details in his monu-



Lid, showing Enamel of Casket of the Skinners' Company. (No. 5.)  
By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.



is displayed not only in the arranging of the foliage to fit it for the space it occupies, but in the ideas the herbs selected may symbolize. There is no putting a thing in just "to fill up" in Mr. Frampton's work. As he said to me, everything should have a meaning, a purpose—should be the outcome of thought, and not custom or laziness; and "I can be just as much an artist in the way I use an ivy leaf as in the way I use the human form"; and he would repudiate such classifications as "fine" art, "decorative," and the like, for the simple reason that in art we have a republic, and all and everything finding a place in that republic are of equal importance. There is no "highest order art," for the smallest effort in art is the work of the imagination, and can alone be so judged.

But when one moves away from the anchorage of studentship to search out a position for one's self, and subject every piece of work undertaken to this egoistic ordeal, in which custom has no coign of vantage and precedent no position, you subject yourself to the gibes of the ignorant and the denunciations of the pedantic. In the capitals modelled by Mr. Frampton supporting the fireplace shown last year in the "Arts and Crafts," a most original treatment of foliage is shown, as can be seen in the illustration B in No. 4. Here again a direct

and, therefore, more particular reference to nature is made, instead of to some past convention; for I suppose the stylist will admit that the capital of a pillar was suggested by natural form, however highly conventionalised it may have grown to be, as it has been copied and re-copied through the ages, none apparently thinking it worth while to go back to first principles. The only course open to one, therefore, if we would escape the bondage of time, is to go to nature direct and see it with one's own eyes, instead of through the eyes of others.

Mr. Frampton believes before all else in developing the individuality of each student, and as he has much to do with the training of students under the London County Council, and at the Slade School, it is pleasant to record this. The idea that design can be taught is happily drifting to the limbo of fallacies. Even if it could be, there is no one way of effecting this, as at one time it was assumed there was, and our national art training schools are awakening to the fact that to teach how to work within certain conventions is not designing. What a craftsman can and may teach is hand cunning, finger dexterity, "tricks of the tools' true play." You can show a student what have been the influences at work in your own case, the line of study you have followed with advantage, but there dogmatic teaching has to halt; for what may have become a dogma with you is not binding on the consciences of other craftsmen. A teacher in Art must be a craftsman, and the more all-round worker he is the more helpful and sympathetic teacher he is likely to be, and it will also enable him to select fit and worthy craftsmen to help him.

I was glad to find that Mr. Frampton does not believe in a high degree of specialisation, the devoting of all one's energies to the production of one class of work. Though he as a student devoted much time to conquering the difficulties of figure modelling, Mr. Frampton does not believe that figure-modelling is the essence of the whole art of sculpture. "I pay as much attention to a leaf as to a figure, for one is just of as much importance as the other in the whole effect, and you can put as much



*Figure of Virgin and Child.  
Executed for Winchester. (No. 7.)  
By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.*



*Fireplace in Mr. Frampton's Drawing-room, showing Coloured Plaster Frieze in low relief. (No. 6.)*

love and thought into the way you use an ivy leaf as a figure." We find Mr. Frampton, therefore, modelling the decoration of a frieze by a clever treatment of the herb "Honesty" in low relief, designing and carrying out a silver casket for the Skinners' Company, as shown in No. 1, in the lid of which is placed one of his enamels, No. 5, working in silver, bronze, marble, and wood, and combining all three in the figure of Dame Alice Owen in this year's Academy in a most original and charming way.

A master of many methods, Mr. Frampton is truly an art worker, and he esteems it an honour to belong to the Art Workers' Guild and the Arts and Crafts Society. This pigeon-holing of people, which compels them to devote all their energies to one small section of work, is one of the outcomes of the factory system. There is no warranty for it if we look to the past, for then we had men who could paint, design, model, etch, and do anything demanded of them, and these many interests tended to keep them perennially young, for the energies and mind grow weary if they are working within too restricted a range. Is not a change of work rest? The artist who has mastered the technique of one craft can quickly become proficient in another, though he may prefer to give his first energies to the one in which he finds he can give his ego freest play. No two crafts appear, at a superficial glance, more dissimilar than painting and sculpture, and yet they are both the expression of the same set of faculties, and may be the work of the same pair of hands.

That Mr. Frampton reverences the work of others is shown in the casts of some of Donatello's work which find a place in his *atelier*, for the word studio is apt to conjure up visions of a luxurious room adorned with choice curios and covered with Eastern carpets, while the St. John's room studio is in all respects a comfortable workshop. One of these casts was brought by an actor friend from America, where he picked it up



*Sketch Model for proposed Memorial to Lord Leighton, P.R.A.  
(No. 8.) By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.*

and the wide range of his work is seen. I was specially glad for the permission to give portions of the Mitchell

Memorial, No. 3, not only because it is the work just being completed in the studio, but also because it illustrates what I have attempted to say about Mr. Frampton's methods. Mitchell was the shipbuilding partner in the firm, and the details of the monument symbolise his calling; thus every part suggests an idea, speaks to those who have ears to hear.

The sketch for a proposed Leighton Memorial, No. 8, is worth the student's attention, because we see how the artist thinks in a big way, and gets his "lumps" of dark in masses, with broad surfaces of light.

The Jewel, No. 9, depends upon its enamelling for its beauty, for Mr. Frampton has a little muffle in his studio; but it is interesting as showing that jewellery does not depend for its worth upon its cost, but upon its originality of treatment—imagination.

I am glad to be allowed to reproduce the fireplace in his house, No. 6, because it shows the treatment of a frieze in low relief. The original is tinted in colours.

FRED. MILLER.



*Enamelled Silver Jewel. (No. 9.)  
By Geo. Frampton, A.R.A.*

in a second-hand shop, thinking that his sculptor friend would appreciate it, which he does. The influence of Donatello may, I think, be distinguished in Mr. Frampton's work—that refined simplicity, almost austere beauty, which stamps the art of the great Florentine, finds its echo in the work of this London sculptor, as in the figure of the Virgin and Child executed for Winchester, No. 7. To have the capacity to be moulded by the best is a mental distinction in itself. It is only the lower order of intellects that like to think themselves original, although the man of capacity desires to become level with the knowledge of his time, and start thence on his journey to discover himself.

Mr. Frampton has shown his courtesy in allowing me to have many examples of his work photographed for reproduction in THE ART JOURNAL. I am glad of this, as the artist speaks for himself,



Printed and Etched by G. H. Marshall, A.R.A.

The Miller's Daughter.  
Engraving by George Marshall, Esq.





*Loch Maree.*  
By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.

## THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.

THE comprehensiveness and wide variety which give to Mr. McCulloch's gallery one of its most characteristic qualities, that of interesting contrast, are very

\* Continued from page 219.

well exemplified by a comparison between some of the more important pictures in his possession. There is, for instance, a very definite distinction between two such canvases as Mr. R. W. Macbeth's 'Miller's Daughter,'



*The Falls of Tummel.*  
By C. E. Johnson.

Engraved by R. Paterson.

and Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Funeral of a Viking,' of which reproductions appear in this portion. Mr. Macbeth in his picture strikes a purely pastoral note. He gives us delightfully a most persuasive expression of the charm of country life, and he touches a chord to which all natures, almost without exception, are responsive. The whole motive of the painting is to record the restfulness and repose of those rural retreats which still remain happily untouched by the restless influences of modern civilization; to show us the beauty of existence when stripped of those artificialities that destroy our capacity to find satisfaction in the simpler pleasures of our less sophisticated ancestors. The figure of the rustic maiden

There is a startling contrast between this rustic idyll with its gentle and dainty harmony, and the stirring war-song, sounding the battle cry of another life and another age, which has inspired Mr. Frank Dicksee in his 'Funeral of a Viking.' The subject which Mr. Dicksee has chosen records what was probably the most picturesque scene of all in the career of a sea wolf, the funeral ceremony by which his body was disposed of when at last age, or the weapon of an adversary, brought to a close his fierce life. As befitted a man whose home was on the sea, his burial was also in the sea. The ship which had aided him in his triumphs, and had been the scene of his greatest achievements, became appropriately



*Mangolds.*  
By David Murray, A.R.A.

which gives the title to the composition is as much in keeping with the general motive as the trees or the running stream. Her rustic charms, her glowing colour and healthy development, typify exactly the luxuriance and vigour of the landscape forms, and her innocence of affectation emphasizes the old-world charm of the surroundings among which she is placed. Indeed, the consistency of the picture is by no means its least merit; and it is fortunate that in the translation of the painting into black and white for reproduction, the artist's own hand should have been engaged, for he has been able to preserve in his etching the same decisive intention and the same unity of expression which have made memorable the statement on the canvas of the admirable inspiration which he has derived from nature herself.

his funeral pyre. In this picture the body of the old chieftain decked in all his warlike trappings, helmet on head and sword beside him, lies on the blazing pile which has been heaped upon the rowers' benches. As the flames flicker round his gleaming armour and light up his stern face, a group of his stalwart followers launch the boat upon the dark sea, while others crowding on the beach sing a farewell chant to the leader under whose banner they have fought many a good fight. The barbaric splendour of the whole ceremony makes it an admirable motive for a picture as large and important as this. It needed a large canvas, and Mr. Dicksee has given himself full scope to treat it with due effect.

The same atmosphere of repose that pervades Mr. Macbeth's picture fascinates in the canvas 'The Buckling Burn,' by Miss E. Stewart Wood, which is an attractive



THE FUNERAL OF A VIKING,  
BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.  
*In the Collection of George McCullouch, Esq.*

interpretation of a subject that is none the less worthy of record because it is a frank and simple rendering of a rural scene, the like of which could be found in almost any pastoral district of the British Isles. Great credit is due to the artist for the sensitiveness with which she has responded to the varied charm of the scene that she has chosen to represent. She has felt its calm dignity and perfect restfulness so thoroughly that she has given to her picture just the right suggestion which makes its meaning clear.

Certainly Miss Stewart Wood proves that she is able to hold her own even in the company of the many masters of landscape whose works Mr. McCulloch has gathered together; and yet the test is a severe one, for nearly every school of out-of-door painting is represented in the collection by examples of real importance. A comparison of such pictures as Mr. David Murray's 'Mangolds,' Mr. C. E. Johnson's 'Falls of Tummel,' Mr. H. W. B. Davis's 'Loch Maree,' and Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Springtime,' shows instructively how wide is the range of the painters who follow this one branch of their profession, and makes evident also the high degree of technical skill to which as a body they have attained. The contrast between these canvases, revealing as it does the greatest possible variety of view and expression, is in its way as effective as the direct opposition of manner presented by 'The Miller's Daughter' and 'The Funeral of a Viking.' None of these artists regard nature in the same way. Each one, it is clear, respects her sincerely, and yet in choice of subject and mode of treatment allows full scope to his own individuality. Mr. David Murray, in his 'Mangolds,' has painted a very familiar scene, and has rendered it with a degree of reticence and sincerity that emphasizes the home-like aspect of the landscape. His picture is really a study of atmosphere and light, a record of his observation of subtleties of

aerial perspective, expressed with infinite delicacy and stated with an accuracy that is free from any touch of pedantry. Mr. C. E. Johnson, in 'The Falls of Tummel,' has chosen a more dramatic subject, and has treated it with all the force and rugged contrast needed to make intelligible the tragic strength of the motive. In all the details of his canvas there is the suggestion of the stern and irresistible power of Nature; in the massive forms of the steep crag, in the furious rush of the brown water foaming over the dark rocks, in the grey canopy of the lowering clouds, and in the deep tones of colour throughout, we feel impressively her inexhaustible energy and unconquerable might. Mr. Murray shows her to us smiling and at ease, but Mr. Johnson paints her frown.

Two pastorals of a very different type are provided in Mr. H. W. B. Davis's 'Loch Maree,' and Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Springtime.' Mr. Davis depends for his success upon accurate realisation of a magnificent stretch of distance, and upon his rendering of the details of a delightful Scottish landscape. His real subject is the smiling valley, lighted by the gleaming waters of the loch, and surrounded by its rampart of hills. Mr. Fisher depends not at all upon topographical exactness. His intention is to personify spring without committing himself to illustration of any locality, and he seeks to explain himself by summarising the characteristics of a season rather than a place. The gradation of tints, the quality of light, the special charm of atmospheric effect, and the peculiar combination of accessories, which distinctively belong to the spring, provide the materials for his picture; and his sympathy with his subject is proved by the greatness of the success which has attended his efforts. His picture has the right character, the true spirit of the season; and in gaining this the artist has amply justified his effort.

A. L. BALDRY.



*Springtime.*  
By Mark Fisher.

*Stewart Wood*



THE BUCKLING BURN.  
BY R. STEWART WOOD.  
In the Collection of George McClellan.

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A. L. BALDRY.



*Springtime.*  
By Mark Fisher.

*Opposite page*



THE RUCKLING BURN.  
BY E. STEWART WOOD.  
*In the Collection of George McCulloch.*





Messrs. Pettit, Photographers, Keswick.

*Chapel Stile and Langdale Pikes, showing Slate Quarry.*

## THE LANGDALE LINEN INDUSTRY.



ven hundred inhabitants. Chapel Stile has a church, the only one in the "township," but until the middle of the century all burials took place in the churchyard of Grasmere, the mother parish; the cart-track over the fell being still known by the name of "The Old Corpse Road." Now there is, of course, an excellent coach road connecting Coniston and Grasmere, which has brought the various "dale" hamlets into touch with the outside world. At the same time the dwellers in the farms on the fells are almost as lonely as ever, and as much cut off from their neighbours, when the snow lies thick on the fell-side in the winter months.

These fell farmsteads, and the grey stone or white plastered cottages in the villages, are curiously typical of the characters of their owners. A farmstead usually consists of a square stone house, with no attempt at ornament,

1897.

ANGDALE "township" comprises Great and Little Langdale, the two "dales" at the foot of the "Pikes"; and Elterwater and its neighbour Chapel Stile, both little stone villages built of the "waste" of the neighbouring slate quarries, contain the larger number of the

built in the most sheltered spot on the fell, or at its foot, a small cottage generally tacked on to one end of the building, which is occupied by a married shepherd or quarryman, whose wife is thankful for a neighbour within hail. Close by stands the great grey barn, often a most picturesque building, with its stable door sheltered from the fierce winds by a steep pent roof, and its loft approached by an outside staircase and balcony. But go through the house-door, protected by a deep porch from the drifting winter snow, and no brighter or more hospitable scene can be found in all England. The door opens directly upon the kitchen, or "houseplace," in which all the family life centres, and one's eye is at once attracted by the beautiful old furniture; the tall clock often bearing its owner's name on its cheerful brazen face, and the fine copper or brass warming-pan, candlesticks, and pots, on which the light from the great open fireplace glows warmly. Over that same fire hangs kettle or pot from the steel or iron crank, once common throughout England, but now an object for curiosity shops and museums. The smallest, poorest cottage and the most thriving farmhouse are alike in one respect—all that woman's arm and woman's skill can contrive to produce the most exquisite cleanliness has been lavished on both. The old oak shines, every polished metal surface is as a mirror, and on the flagged slate floors the most fastidious could find no stain. And yet with it all, hardly a rug, cushion, or curtain! Never were people sterner to themselves or more hospitable to a friend, to whom their door stands ever ajar. It is in such homes as these that the spinning-wheel was once the



Photographed by A. Dryden.

*Table-Cloth Border. "Cutwork."*

most noticeable object, and into which, twelve years ago, through the energy and wisdom of Mr. Albert Fleming and the ladies who rallied round him, it was reintroduced



Paved Lane, Haweshead.

*Frith, Photographer, Reigate.*

with the hearty co-operation of the women themselves. After careful consideration, flax-spinning, and not wool, was started, there being more demand for the former, which also presented less difficulties both to spinner and weaver. So far, all the flax used has been imported from Ireland, its cultivation in the district, though possible, seeming unnecessary in these days of easy transport. An old woman who had spun in her youth was discovered, and, though much crippled by rheumatism, she became the instructress of Mr. Fleming and his helpers in the forgotten art.

Over the many initial difficulties we may be content to draw a kindly veil. Every spinner will remember the rope-like texture of their first thread, fitter for the netting of the coarsest herring nets than for weaving into sheets. That day passes, as does the day of despair over the first uneven web produced by the slow and toilsome efforts of the unpractised weaver. Such horrible, coarse, dirty, brown rag, in spite of the patient, painstaking labour expended in its production! Yet what man has done, man—or, as in this case, woman—can do, and, at the end of the twelve years which have passed since that first web was woven, we may truthfully say, has done. To-day the industry, begun in so small a way, is producing beautiful webs of linen of many textures, from the coarse, biscuit-coloured canvas dear to the heart of the embroiderer, to the fine, soft linen fit for sheets, and the silk and linen so pleasant and durable to wear, and, during the past year, even some very successful silk.

The whole industry—so wisely placed under the patronage of St. Martin, and surely very dear to that gracious old bishop, whose chief characteristic was

"meek charity to all creatures"—has its headquarters in Elterwater village; the white cottage, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century, and known as "St. Martin's," being a conspicuous feature to all travellers between Coniston and Ambleside. In front sparkle the waters of Elterwater Tarn, and behind is a small wood, sheltering it from the worst of the winter's storm; while close by is a merry brown beck, whose pleasant murmur makes music for the busy workers at the cottage.

The management of the spinning is in the hands of Mrs. Pepper, the wife of a slater, herself one of the first pupils, and now the best spinner and weaver in the whole district. She and her mother (one of those to whom the industry has been a real blessing, enabling her to keep her tiny home together without becoming a burden to any one) are at St. Martin's all day, weaving, bleaching, attending to the correspondence, and sale of the embroideries and linen always on view there; or giving lessons in spinning, weaving, and embroidery to all comers. From headquarters all the flax and silk is given out to the spinners, who come twice a month to return their bobbins of thread, take back more flax, and receive their wages. The work is all paid for by the piece, and its price varies with the quality. Some good spinners earn as much as 6s. a week for the finest silk and linen thread, but the average is usually not more than 4s. The wheels are the property of the industry, being lent to the women so long as they continue to spin for St. Martin's. And once a year, in the summer, all the spinners meet at the cottage for the annual "Spinners' Tea," at which every woman is interviewed separately by the lady who superintends the entire industry, and asked whether she has any complaints to make, is tired of the work, or would like to give up her wheel.

So far, no one has ever returned a wheel or given up



Cloth of Fine Linen spun and woven at St. Martin's,  
with Border of Greek Lace.

*Photographed by A. Dryden.*

the spinning, and the story is still told of the rejoinder made in early days to a threat that the wheel of an unsatisfactory spinner should be confiscated: "T'day tha' cums t'door will be locked!" some even going so far as to declare that they would sooner part with their

lives than their wheels. Certainly, no one who had ever talked to a lonely woman about her spinning, and watched her face glow with all an artist's pride as she showed the bobbins full of fine silk or flaxen thread, and told of the struggles she had had to get it even and fine, could doubt for a moment that it was an industry worth encouraging, if only for the joy and interest it had put into lives so destitute of all that goes towards making life enjoyable. The married women are equally enthusiastic; and, perhaps better proof still, the husbands are more so, for the wheel has brought increased comfort and orderliness into many a home, whose mistress is now to be found busily engaged by her own fireside, instead of gossiping beside a neighbour's.

The weaving is not the work of the spinners themselves, though all woven upon hand-looms. The silk and mixed silk and flax for dress materials are woven at St. Martin's by Mrs. Pepper, and also by Bell, of Ambleside; but the sheeting and canvas for embroidery are sent to a Scottish weaver. There is a fair demand for each material, specially for the silk and silk and flax, both of which are very beautiful in texture, not too costly, and delightful to wear. Various experiments are always being made at St. Martin's by way of improving the work; two of the latest being pattern-weaving and vegetable-dyeing, in the former of which Mrs. Pepper has already made great progress.

As lately as seventy years ago most women span wool in Borrowdale, both for knitting and weaving; the Silas Marner of the district, who lived near Keswick, coming at regular intervals to collect the yarn from the cottagers, and returning it later in the shape of blankets or cloth, according to order. This was generally dyed by the women themselves, black with log-wood, brown with a lichen (*Parmelia Sinuosa, Ach.*) which they gathered among the rocks, or green with heather from the fell. Mittens, and even a dress, still exist as much treasured possessions in a Langdale cottage, spun, dyed, and made by the mother of their

owner, herself now a grandmother. And it is these same plants, among others, which are being used again at St. Martin's with such excellent results.

Silkworms have also been successfully reared at Grasmere, which have yielded silk both good in quality and colour, some of which has already been woven up, and sold in London. The silk-spinning itself has become a great feature of the industry, rather more than a fourth of the whole amount paid to the women being earned by the silk-spinners.

For the consideration of the second and equally valuable department of St. Martin's industry we must leave Langdale, and direct our thoughts to those many women scattered up and down the kingdom, whose sole means of earning a livelihood consists in their ability to turn to account the work of their skilful fingers. St. Martin would have been the first to devise some means of aiding such as these in their desire to support themselves, and his spirit of wise, far-seeing kindness has, without doubt, descended upon those who work in his name at Elterwater. Linen made there is given out to a

band of workers, whose number is always increasing, who are chosen with the greatest care by one whose own

exquisite taste is only equalled by her skill in producing embroidery which, for beauty of design and finished workmanship, ranks with the finest needlework of any age or nation. Under her supervision, these workers decorate this homespun linen with embroidery worked from the patterns of some of the best designers of the day. Quilts, cushions, cloths, and—exceeding them all, perhaps, in beauty and usefulness—wall-hangings, wrought simply or elaborately, but always with most finished art, are to be found in the Elterwater showroom, and at times at the various Art

Exhibitions throughout the kingdom, where they gain prize after prize whenever entered for competition.

But of all the various methods of ornamentation attempted, none is of greater beauty or interest than the *punto-a-reticella* or Greek lace, of which St. Martin's has



*Mrs. Pepper, Manageress of St. Martin's,  
Spinning Flax.*



*Langdale Embroideries and Greek Lace.  
Photographed by John Collier, Birmingham.*

made a speciality. Indeed, some of its workers excel all other English lace-makers in its production; their work being as worthy of immortalisation in song as that famous collar of raised point in whose honour the Florentine, Firenzuola, wrote an ode in the sixteenth century. This lace is worked entirely with the needle in either silk or linen thread, and being very durable, is one of the best decorations for linen ever devised. It was

comfort in cottage homes speaks for itself; but perhaps it may be necessary even now, though so much has been already written as to the need of improvement in our Art industries, to state the value of such work as an educational factor.

When cottage mothers are engaged in the production of really beautiful fabrics, the whole family must benefit thereby, learning unconsciously to appreciate beautiful things, and also receiving a much-needed training in conscientious work, no mean advantage in these days of scamping. Beauty has always a refining influence, and the power of producing it markedly increases the self-respect of the worker. For this reason alone lovers of their country should require no urging to support such industries as that of Langdale, particularly when, as in this case, the work produced is no mere experiment, but has an intrinsic value of its own to all who can appreciate beauty of texture, colour, and fine needlework. It is, therefore, not merely a duty owners of wealth owe to their fellow-countrymen, but a means of adding to the beauty and interest of their own surroundings, by adorning them with such fabrics.

That this Spinning Industry has a certain stubborn power of resistance, which will enable it to hold its own in spite of all obstacles, is proved by the fact that it has already become the parent of other similar industries, every one of which owed its original inspiration to the success of the experiment at St. Martin's. In the district itself, both Keswick and Windermere now employ many spinners; and Winterslow, near Salisbury, now busily engaged in producing homespun woollens, owes all its present earnings to Mrs. Poore's satisfaction with the results achieved in Langdale. A spinner from Winterslow taught the Sandringham women at the special request of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; and Mrs. Brownson, of Compton Greenfield, who had learnt to spin at Windermere, has already gladdened the hearts and increased the earnings of a large number of Gloucestershire wives by the introduction of wheels and needle-lacemaking into their cottages.

In fact, the story told is ever the same. Wherever hand-spinning and weaving have been reinstated and wisely managed, increased comfort and brightened lives have followed in their train; giving very tangible proof of the value of such home industries to the whole of agricultural Britain, both as a means of additional wage-earning, and as supplying the much-needed interest without which the tedium of village life will always be increasingly felt by successive generations.

BARBARA RUSSELL.



*Square of Punto-a-reticella or Greek Lace.*

much used throughout Europe for church linen and vestments, some of the old Italian pieces still extant being most elaborately wrought in heraldic devices or figures of men and animals. One of the most successful pieces lately sold at St. Martin's was a cloth with a border of peacocks in various attitudes. Needlepoint edgings, sold by the yard, are another development of this same work, and can be had in many patterns.

*Punto-a-maglia*, or *Lacis*, darned work on a netted ground, is also to be found in the presses; besides "Cut Work," and, in embroidery proper, designs wrought in every stitch known to the embroiderer, from solidly-worked silken figures to the delicate Louis XV. powderings of tiny bouquets or garlands.

It is hardly necessary to point out the great value of such an industry in any neighbourhood, as the increased

## THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT LONGFORD CASTLE.\*

### V.—THE DUTCH PICTURES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

COMING to the Dutch section of seventeenth-century Netherlandish Art—so much more easily distinguishable from the Flemish section than it was in the fifteenth or even in the sixteenth century—there are to be noticed a group of interesting pieces by and attributed to the prolific Michiel Jansz Mirevelt, of Delft. These include portraits designated as 'Maurice, Prince of Orange,' 'Henry Frederick, Prince of Orange' (?), 'William II., Prince of Orange' (?), and 'Philip, Land-

\* Continued from page 302.

grave of Hess,' to which must be added a 'Philip, Prince of Orange,' assigned to Ravensteyn. I must confess that I have not devoted to this curious series such sustained attention as would enable me to give in respect of the pictures which make it up any particulars of value.

By that undemonstrative, yet, in his way, consummate artist, Cornelius Janson van Ceulen, there are, among other things, two excellent portraits, those of a gentleman and lady, which are catalogued as 'Sir William Kingsmill, Knight, of Sidmanton, Hants, 1627,' and

'Anne, Lady Kingsmill, 1632' (wife of the above). The half-length of the lady, who wears black satin and has splendid pearls, is of its kind remarkably fine. There is also by him the small bust-portrait of a gentleman in the costume of Charles I.'s time, which is notable for the delicacy and finish of the modelling as well as for the unusual preservation of the flesh-tints. One might almost infer from this little piece that the characteristic pallor of the flesh in Cornelius Janssen is due not so much to *parti pris* as to the disappearance, under the effacing finger of time, of delicate glazes.

The 'PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN' and 'PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN,'\* by Franz Hals, both of them small ovals, and both of them bearing the date 1628, are, notwithstanding their diminutive proportions, to be reckoned among the most exquisite examples of his art. But rarely has the Haarlem master shown as here his power to combine the firmest and most complete finish with unimpaired lightness of touch, breadth, and mastery. Painted in 1628—that is, between two of the artist's masterpieces in the Haarlem Gallery, the 'Banquet of the Officers of the Adriaensdoelen' (1627), and the renowned 'Meeting

\* See Dr. Wilhelm Bode's "Studien zur Geschichte der Holländischen Malerei," pages 55 and 92.

1897.

of the Officers of the Adriaensdoelen' (1633)—the little pictures may be said to belong to the very best time. They had been preceded in 1624 by the joyous, the supremely brilliant 'Young Cavalier' of the Wallace Collection at Hertford House.

Among modern artists, Meissonier has, in the painting of heads on a small scale, most nearly approached the concentration, combined with absolute freedom of the touch, that is here shown. And he never could, with such seeming simplicity as this, surprise the secrets of the human individuality. Nor could he reproduce the human organism with such truth and vigour of accent, or infuse such vitality into the pure portrait as distinguished from the character-study. Franz Hals always knew how to put the curb on his ardour in such pieces as these. He reserved all his irresistible *entrain*, his exuberance of conception and of brush-work, for canvases such as the 'Hille Bobbe, Witch of Haarlem' (in the Berlin Gallery), and 'The Buffoon' (in the collection of Baron Gustave de Rothschild),\* in which the individual was only of importance as serving to illustrate a certain extravagantly gay or fantastic mood. The old man here, though he is depicted at the age of sixty-six, has still abundant life

\* The original of the better-known example in the Amsterdam Gallery.



*Portrait of an Old Man.  
By Franz Hals.*



*Portrait of an Old Woman.  
By Franz Hals.*

and vigour, and with it a certain sensitive charm which is much less frequently to be observed in Dutch portraiture of this period. The hand and the face are in this respect well in accord. An awkwardly shaped shadow is cast by the head of the old lady upon her well-starched ruff, and in this she cannot stand comparison with her consort; but her head, in its uncompromising firmness of modelling, in its astonishing vitality, is as a piece of work perhaps even more remarkable. She is a true Dutch housewife, as morose and distrustful as she is vigilant and full of authority. Without embarking upon profitless speculation, it is allowable to hazard the guess that whatever of sympathy or imaginativeness there may have been in the old man's nature must have been opposed by an impenetrable stone wall in that of his uninviting spouse.

Among other good Dutch pictures to be found in the Longford Collection are the following:—

A large landscape by Jan Wynants, with figures by Adriaen van de Velde, bearing the date 1662, with the signature of the artist. This is a thoroughly representative example of this dry yet powerful artist, who so clearly influenced not a few of his younger contemporaries and successors among the Dutch landscape-painters.

A 'Dutch Fair,' by Philips Wouwerman—greatest of his name—is an animated composition with a number of small figures; it may be assumed that it is a fairly early work. By his brother Pieter Wouwerman is a picture styled 'Fortune-tellers,' catalogued as by Lingelbach, but from its style, and the authentic signature that it bears, now recognised as the work of the former painter. An example of Jan Davidz de Heem, especially interesting as being still in his earlier manner, is the 'Fruit with Tankard and Flowers,' signed and dated 1646.\* It is hotter and redder in tone than those later still-life paintings of this accomplished executant by which he is most generally known. There are, moreover, in the Long Parlour, two small and very characteristic examples of Cornelis van Poelenburgh—both of them 'Landscapes with Bathers.' The 'Storm at Sea,' by Aelbert Cuyp, is a powerful and unusual work which must, as I imagine, though I have not detected in its gloom the usual signature of that time, belong to a relatively early period. An inlet of the sea is shown wrapped in inky darkness, its crested waves furiously raging under the attack of the storm-

\* Dr. Bode in his "Studien zur Geschichte der Holländischen Malerei" (p. 229) gives the date as 1645.

wind. A jagged flash of fork-lightning passing right athwart the picture rends the veil of the sky and strikes the sail of a boat tossing on the troubled waters. In the background, hardly visible through the darkness, is a low line of coast, with buildings guessed at rather than actually seen. The flash of lightning is rendered in livid yellowish white with a very heavy impasto. A conception so dramatic, so sinister as this, is very rare if not unique in the life-work of Cuyp, and not easy to parallel in Dutch landscape art of the period. Of unusual brilliancy and charm is the small 'Sea Piece' of Willem van de Velde the Younger. The shipping which animates the scene is painted with that certainty and finesse, that accuracy in detail, which no other Dutch painter equalled—not even such men as Simon de Vlieger and Van de Cappelle, who in most of the qualities of the painter were so greatly superior to him. It has been suggested that we see here Van de Velde's own boat—the vessel set aside for his special use as marine painter to the English king—as it goes in and out among the warships, so as to afford to the artist opportunities for close inspection and study. There are, however, difficulties in the way of such an interpretation as this, and notably the fact that all the big craft fly gay blue, yellow, and white flags. A superb example of Caspar Netscher's portraiture is the 'Queen Mary, Consort of William III.' She wears a robe of shimmering white and gold brocade, with a loose mantle of crimson velvet and ermine, fastened with a long band of jewels. The signature is "C. Netscher, 1680," so that the portrait represents Mary some eight years before she actually came to the throne. Netscher himself died in January, 1684, at the comparatively early age of forty-five, and this picture thus belongs to his last years. Very noticeable is the fashion in which all these splendours of costume are harmonised into an ensemble the general tone of which is at once brilliant and of a rare delicacy.

Though Sir Godfrey Kneller was born at Lübeck, he may be counted a Dutch painter, seeing that he studied at Amsterdam before he settled in England in 1674. The important full-length 'Hon. Hugh Hare, eldest son of Henry, second Lord Colerane,' painted in 1685—that is, in the earlier prime of the practised artist—is altogether above the usual level of his skilled yet, in its most mature phase, characterless and perfunctory portraiture. It is a grave, appropriate, and reposeful performance, which shows at his very best the successor to Lely in the office of State Painter.

(To be continued.)

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE COLLECTION.—IV.\*

In this, the concluding article in which we have the privilege of discussing the pictures forming the Holloway Collection, we have first to notice 'The Emperor Charles V. at the Convent of Yuste,'† by Alfred Elmore, R.A., of which an excellent illustration is given here. It is a work which lends itself to descriptive, rather than critical, remarks. The subject is taken from Stirling's "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," and therein we learn that this monarch, wearied with the anxieties of government, and weakened by an incurable malady, retired to the seclusion of the

\* Concluded from page 310.

† Canvas, 48 by 66. £1,417 10s. Collections of W. Lee, Esq., S. Mendell, Esq., and Baron Albert Grant.

Monastery of Yuste. There he tried to find relief in the contemplation of his dearly loved pictures. The situation of this religious house is described as being one of "the sweetest spots in the sweet valley," the Vera of Placencia. "Within a few days of the day of his death, the sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for the portrait of the Empress, and hung for some time lost in thought over the gentle face which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of our Lord praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last on the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as

if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame.... From this pleasant spot filled with the fragrance of the garden, and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with the glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more."

Painted in 1856, during Elmore's best period, this is

particularly noticeable for the force of effect in the rendering of the Emperor in his suit of black, seated in a black chair.

It does not require a knowledge of History, Literature, or Art, to be able to appreciate and understand either of the pictures by Tito Conti, here reproduced. The story or incident portrayed and the talent of the painter are equally obvious. They appeal to the widest circle of admirers — those who, when the eye is pleased, ask no questions. Looking at 'Good-Bye' one's admiration is all for the

\* Canvas, 25 by 18. £201.  
Collection of T. F. Walker, Esq.'



*Van Tromp's Shallop entering the Scheldt.*  
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.



*The Emperor Charles V, at the Convent of Yuste.*  
By Alfred Elmore, R.A.

painter's technical dexterity, the textures of the satin dress, the carpet, and the stone balustrading, or the elaborate rendering of the lace collar and swordhilt. As for the lady's tears, they will soon be dry; as for the gallant cavalier, there is never a speck of rust or blood on his long sword. Any exertion which would ruffle his locks, or uncurl his moustachios, would be quite out of place. We can easily imagine the figure in 'Approved' \* to be the same cavalier grown older. Here he is in the next stage of the "Seven Ages"—"In fair round body, with good capon lined." The lady has long ago thrown him over for a better man, but his sword is not stained with his rival's blood. He has found consolation elsewhere. The red wine is mistress of his affections, and his love, or rather liking, is more sincere in this stage than the last. The pictures are both of the world, worldly, yet they serve their purpose, they are pleasant to look upon.

There is also a source of satisfaction, to one possessing a picture of this highly finished class, in the knowledge that there is little doubt as to its genuineness.

Turning to 'A State Secret,' † by J. Pettie, R.A., a deeper chord is here touched. The greater one's knowledge of the past, and the stronger one's love of it, the greater will be the pleasure in looking at this dramatic conception. After what devious course of intrigue, varied by violence, has His Eminence secured possession of the document he is burning with so much thoughtful satisfaction? The fact that no particular incident is fixed up-

\* Panel, 15 by 11, £162 15s. Collection of T. F. Walker, Esq.

† Canvas, 48 by 64, £1,050. Collection of the late E. Hermon, Esq., M.P.



*Landscape with Cows and Sheep.  
By T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.*

the artist's best productions.

Of three pictures by Morland, 'The Cottage Door' is the most pleasing. It is a companion to 'The Press-gang' ‡ and illustrates the first act of a story in which 'The Pressgang' shows the sequel. The cottager is induced by the man with the beer jug to take a row in the boat. In the course of their journey the friend (?) takes them into the creek wherein lurk the other members of his fraternity. To compare the lives of the two great animal painters, Morland and Landseer, is to see genius spoiled, in the first instance by social failure, and in the second by social success.

The illustration on the previous page, from one of Turner's seascapes, represents 'Van Tromp's Shallop entering the Scheldt.' † This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832—the year of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' and 'Helvoetsluys.' The latter work fetched, at the Price sale in 1895, £6,720. The Holloway picture is an admirable example, worthy of being classed among Turner's best work. It



*Approved.  
By Tito Conti.*

\* Canvas, 12 by 18, £190  
10s. Collection of George Hervey, Esq.

† Canvas, 21 by 18, £190  
10s. Collection of George Hervey, Esq.

‡ Canvas, 30 by 48, £3,675.  
Collection of the late Henry Woods, Esq.

possesses just enough of the distinctive individuality that makes his style unapproachable. We do not see here an effort to paint the unpaintable, nor have we one of those crude exhibitions of his declining powers. Mystery there is, but it is no more than is necessary to make the work a "Turner," and it is Turner that we admire. Mr. Ruskin has demonstrated that "Turner perceived the whole sum of visible truth open to human intelligence," and he painted it according to the prompting of his own individuality. "If Turner were all true, he would be Nature and not Turner," and we should then lose the Art, the personality which appeals from one mind to another.

To realise more fully this force of individuality, it is interesting to contrast with the 'Van Tromp' the picture by Constable, hanging next to it. This is his favourite 'View on the Stour, near Dedham,'\* in Suffolk.

It is the first of two canvases Constable painted, of the same subject, in 1822, and is in my opinion decidedly the preferable.

In handling it is startlingly vigorous; it has all the appear-



*Dover Pilot and Fishing Boats.*  
By T. A. Weber.

points. Turner, from the end of his first period, 1820,

ance of having been painted entirely out of doors, and is certainly all the better for being one of his less "worked up" subjects. There is no wonder that the broad fearlessness, combined with truth, with which Constable laid on the colour caught the admiration of his French contemporaries.

Constable and Turner viewed nature from very different stand-

points. Turner, from the end of his first period, 1820, worked almost wholly upon his imaginative power. Even with nature before him the action of this faculty was so incessant that the scenes he drew were not faithful transcripts. The exquisite refinement of his imagination gave to his drawings an Art quality more than replacing any loss of fidelity.

Constable on the contrary never attempted to diverge from the faithful imitation of nature. He painted the fields, lanes and rivers, because he loved them, and he loved them for their own sakes. Turner, proud worshipper of the sublime in nature, was held by the poetical sense of space, infinity, atmosphere, and light.

To redeem the promise I made in the second article on this collection, I will now refer to



"Good-bye."  
By Tito Conti.

\* Canvas, 51 by 73.  
£1,249 10s. Collection of J. M. Dunlop, Esq.

Clarkson Stanfield's large pictures. 'The Battle of Roveredo' \* was fought between the French and Austrians in September, 1796. The great French general, Masséna, gained this victory over Davidovich in the Tyrol, and the picture represents the scene looking up the Val Lagarina, with the Alps, snow-covered, as a background. The French infantry are here shown fording the river Adige, and the retreating Austrians are evacuating the fortress on the hill to the right. The great size of this canvas, and the proportionately small

cants for Admission to a Casual Ward,' † to rouse a world of memories and associations. It recalls the enthusiasm with which the public received it in the Academy of 1874, when 'The Casuals' was on everyone's lips. But to those who know more about the evolution of the picture, and the life of the young painter who produced it, it also recalls the period of Mr. Fildes' earlier days. He was then earning a few pounds by designing patterns for oil-cloth and wall-papers, and he felt that the narrow routine of life at

Warrington cramped the broader instincts of his nature. He came to London and settled to work at South Kensington, and later on in the Royal Academy Schools. Then, in 1869, Luke Fildes was asked to make a drawing for the forthcoming *Graphic*. "Anything you like so long as it is effective and well drawn," was the form of the request. The sketch of 'The Casuals' was the one made for this purpose, and it appeared in the first number of *The Graphic*. It was about this time, too, that Millais introduced Fildes to Charles Dickens, with the result that he was chosen to illustrate "Edwin Drood." That the artist of 'The Casuals' proved quite equal to this task, all readers of the great novelist's last book well know, and it serves to exhibit the complete harmony that existed between the minds of the two men. In further proof of this, the following extract from Dickens' letter, given in Forster's "Life of Dickens," bears eloquent testimony: "Dumb, wet, silent horrors, sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to beat the pains of solving them until the 'General Overthrow.'"

These words were not known to Mr. Luke Fildes until 1874, when his large picture was almost ready for exhibition, and then, having Mr. Forster's permission to quote them, they were appended to the title.

The incident described by Dickens in that letter occurred one wet November night in 1855, outside the door of the Whitechapel Workhouse. Among others there were seven girls—"what seemed to be seven heaps of rags."

'The Casuals'—which was illustrated in THE ART ANNUAL, 1895, on Mr. Fildes—is one of those few works which appeal to the mind, impressing the observer with the painter's own perception, sentiment, and poetical feeling. It records, not those things which affect the sight only, but the impression of thought which touches the heart. An artist who can thus achieve success has attained the highest ambition of a painter. He has transmitted his ideas, through his canvas, into the breasts of those who behold it, and he has excited in them the same emotions with which he himself was inspired.

Mr. Fildes saw his Casuals one snowy winter's night "somewhere near the Portland Road," and the scene lived in his mind. The sentiment of this picture of poverty had so impressed the young painter, that it enveloped him until he elaborated his first sketch into the picture which proved to be not only a picture of its year, but is, and will remain, a picture of the century.

This is Art which cannot be taught. The capacity to produce a 'Casuals' could not be acquired in a hundred generations, and no amount of "taking infinite pains" will give the aspiring artist, talented though he may be,

\* Canvas, 72 by 108. £3,405. Collection of E. J. Coleman, Esq.

† Canvas, 81 by 60. £2,677 10s. Collection of E. J. Coleman, Esq.



*The Opium Stall.*  
By W. J. Müller.

figures, prohibits a satisfactory rendering of an illustration, as also does 'The Pic du Midi d'Ossau, in the Pyrenees.' † This is a large upright picture showing the lofty mountain-top covered with snow. The dark masses of rock in the foreground afford shelter to some brigands. It is not with entire satisfaction that these works, important as they are, may be viewed by the critical observer. Stanfield's early practice as a scene painter makes itself felt in these compositions, resulting in a certain hardness of outline and a slight staginess of design.

To mention the picture by Luke Fildes, R.A., 'Appli-

\* Canvas, 54 by 96. £2,100. Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.

*Applicants for Admission to a Canal Ward.* By Luke Fildes, R.A.  
By permission of the Governors and Trustees of the Royal Holloway College.



one iota more power to see and remember as Fildes saw and remembered, any more than he could become a Turner or a Shakespeare. It is inborn genius—the inspiration which immediately proclaims its own individuality—poetry of the highest order. The spectator may turn from the canvas with a feeling of horror, and with a shudder he may remark that such a scene is too dreadful to be recorded. This is, however, an unwitting compliment paid to a memorable picture, and, like the hissing that greets the villain of the play as he bows his acknowledgments at the fall of the curtain, the reproach becomes a mark of successful treatment.

For the delineation of character alone, 'The Casuals' is a remarkable study. On the observer's right is a bull-necked member of the burgling fraternity, who, with a crippled "pal," is endeavouring to inveigle a half-starved, lanky youth into a game of pitch-and-toss. Next to these are a British workman, his wife, and their three children. Theirs is a hard lot. They have known poverty before, but it had never come to this, and as the poor wife thinks of the disgrace, her sorrows seem overwhelming and she hides her face in an outburst of weeping. Except for the children she would not even now go to the parish for relief, but the little ones must have food and shelter, and her hand tightens its hold of the little fingers within its grasp.

In the middle of the row is a pot-house loafer, a hardened, though happy-go-lucky, sot. In his best days he was a kind of Mr. Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up, with the result that this kind of life has now become a regular thing with him. Further on are two men, one on the ground, for whom fortune has never smiled. They always have lived this life, and it is only on such a cold and wet night as this that they feel more acutely the misery of their existence.

Away from the others, hastily coming along the road, clasping her babe tightly to her breast, is a woman. At her side her little girl of four or five years drags her heavy footsteps through the slush. The woman, a widow, is just beginning to feel the acuteness of extreme poverty. Unlike the labourer's wife she has not known before what it is to be poor, and since her husband's death her little means have dwindled down to vanishing point. There is now not even the price of a piece of bread and some milk for the baby. The shivering man, to whom the policeman is giving unheeded directions, is another masterly conception of a type of character. He has come down in the world. Probably in former

years he held a position of responsibility as clerk or commercial traveller. Indiscretion or misappropriation, that one mistake of his life, has brought him to this, and now, without a character, with no means of obtaining employment, and with an early death from starvation or consumption staring him in the face, his mind vaguely reverts to a happy past and a hopeless future.

But this is not all. Is there not a satire, in harmony with the subject, in the bills plastered on the wall behind? The military placard, for instance, "Wanted. Smart young men for the Royal Artillery." The contrast between "Lost. A Pug Dog. £2 Reward," and "Child Desertion. £2 Reward," Again, "Murder. £50 Reward," and "£100 Reward. Absconded." Indeed, such notices as these form a fitting background to the types of unhappy humanity represented.

My paper is drawing so near its end that I must be content to mention the titles only of 'Going to Market—Early Morning,' by Gainsborough; 'Travellers in a Storm—Approach to Winchester,' by Copley Fielding; 'Sympathy,' by Briton Riviere, R.A.; 'The Banker's Private Room—Negotiating a Loan,' by J. C. Horsley, R.A.; all of which are fine examples of the artist's powers. The 'Dover Pilot and Fishing Boats,' by Thomas Weber; and 'Cows and Sheep,' by T. S. Cooper, R.A., are well illustrated on pages 337, 336 respectively.

It is certainly not because it is undeserving that 'The Opium Stall,' by Müller, is the last work to which I refer. It is reproduced on page 338 and shows a Rembrandt-like power of chiaroscuro. Limitations of space prohibit, too, more than a passing mention of the fine recumbent statue of 'Erinna,' by H. S. Leifchild; the group of 'The Founder and His Wife' in the Founder's Quadrangle, and the statue of 'Her Majesty the Queen,' in the Queen's Quadrangle, both by the late Count Gleichen (Prince Victor of Hohenlohe).

Like Mr. Tate, whose munificent gift is daily seen by thousands of visitors, Mr. Holloway brought together a gallery of pictures which should prove to be only the nucleus of a much more important collection in the future. At Millbank, the Chantrey Collection, the Watts pictures, and those from Trafalgar Square, add to the attractions of the Tate Collection. I hope, however, that the increasing reputation of the Royal Holloway College, as a centre for the Higher Education of Women, will extend the public knowledge and appreciation of its picture gallery.

C. W. CAREY.

## STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY, AND AMERICA.

IT is well known that for years past choice examples of stile ware, as well as high-class other kinds of articles of British handicraft, have found ready sale in America; but we were scarcely prepared to learn, during a recent visit to the potteries, that the chief firms were paying altogether special attention to American orders; and that a few other firms, who make general goods of superior finish, but do not aim at the very highest class of work, were devoting themselves almost entirely to trade with that continent. Some of the old-established London dealers in china and glass, such as Phillips, Goode, Mortlock, Daniell, who mainly supply the nobility and gentry, have their own pick of artistic pottery from Staffordshire—and from Worcester, Derby,

Coalport, and elsewhere, but the fact remains that America is at the present hour the purchaser of the most costly work, and, to a very large extent, of the better-class general pottery of English make. Noted manufacturers like Minton, Copeland, Wedgwood; Brown, Westhead, Moore & Co.; Doulton & Co. (Burslem), Brownfield, Moore Bros., apart from their specially decorative pieces, are now busy catering for American requirements, which differ somewhat from English in a few particulars. For instance, their dinner-services seldom include tureens and vegetable dishes of the same material, it being a recognised rule for these to be in silver, which costs little more, and, indeed, sometimes less than richly decorated porcellaneous articles of the

kind favoured in the mother country—sometimes even when mischance has dealt hardly with their handles and knobs. The tea-sets, as in general use, also differ. Cups are always squat-shaped, wide open, showing their patterns inside, with just a little decoration midway on the outside to take off the plainness when seen as held up in the hand. The saucers to match are not more carefully finished than the insides of the cups. Some of the patterns are "jewelled" and otherwise ornamented in colours. The prevailing style is that of the "First Empire," a not unpleasing version of Renaissance. At Minton's we noted some beautiful work in this style. The principal firms keep very close to one another in the high quality and choice variety of their tea sets; and also in their "early morning" or breakfast-in-bed sets; these, of course, not peculiar only to America. To look at some of them—cup, saucer, sugar-bowl, cream-jug, compact on a little tray, with room for toast—is, at any time in the day, almost enough refreshment for one by itself. And as much might be said for the dainty little broth-sets, of which things there are several kinds. But in dessert, fish, and game plates, there is interesting and pleasing diversity of shape and colour-effect, and not only at Minton's but at Cauldon Place (Brown, Westhead, Moore & Co.). Many of these plates are painted with figure subjects by Boullemier, who, at one time solely employed at Minton's, now paints at home, and apportions his excellent productions chiefly between that firm and Cauldon Place. Fish and game, as well as dessert, plates sell well in America. Most of them are painted after nature: fishes, and marine views, and plants for the fish-plates; bird, flowers, insects, and landscape for the game-plates; fruits, flowers, and, now and again, Cupids and other figures for the dessert plates. In prevailing

colour-tone as in design, each of a dozen differs from the rest in all but edge, which is generally of raised irregular scroll-work, gilt. Many of the table services are in blue and gold, or grey and gold; but the leading colour of these for the American market is green, of several shades, nearly always heightened with gold. In the latter kinds Copeland's, and Doulton's, and George Jones, are also very strong.

As we have said above, the more artistic and costly products of Staffordshire faïence-ware also find ready sale in America. They chiefly consist of vases, some of which are valued at hundreds of pounds. A pair of these, referred to in THE ART JOURNAL for February, 1895, were sold for £1,600; they were in *pâte-sur-pâte*, and from the hands of Solon, the principal artist at Minton's works. High-class works of art in shapes of vases are seldom now made for other than simply decorative purposes. They have no names indicative of particular uses such as those of Greece and Rome had. The Amphoræ, used for wine or oil apart from their numerous other articles of the kind which we class as vases—were often exquisite as works of Art. Not only the extent of an empire may be traced by its pottery remains, but the degree and kind of its civilisation; for that reason the aim of the potter should be, even in the highest achievements of his art, able to render so much as he can of life as he sees it and is impressed with it; for by so doing faithfully and well, he not only offers future ages opportunity of judging his work intelligently, but he presents to them the most veracious testament of its hopes and spiritual and general tendencies. And such can best be told by not only the beauty of his work but the uses to which, it may be reasoned, it was put.

J. M. O'FALLON.

## ROOKWOOD POTTERY.

**I**N a vast new country, full of new and unsolved problems of every sort—social, financial, political—peopled by a young, strong, energetic, inventive, self-confident race, to whom all things seem possible, we naturally ask, "And how about Art? Is America merely to copy Europe? Or are we to get some new development off this virgin soil?" This was one of the most interesting questions I asked myself last winter, after an absence of twenty years from the United States. And at Cincinnati my question received a very surprising and encouraging answer.

I like to imagine—it may be a mere imagination—that the natural features of a place have some subtle influence on its people and its products.

We are always told that Cincinnati is a hideous smoke-grimed city. And so indeed it appears to the traveller who merely rushes through on a West-bound train, or "stops over" for a night on business. But if it happens to be one's good fortune to know Cincinnati and its surroundings a little better—especially that delightful society that dwells on East Walnut Hills, in a group of beautiful country-houses, ornamented within with choice pictures and precious works of Art, while from their shady lawns and half-wild woods they overlook the noble sweeps of the Ohio River, hundreds of feet below—then Cincinnati is a very different place. It is indeed, I dare to say, in some ways the most picturesque and romantic city I know in the United States.

1897.

Down below, the seething town, wrapped and veiled in clouds of evil smoke from the soft coal of the district, lies in a sort of amphitheatre of hills, cut in half by the splendid Ohio River, that divides Ohio from Kentucky—and in the Civil War divided the Southern from the Northern States. On the Ohio side these shaly slopes rise abruptly four hundred to five hundred feet, like the debris of some titanic furnace—dull red, yellow, rust-coloured, and bare, save for hideous invitations in letters twenty feet high to go by the "Big 4 Route"—or to "Chew Battle-axe Plug." But once on their crests you are in another world. Cincinnati works below. Cincinnati lives above, in beautiful suburbs—tree-planted avenues of pleasant houses—each with its green "yard"—its lilacs and peaches, pears and cherries, star-like white magnolias, and purple-pink "red bud" or Judas tree—a cloud of spring blossom round every house. And on the extreme edge of the great promontory known as Mount Adams, within the limits of the noble park of which Cincinnati is justly proud, and dominating the smoking city below, stands the Rookwood Pottery, which was the emphatic answer to my question, "Has America produced anything original in Art?"

The history of this Rookwood Pottery is in its own way almost as interesting as that of Bernard Palissy's ware, or that of Josiah Wedgwood of blessed memory. In these two manufactures alone do we find, I imagine, an equivalent to the rapid series of discoveries, and

the equally rapid advance in artistic merit, which is going on to-day at the Rookwood Pottery—an advance so rapid that the Rookwood of last autumn is not in the least the Rookwood of this summer. And by the time this paper is printed, new experiments will again have changed its being, and brought about fresh and more beautiful developments.

Now this can only be the result of a number of fortuitous circumstances; and these circumstances have surrounded the pottery from its earliest inception. First, genius is needed to conceive the idea; indomitable determination and enterprise to shape it; wealth to carry it out; business capacity to make it succeed.

Rookwood Pottery owes its being to the genius of a woman. Grand-daughter of Mr. Longworth, one of the Fathers of Cincinnati, who founded the great Vine Culture of the Western States, and only daughter of Joseph Longworth, who in his turn established the Art School and Art Museum, which stand near the Pottery in the beautiful Eden Park, Mrs. Longworth Storer follows the traditions of her family in devotion to the well-being and advancement of her native place.

With a profound artistic sense, and that hardihood and daring conception which belongs to the New World, Mrs. Storer determined to use her own gifts to start a beautiful industry that should be absolutely local.

She had begun in 1874 painting on china—as so many did in the Old and the New World about that time—with over-glaze colours; and fired her pieces in a small over-glaze kiln belonging to a German, who put gold lines round plates. In 1875 a friend brought her from London some little Japanese books of designs. "This," to use her own words, "was almost my first acquaintance with Japanese Art of the imaginative and suggestive kind. It prepared me for the wonderful beauty of the Japanese exhibit at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876. It was there that I first

felt a desire to have a place of my own where things could be made; and I wanted to import a complete Japanese pottery, workmen and all. My father laughed at the impracticability of this undertaking when I proposed it to him—but the idea of my making pottery interested him." The European exhibits which came nearest to her ideal were the Doulton earthenware and the Limoges "clay on clay" painting. And some of Gallé of Nancy's delightful pieces, suggested the idea of modelling and painting directly on the unfired clay.

It was not, however, until 1879 that she was able to pursue her work. And then she heard that a lady was already painting in under-glaze at Dallas' Pottery, where "Granite" ware was being largely manufactured—a cheap white ware, hard as a rock, so strong that it can be thrown on the floor without breaking. We who have breakfasted at a Western wayside station know it to our cost; for coffee from a thick granite-ware cup is enough to turn the strongest stomach. This granite or iron ware requires an intense kiln heat. This was what Mrs. Storer needed. She applied for leave to work at the Dallas Pottery, and to have pieces made in the clay and fired for her. And here she made her first experiments in clay, glaze, and colour.

But in notes which Mrs. Storer has most kindly placed at my disposal she says, "I was constantly discouraged by the fact that the hard fire of the granite-ware kilns destroyed nearly every colour I used, except cobalt blue and black. Mr. Bailey (then superintendent of the Dallas Pottery and later on one of Mrs. Storer's chief

helpers at Rookwood) added a dark green, and I found a claret brown that would stand the heat. Lastly we obtained a light blue and a light green: but we had no red and no pink or yellow, and the effects were cold and hard."

Then in the midst of discouragement, her father, with his wealth and generosity, came to the rescue. One day



*White Lilac Vase.*



*Water Lilies and Fish. Seagreen.*

in the spring of 1880 he said to her, "If you are really in earnest in wanting to have a pottery of your own, you may take an old school-house that I bought at a sheriff's sale last week, and fit it to suit yourself."

And so the Rookwood Pottery began, and the first kiln was drawn in November, 1880.

The object sought after, as Mrs. Storer says, was to make beautiful things out of the simplest materials. "These materials are earthenware clay, and the colours which can stand an under-glaze heat, *i.e.* that can be painted upon the unbaked clay of which the vase is made, and then go through the fire necessary to vitrify earthenware."

All colours on porcelain, known technically as "overglaze," as all who have studied the subject know, need a kiln which only vitrifies the colours themselves, without melting the glaze on which they are painted. The intense heat needed to vitrify porcelain clay and melt hard porcelain glaze, fires away or changes all metallic colours save cobalt blue. This is why underglaze decoration on porcelain, as in Delft, Meissen, Nankin, and English willow pattern, is dark blue.

"The Chinese discovered that some of the most beautiful metal colours require (to bring them to perfection) a temperature somewhere between the intense porcelain heat and the milder over-glaze fire; and to get these beautiful tints, they covered their porcelain clay with coloured glazes mixed so as to vitrify at a lower degree than the fierce colour-consuming temperature and at the same time much hotter than the overglaze heat."

To produce such a surface with such colours as those of the finest Chinese and Japanese pottery, was the task Mrs. Storer set herself. And Rookwood to-day shows how far she and her associates have succeeded.

What is peculiar and distinctive in Rookwood pottery

is its glazing. And the rich glow which is the mark of Rookwood is given solely by this special glazing. "This warm effect of colour through the glaze," says Mrs.

Storer, "I discovered in 1883, when attempting to give a rich tone to red clay under the glaze. Every bit of red clay made before this was a dull chocolate brown when glazed."

For several years the Pottery was simply an expensive luxury, only kept going by Mrs. Storer, who had the will and the power to devote her wealth as well as her genius to it. But after a Gold Medal in the Paris Exposition of 1889, America awoke to the extraordinary merit of this beautiful "Home Art." And soon after this Mrs. Storer made the whole thing over to her friend and helper, Mr. W. W. Taylor, its enthusiastic and enlightened president. He had been its warmest friend through its early

struggles, and has now made it a financial as well as artistic success: while Mrs. Storer is close at hand, for ever working either at the pottery, or at the kiln in her own house, towards some further development—some fresh exquisite glaze, such as the turquoise-blue vase I

saw taken from her kiln, with a surface that reminds one of nothing less precious than a bit out of Professor Morse's renowned Japanese and Chinese Pottery Collection in the Boston Art Museum; or a bit of grey crackle which had been drawn the week before; or making some experiment as risky as it is costly, with liquid gold for a glaze.

But now to the Pottery itself.

Three things have to be con-

sidered, surface, colour, decoration. The surface, the actual glaze of Rookwood, is, as I have just said, comparable only to the finest Chinese and Japanese. You find in it that indescribable softness when you lay it against your face, that delicious surface, which calls to



*Golden Rod, Trailing Arbutus, and Snowberry Orange Glaze.*



*American Maple and Spanish Chestnut.*

mind the touch of fine oriental pearls. And this is the opinion of such authorities on Pottery as Professor Morse of Boston, and Mr. Charles Dana of New York.

Then, as regards colour and decoration. The object Mr. Taylor has always in view, the object towards which he is working, is delicacy of tone and of thought, as well as richness of colour. Any fresh leaf or flower that strikes his fancy is at once carried to the artists of Rookwood. Any criticism is listened to with kindly courtesy. Every accident of colour that comes in the kiln is utilised, if it is beautiful, as a suggestion for fresh experiment or effort. There is no standing still in Rookwood, no easy content with one success to be repeated to satiety. Its watchword is progress; it is for ever pressing forward to some fresh development.

In colour the native clay inclined from the start towards yellows, browns, and reds. Other clays are now used as well, of which I will speak later. But all these colours are modified by the decoration and by the glaze. The unbaked piece is painted with coloured "slip," the technical English term for a mixture of clay and water with which the underglaze colours are mixed. It is then fired once, and reaches the condition known as "biscuit," with a dulled surface. The effects of colour at this point are often most beautiful, but have little

relation to what they will eventually be when the glaze has brought them to life. Here the artist's skill is shown, for he works as the etcher, not for what is, but for what will be if things go well. Among the other fine pieces I saw waiting for the glaze and the kiln, were a large cider jug and set of mugs, painted by the one foreign artist of Rookwood, the Japanese, K. Shirayamadani—polar bears in every sort of delightful attitude, sliding down ice-hills in toboggans and so forth. These pieces were in the most delicate tones of a dull blue-green, shading up to white. But after firing they would change, to the exquisite "Iris," the new gray blue with suggestions in undertones of pink and green, which is one of Rook-

wood's latest triumphs. The biscuit is then dipped in large tubs of what is apparently a white glaze; then each piece is set, as pots have been set for thousands of

years, on the little tripod points in the "saggers," the covered earthen pans in which they go into the kiln. And now the moment of peril comes—the moment of intense interest, too. Peril—because the heat of the kiln necessary to fuse the glaze with

the surface of the earthenware, and with the decoration in slip, may prove disastrous. The pot—that work of art painted with utmost skill and care by such artists as Valentine, Daly, Bruce, Shirayamadani, and many more—may be spoilt. The glaze may not vitrify properly, and may peel. The colour may run in such fashion as utterly to destroy the design. Or a great fire crack may ruin the whole. Interest—nay, excitement—for who knows the surprises that await the artist as a kiln is drawn; the astonishing modifications of colour that the fused glaze may produce; the suggestions of qualities absolutely unknown before, in this or that bit of clay.

For instance, I saw some small vases in the new sea-green, which is one of the newest glazes. The colour of the clay—a mixture of clay from Chattanooga, in Tennessee, with a new one from Virginia—is naturally a dull, not very dark green. On this, one of the artists had painted in slip, also in tones of green and white, what might be called an "Impressionist" landscape motif—misty, undefined trees and sky—the actual colour of the earthenware being utilised as part of the design. This gave rise to an astonishing surprise. The tin in the glaze, affecting the copper in the clay, had turned some of the clouds and bits of the distance to an exquisite shell pink—producing a wholly new unexpected and enchanting effect. The same thing had occurred in a lesser degree in a breaking wave on another tiny green jar, one of the most beautiful bits of pottery in its mystery and suggestiveness that I have ever seen. Here is a new lead which Mr. Taylor intends to follow up with care.

In the "Aventurine" and "Tiger-eye," where, gleaming through the



*Beer Jug and Mugs. Iris.*



*Seagreen Coral Vase.*



*Golden Rod. Green and Brown.*

dark glaze, striations and sparkling particles of gold flash out of mysterious depths—the piece is prepared with a view to the result: but it is the kiln and the glaze that modifies the effect and produces these strange surprises.

It is partly thanks to careful study of these "happy accidents" that Rookwood is always advancing. An experiment, such as the sea-green that I have described, is tried. At first—as with the famous "Iris"—it may be strong, almost crude in colour. One of the earliest bits of Iris, though most perfect in design, was a rather violent blue toning down to pale pink. But that was two years ago—not so very long! Standing on my table as I write, I have the latest bit of Iris; a vase on which, wet from the potter's wheel, I wrote my name last year, which has safely withstood the fire and followed me to England. Its stones vary from darkest grey to tenderest pearl, with here a suggestion of green, and there an undertone of pink. And on it Miss Reed has painted a hermit thrush upon a Cherokee-rose branch, singing alone in the moonlight; a little poem of colour, tone, and sentiment.

This "Iris" now ranges through a number of colour effects, based upon this warm grey tone. Delicate pinks, soft blues and greens, creamy whites and yellows, all play into this grey scheme. One vase I specially admired, was decorated with flights of swallows, pink below, with delicate grey-blue toned over it.

Four different glazes are in use at Rookwood. The regular ware is the orange and green glaze. This at present is the best-known type of Rookwood; and in it many of the largest and finest pieces are made. The second glaze is the "mahogany," producing the

deepest and richest reds and browns. Then the "sea-green," which is being more and more used. And lastly the justly celebrated "Iris."

Perhaps the most striking thing at Rookwood, next to the surface and colour of the pottery, is the extreme freedom of design in the decoration. There is no repetition; no two pieces are alike. Some one may like, some one may dislike. Personally, I feel very doubtful whether the figure painting, and large heads, sometimes grotesque, are suitable to such purposes, however admirable the work of Bruce, Van Briggle, and others may be. But whether it is a fat monk blowing a trumpet, or a Red Indian's head, or a night-blooming Cereus clinging to a great jar, or a rush of countless fishes through the translucent water, deep

down in the sea, by Valentine, or a flight of wild geese "honking high," one and all are full of freedom, vigour, and originality. One and all are growing year by year more instinct with delicacy of thought, tone, and colour.

With the exception of Shirayamadani, who has been at Rookwood for eight years, the artists are all American, and have all been trained in the Art Academy of Cincinnati. But the same generous spirit which has prevailed in Rookwood from its inception, has given these decorators every encouragement for wider opportunities of study. Several have been sent to Europe for a summer. And Shirayamadani was sent

back to Japan for some months, *pour se retrémper* in his native art; and took with him some magnificent specimens of Rookwood to present to his emperor.

Not only talent is needed in such work: but a very thorough training and education in drawing is necessary



Cyder Jug. Iris.



Seagull and Fish Vases. Sea-green.

before coming to the pottery. And then a fresh education has to begin; for, as Mrs. Storer truly says, "The greatest artist living would only make daubs of Rookwood decoration unless he took time and infinite patience to learn the methods. Not only each colour has to be studied, but every dilution and every mixture of colours—making an endless multiplication of effects and possibilities. Therein lies the secret of the attraction of ceramic work. It is the eternally new, the ever-changing; it is like the search for the philosopher's stone. Anyone who has tried to study it scientifically, or

even dipped into its chemical possibilities, is drawn on by its elusive fascination."

It was no easy task that Mrs. Storer set herself in 1880, when she started her "Rookwood" pottery, down by the river-side, in the little old school-house bought at the sheriff's sale. Before it could settle itself on the top of Mount Adams, in its present picturesque and ample



*Chrysanthemum Jug.*

wood decoration unless he took time and infinite patience to learn the methods. Not only each colour has to be studied, but every dilution and every mixture of colours—making an endless multiplication of effects and possibilities. Therein lies the secret of the attraction of ceramic work. It is the eternally new, the ever-changing; it is like the search for the philosopher's stone. Anyone who has tried to study it scientifically, or

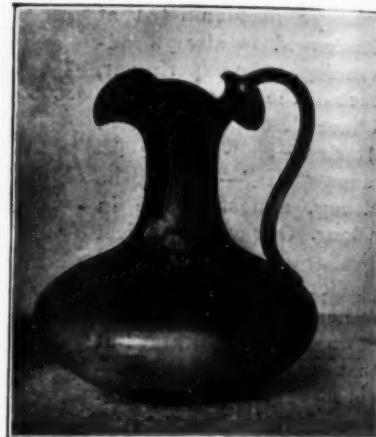
quarters, it had to pass through the fire in more ways than one. But its creators, upheld by a noble enthusiasm, as well as by sound knowledge and ability, believed with Théophile Gautier that Art is no mere pastime. The harder the battle, the more worth the winning.

"Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle  
D'une forme au travail  
Rebelle,  
Vers, marbre, onyx,  
émail.

"Point de contraintes  
fausses!  
Mais que pour marcher droit  
Tu chausse,  
Muse, un cothurne étroit."

Learning humbly and patiently from the ancients as well as the moderns, from China and Egypt of four thousand years ago, from Palissé and Wedgwood, from Gallé and Doulton, possibilities have become facts. And thus Mrs. Storer's dream has become a reality. Out of the students in the art school her father started, she has developed a band of artists and artisans whose work will hold its own with any in the Old World. Out of the clay of her native place, she has developed the most original and beautiful art industry in the United States.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.



*Primula Jug. Red.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD LITHOGRAPHER.



S there has been recently some serious revival of the beautiful Art of Lithography, a few reminiscences of one who has practised it for many years may be of interest. It is not necessary in these notes to make any lengthened reference to the early history of lithography, as that ground has been fre-

quently gone over before, therefore I shall only briefly allude to a little work published in 1816 called "The Art of taking Impressions from Drawings made on Stone." In this curious little book we get almost the first idea of the practical utility of the process.

So early as 1807 some specimens of the work were produced, and as one of its greatest advantages was that it would render a fac-simile of the artist's ideas without the intervention of the engraver, it was eagerly

seized upon and adopted by many, among others Benjamin West, H. Fuseli, and T. Barker. The productions in the little book referred to are poor enough certainly, and we cannot be surprised that the writer should say, "The Art was far from being in a state to command any great success"; and later he adds, "Since that time (1807), the Art has been wholly neglected in this country, except for the production of maps and plans." In this depressed condition it remained for a long time; but during that period continual improvements were being introduced, until about 1840, when it attained its highest point of excellence; but after that, photography began gradually to supersede it, and finally it nearly extinguished it altogether.

About the year 1840 I was a student at the Government School of Design, which had its rooms on the top floor of Somerset House, where the old Royal Academy Exhibition used to be held. This School was the precursor of the South Kensington School of Art. In that year I gained a prize for making a design for an ornamental frieze, and this was presented to me by Sir David Wilkie. In the following year that great artist went to Egypt to paint the portrait of the Pacha, and died at sea on his

way home. The picture by Turner, of the 'Funeral of Wilkie,' in the National Gallery, fixes the date at 1841. By this time lithography had made enormous progress, and was found to be capable of producing almost any kind of work, artistic and otherwise.

When David Roberts went to the Holy Land to make his celebrated drawings, he undertook a work that had never been adequately performed before, and it is interesting to read in these days, when people think no more of going to Egypt and the Holy Land than they do of going to Paris, how different it was then. The artist left London on August 31st, 1838. On arriving at Cairo he was attended by a strong guard everywhere, and was even permitted to enter some of the mosques; but on condition that the instruments he used in his painting should not be made of hog's bristles. When Roberts came back from the East with his magnificent collection of drawings, the Art had arrived at its culminating point at that time, and was practised by artists of ability, among many others Louis Haghe; and Roberts' sketches were immediately placed in his hands for reproduction on stone.

Among many other lithographers who attained eminence at this time I may here mention Baugniet, whose portraits were admirable. There is one of them which forms the frontispiece of the work on the "Holy Land." It is a portrait of Roberts himself, and is a very fine specimen of Baugniet's work. My own humble efforts at this period were chiefly directed to architecture, and having been well grounded in the drawing of that form of Art I was taught lithography, and was soon engaged in many profitable undertakings. Professor Cockerell placed several of his drawings in my hands for reproduction on stone when I was quite a young man. Among these were the plates to illustrate his work on the "Iconography of Wells Cathedral," and the "Temple of Apollo, Phigalia," which are now in the British Museum. It was Mr. Cockerell who introduced me to Roberts, and I well remember the first words that the latter addressed to me on that occasion. "Well, young man, Mr. Cockerell tells me that you can lithograph as well as sketch; now take my advice, and stick to lithography. It is a good paying thing. When I was young, I always kept two or three strings to my bow, and so kept myself independent." He was very kind to me, gave me free access to his studio, and frequently lent me some of his beautiful sketches to copy. Clarkson Stanfield I also remember very well, and I am indebted to him for many acts of kindness. He retained to the last his sailor-like appearance. He was a regular attendant at the little Catholic chapel of St. Mary, Holly Place, Hampstead, for many years.

It was through the interest of Mr. Cockerell that I obtained permission to make drawings of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1852.

Pugin, the elder, the reviver of the taste for Gothic architecture, I also remember perfectly well. His eccentricities will long remain in the memory of those who knew him.

On the breaking out of the war with Russia in 1854, I was sent out by Messrs. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi to make drawings of the operations of the fleet in the Baltic, which was under the command of Sir Charles Napier; but the expedition was a total failure, through no fault of his, but mainly because so little was known of the navigation of the Baltic, that the huge fleet had

no room to float in, and we were obliged to make use of the Swedish and Danish charts to prevent disaster, and even then the ships were continually running aground. Poor Sir Charles! His order of the day, before starting, will long be remembered. "Lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own." Very likely it might have been, but the Russians were far too wise to come within reach of the cutlasses; they very quietly withdrew their fleet within the impregnable fortress of Cronstadt, and snapped their fingers at the British admiral. Beyond the bombardment of a few insignificant places on the coast of Finland, nothing whatever could be done. The following year's expedition was no better in its results. The bombardment of Helsingfors ended in noise and uproar, and had no ultimate effect whatever on the future of the war. From this time dates the commencement of the construction of gunboats for narrow seas and shallow waters.

I should have mentioned before, that in 1851 I was engaged in making drawings in the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and in order to avoid the crowd I used to have to be there at six o'clock in the morning. For the same reason Her Majesty and Prince Albert, to avoid being mobbed, came early also. Of course, as in duty bound, I retired on the approach of Royalty, and left Her Majesty to criticise my work, which she generally honoured me by doing.

Soon after the conclusion of the war in 1856, photography began to make serious inroads upon many forms of engraving. Even by that time it had superseded the necessity of sketching and drawing architecture.

With a few more notes, these recollections may be brought to a close.

Haghe and others used to employ assistants called "tinters," whose occupation was to work in with chalk the masses of shadow ready for the artist to finish upon. This "tinting" employed a large number of young men, at very good pay. The utmost care was necessary in carrying on this operation, and the slightest flaw or spot had to be picked out with the "etching point." Chalk lithography had many difficulties to contend with, not the least of which was that of finding a good grainer to prepare the surface of the stone.

When found he was a jewel; but otherwise he was often drunk, frequently sullen and obstinate, and if you inquired when a stone would be ready, he would then gravely assure you that the work "would get on much better if a little beer were mixed with the graining sand, instead of water."

In damp and cold weather, the stone being highly absorbent, had often to be dried by being placed with its back to the fire. For the same reason it could not be breathed upon nor touched by the hands.

In conclusion I need only say that it is highly gratifying to all those interested in this beautiful art to see that the work of revival is being undertaken by competent hands. The drawings of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Pennell, and other artists, show a serious intention in that direction, with ability to carry it out.

Lithography is far too artistic a process to be allowed to sink into oblivion, and I for one rejoice to see a real prospect of its being reinstated in the position to which it is justly entitled.

EDWIN DOLBY.

## AN EXPERT'S OPPORTUNITY:—DUNKERQUE.



DUNKERQUE, in the extreme north-east of France, is only one hour's run from Calais, yet very few people think of visiting it. Some of the guide-books say it is quite uninteresting, but the recent departure of President Faure

it is evident that the directors are well-informed and energetic. Another magnificent work is a fine proof of Barge's 'Combat of a Tiger and a small Crocodile,' a kind of work one is astonished to find in a corner of France. The very latest acquisition is a superb picture by Carrier-Belleuse, 'An Actress fastening her Shoe,' a little too much in the style of Degas, but individual, of course, like all that artist's work. There is also a small Detaille, 'A Sortie in 1870,' purchased from the artist in 1872. A museum with directors knowing enough to buy Corots thirty years ago, and Detailles twenty-five years ago—Detaille is now the President of the Salon—is bound to be interesting.

Of course, among the five hundred works in the Musée there are many poor pictures, some bad ones, a few copies and other rubbish; but the collection is by no means to be despised, and any connoisseur with a little leisure might find it profitable to spend a day or two at Dunkerque to examine carefully the many old pictures. These old masters came chiefly from the Flemish abbeys and convents of the surrounding district. As an example, we may mention a fine triptych by Franz Pourbus the elder, an undoubtedly authentic picture of important dimensions, probably one of the artist's finest works, but it is not mentioned in the latest edition of Bryan's Dictionary, where lesser works are named in detail. There are a Holbein, a Gonzales Coques, a Jan Both, and others that would well repay a lengthened examination. The pictures by "auteurs inconnus" number over seventy, so there is scope for some good finds.

The information may be added that the best hotel is that of the Red Hat—Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge—where, in former days, the diligence stopped. There the penny *bougies* are not charged more than fifty centimes—at Dervaux's, in Boulogne, they are a franc—the attendance is pleasant and the cooking good. Add to these the Kursaal and sands at Rosendaël, at the end of the Dunkerque tramway, and all the elements of an enjoyable visit are at hand.

from its quays has given it a new start in the race for popularity. It is, in fact, very far from uninteresting, and although it cannot compete with Bruges, or Lille, or Amiens, it is much more worthy of a visit than Boulogne or Calais.

On a summer or autumn evening the port forms a glorious picture. A complete forest of masts rises from the docks, which, with the fine colour of the fishing vessels, is seen against the setting sun—pictures by the dozen are ready to the hands of the painter. Corot visited it in 1855, and painted several studies there, and especially of the picturesque towers of the town. One of Corot's sketches, 'Les tours de Dunkerque,' is now in the Musée, while a splendid Paysage, although only 18 inches by 23 inches, is a perfect gem. This landscape was acquired directly from Corot so long ago as 1868.

The art gallery as a whole is remarkably attractive, and

## ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.



OMING at the same time as the Triennial Musical Festival, and in anticipation of a large influx of visitors for the seventy-first Autumn Exhibition of this Society, which was opened to the public September 3rd, an exceptionally good exhibition has been obtained. The Post of Honour in the Great

Another central position is occupied by Mr. Holman Hunt's 'May Day Morning on Magdalen Tower,' which was recently seen at the Guildhall Exhibition. The fourth centre is occupied by an important work by Mr. Walter Langley, R.I., a poor cottager relieving the wants of a homeless wanderer, to which he gives as title—

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity."

This work shows Mr. Langley is now as much at home in oil as in the water-colour medium.

Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., sends 'Hampstead's Happy Heath,' and Mr. Alfred East, R.I., has a fine picture, called 'A Lonely Road.'

Mr. C. Napier Hemy, R.W.S., sends a remarkable variation from his usual subjects, namely 'A Flemish Calvary, in 1550,' which all visitors to the New Gallery this year will remember. Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., is represented by a large and very powerful work, 'The

Room is appropriately assigned to the large and well-known work of the President, Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., 'Horae Serenae.' On the opposite side of the room hangs a characteristic work by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., 'The Dream of Launcelot at the Chapel of the San Grael.'

*Close of Day.*' Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., has a striking and impressive work—'The Destroying Angel.' Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., is well represented by his 'Theodora, Empress and Comedian'; Mr. J. Sant, R.A., by 'The Song of Liberty'; Mr. Moffat Lindner, by 'The Storm Cloud.' Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I., sends a fine transcript of nature, entitled 'In the Valley of the Arun'; it is bright, fresh, and breezy. Mr. W. Logsdail is seen to advantage in one of his realistic Venetian scenes, 'The Return from the Lagunes,' and Mr. S. Melton Fisher in his 'Clerkenwell Flower-Makers.'

There are also admirable works by Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., Sir Wyke Bayliss, P.R.B.A., F. Bramley, A.R.A., J. R. Weguelin, R.W.S., Clarence Whaite, P.R.C.A., Walter Osborne, R.H.A., R.W. Allan, R.W.S., Leslie Thomson, John Parker, R.W.S., Harold Speed, Hugh de T. Glazebrook, C. W. Wyllie, Charles

Green, R.I., Walter Urwick, W. H. Bartlett, Walter Hunt, A. E. Emslie, W. H. Y. Titcomb, and many others.

The members of the Society and other local artists are also well represented. Mr. E. S. Harper shows steady and unmistakable advance in his picture of a young girl, seated at a piano, called 'A Reverie.' It is singularly rich and harmonious in colour. Mr. F. W. Davis, R.B.A., has two very masterly drawings, 'The Infirmary,' and 'The Sword and Pen.' Mr. C. T. Burt, Mr. S. H. Baker, Mr. Oliver Baker, and others, send admirable landscapes.

Sculpture is not largely represented, there being but little accommodation for it in these galleries. Among the few examples may be mentioned a reduction in bronze of the statue of the Queen, by the Princess Louise, and a very beautiful figure of Eve, by W. H. Longmaid.

## PASSING EVENTS.



ANY of the leading towns in other parts of the country seem to have been roused to a keen sense of the duty which municipalities owe to Art by the splendid example which has been set by the City of Glasgow in the matter of providing proper accommodation for its permanent and temporary art collections. At Manchester a vehement outcry is being made by certain prominent Art lovers concerning the position of affairs there with regard to the housing of the pictures that belong to the town, and the arrangement of periodical shows of works of art. It is argued that the existing municipal gallery is so inadequate

that no temporary exhibitions can now be held without absolute disorganisation of the permanent collection, and that, if no improvement can be devised, not only will the occasional loan exhibitions, which have aroused wide interest and proved to be of great educational value, have to be abandoned, but even the annual spring and autumn shows of current work will have to be given up. A new building is said to be imperatively necessary; and certainly, if the case is not overstated, the need for some more workable arrangement seems to be indisputable. For Manchester to fall behind in the struggle of the municipalities to be first in the encouragement of Art would be a disaster. It has established so honourable a position as a centre of artistic effort that it can hardly afford to ignore its traditions. It ranks with Glasgow, Liverpool, and Birmingham as possessing sincerely aesthetic inclinations, and it is bound to equal these formidable competitors in its striving to secure artistic attractions of the highest type.

1897.



RADFORD is also in the position of having a gallery which is unequal to the demands that are made upon it, and there, too, the people who are interested in Art matters are agitating for a new building.

A favourable opportunity for the erection of a great Art institution has just presented itself, and there certainly seems to be every reason for turning it to account. The Corporation actually possesses a suitable site, and the necessary outlay is not so large that it need cause a wealthy community to hesitate. A scheme has been formulated and nothing is needed but the consent of the local authorities to set the new gallery well on the way towards realisation. If what is proposed is really carried out, Bradford would find itself in possession of a building that would be in no way inferior to those existing in the other great towns.



HAT Manchester is discussing and Bradford hesitating over Reading and Bath have already arranged. At Reading a new art gallery has been added to the municipal buildings; while at Bath the first stage in the erection of a home for art has been completed, and it will

not be long before a permanent institution is included among the other attractions of the town. All this activity is welcome as proof of the manner in which recognition of the claims of art is growing. Before long we may hope to see an efficient art gallery regarded as essential in every provincial town which has any consideration for the educational needs of its citizens. To multiply art schools and classes, and to provide facilities for the training of art students in the details of art practice, cannot be said to be a wise policy unless places are also provided in which the achievements of men who have passed from the tentative stage of the pupil to the creative stage of the artist can be studied. What Glasgow has done is worthy of the imitation of every other town large or small; and, if all cannot do it on the same scale, at least they can adequately supply the local needs.



T is announced that Mr. Walter Crane has been appointed director of the Art Department of the New University Extension College, at Reading, and that he is to have there an absolutely free hand in the arrangement of the system under which the students are to be taught. It is not so long ago that he resigned a similar post at Manchester because he found his views on art education were altogether in conflict with the regulations of the Science and Art Department by which the Manchester School is governed, so that we may fairly

expect that his methods at Reading will be in opposition to South Kensington. Although, in a sense, it is a pity that an artist of such individuality should devote to teaching time that he would otherwise spend upon work of his own, there can be no doubt that the cause of art education must gain greatly from the enrolment of such a man in the professional ranks. It is in addition a matter for congratulation that a certain proportion of our schools should escape from the Government trammels, and acquire a distinctive character of their own; and there is no better way of securing this result than by choosing as teachers artists of the rank of Mr. Walter Crane.



Y the commemoration of the 1300th anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine at Ebbs Fleet the Catholic church of England and France obtained an opportunity for a great display of remarkable religious enthusiasm, while fine processional and ceremonial arrangements naturally took their place among the events of the day.

The Cardinals, seated on their thrones, surrounded by their dignified attendants while an address was being delivered, formed a picture full of fine colour, and as a ceremonial pageant it could not be surpassed. The address by the Bishop of Newport contained a striking reference to the work of the Catholics in England in earlier days. The magnificent Cathedrals, most of the beautiful parish churches, many of the rectories themselves were built and sustained by the members of the older faith. No one can gainsay the truth of the remark, or fail to understand the good sense of Dean Farrar, a few days later, in himself conducting the Cardinals round Canterbury Cathedral.



T is reported that in future Mr. Whistler's works will go to a syndicate, who are to acquire every piece that passes from his studio. A Whistlerian gallery will be opened near Duke Street, Manchester Square, and from time to time such works in oil, or water, etching or lithograph, will be found there. The wonder is that such an arrangement was not long before brought about. Mr. Whistler's works are much sought after, and the "Whistler Gallery" has a good chance of commercial, as it is certain of artistic, success.

AT the end of September a presentation portrait was made to Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., at Peebles, in recognition of his public services. The portrait was painted by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., one of the best known of the younger Scottish artists. The merits of the portrait are remarkably high, and chiefly because of the unconventionality of the composition. The colour also, as in all Mr. Lorimer's work, was strong yet restrained, and the portrait adds greatly to the fast-increasing reputation of the painter. It may be remembered that Mr. Lorimer's small full-length portrait of a Scottish Squire was purchased by the French Government from the Old Salon last year.

MRS. BOYCE, the widow of the late Mr. George P. Boyce, R.W.S., has presented to the Chelsea Public Library a water-colour drawing of 'St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, in 1867.' Mrs. Boyce selected the drawing to deposit in the Library in memory of her husband, who resided in Chelsea for twenty-eight years.

#### OBITUARY.

ON the last day of August Mr. Downard Birch died at Bettws-y-coed, at the age of seventy. He was a landscape painter, and considered by some as akin to the Barbizon School. In early days Mr. Birch was known to Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir F. Burton, but the promise of that time was scarcely fulfilled, and long absence in Italy lost him many friends in this country. Mr. Birch's works are to be shown in London early next year.—Mr. Downard Birch's son died at the same address at the end of September.

MR. R. PILSBURY, the well-known art director and artist of Messrs. Moore Brothers, Longton, died there on September 1st, at the age of sixty-seven. He was born at Burslem in 1830, and after an apprenticeship as china painter he gained many medals and a scholarship, and was chosen as master at the South Kensington School. Returning to his native place he became connected with Messrs. Minton, with whom he remained over twenty years. M. Solon has written an eloquent appreciation of Mr. Pilsbury, and in one notable passage he says: "Pilsbury may be said to have witnessed the dawn of the new era which was to change the face of English decorative art, and to have been one of those whose artistic work has materially assisted in bringing about the revolution in the public taste which took place at that period. The labour was an arduous one for anyone who endeavoured to take a leading part in the new movement. He had at first to unlearn much of what had been taught to him; in a distant district, good models as well as good advice were difficult to obtain; and besides, few and short were the spare moments that, after a long day's work at the factory, a young man of the Potteries could devote to study. But Pilsbury was too eager in his desire for improving his talent to be daunted by the difficulties with which the path was beset. So, while the hackneyed flower patterns of the old china were still in honour in all the painting shops, he turned to nature, the only guide which never misleads, and by his untiring work in the greenhouses, his conscientious reproductions of the best models he found there, he gained the experience and the skill he wanted, to emerge from the swamp of the old routine, and bud out as a true and complete flower painter."



*Carved Oak Panelling for a Church Seat. (The School of Art Wood-Carving.)*

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

ONE of the most interesting departments of the great Central Technical College in Exhibition Road is the School of Art Wood-Carving, in which a large number of students of both sexes receive a professional training. To the casual observer the art of the wood-carver, as practised at South Kensington, appears eminently attractive, for to work on the clean, fragrant wood with sharp, bright tools, in such lofty and well-lighted rooms as those allotted to the School, seems a pleasant task enough. When I paid a visit to the School recently, a number of the pupils were engaged in carving some high-backed seats and a kneeling desk for a church in Western Australia. The design for this work, in which the influence both of the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles can be traced, has been made by Mr. W. H. Grimwood, the Instructor to the School of Art Wood-Carving. The front of the kneeling desk is pierced with interlacing arches supported by twisted columns, which again partially support the desk, the additional weight being borne by fluted pilasters with small Ionic capitals. The carving of the seats and arms, as well as of the panelling, part of which is shown in one of the illustrations, is simple but bold.



*Fire Screen in Italian Walnut.  
(Miss Hilda Gaskell.)*



*Gothic Panel.  
(Mr. W. H. Grimwood.)*

The graceful fire-screen of the Louis XV. period, carved in Italian walnut, which may be seen in another illustration, is the work of Miss Hilda Gaskell, one of the students of the School of Art Wood-Carving. This, too, was designed by Mr. Grimwood, who was also responsible for the carving of the Gothic panel which forms the subject of the headpiece. The panel, an admirable piece of work, has been

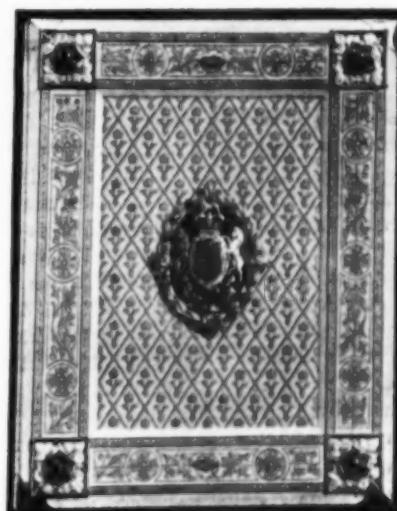
W. T. W.

executed within the past few weeks as an example for the more advanced students.

About two-thirds of the students at the School of Art Wood-Carving are girls, many of whom are in training as teachers for County Council and other classes. It is natural to suppose that wood-carving, especially in its lighter and more delicate branches, would be a peculiarly suitable profession for women of artistic tastes. As a matter of fact, however, women as working carvers have not, so far, entered into serious rivalry with men. Miss Eleanor Rowe, the Manager of the School of Art Wood-Carving, and a great authority on the subject, informed me that the average female carver works far more slowly than the male, part of whose superiority she ascribes to the fact that boys, as a rule, commence to learn the art at a much earlier age than girls. Women carvers may perhaps be deficient in speed, but that they can do good work every visitor to the School will admit. As a proof of this, Miss Rowe showed me some portions of a revolving book-case, which one of the advanced girl students was carving with

admirable skill. No less accomplished was the carving of another young lady who was decorating a circular barometer case in Italian walnut, with her own spirited design of fish and waves.

The congratulatory Address presented to the Queen, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, by the Germans



*Cover of an Address presented to the Queen.*



*St. Mary's Church and High Street, Oxford.  
From a Drawing by T. G. Jackson, R.A.*

## RECENT ARTISTIC BOOKS.

A LABOUR of love in every respect, the volume, with many illustrations, on "THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD" (Frowde), by T. G. Jackson, R.A., is an unqualified success. Originating with the detailed drawings prepared in connection with recent necessary works at St. Mary's, Mr. Jackson very sensibly concluded that these drawings had an interest beyond the moment, and he decided to publish them. These have been supplemented by reproductions of many of the statues, of the brasses, and of various old prints and drawings showing the church at different periods, so that together they form a handsome volume. The history of St. Mary's is dealt with in full detail, and the trials of Ridley and Latimer, and the death of Cranmer are dramatically described. The whole forms a book that no Oxford man should be without; while to the still greater number interested in the architecture and archæology the volume will be desirable for its own sake.

The timely publication of an enlarged and illustrated edition of Sir Edward Poynter's "LECTURES ON ART" (Chapman) will form another item in the steadily increasing popularity of the President of the Royal Academy. His theory of Art is perhaps too exclusively summed up in devotion to exactness of outline, but his enthusiasm for Michael Angelo is so hearty that his more coldly correct attitude towards the traditional painter can be accepted without discussion. In his original preface the President arrives at the conclusion "that it is much easier to write about Art than to practise it"; and it may be, for Sir Edward's pen seems to run easily, that he is a good writer undeveloped. In any case, these Lectures are broadly sympathetic towards the great artists of the past, and they ought to be read by all.

To the bibliographer nothing is more interesting than to collect all the early books published in the cities where

printing was first established. Mr. C. W. Heckethorn, in his "PRINTERS OF BASLE IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES" (Fisher Unwin), has spent immense labour in gathering together a list of the first books issued in Bâle, for the Swiss of these days were remarkably enterprising, and some of their works are not only curious, but most artistically interesting. Mr. Heckethorn's book is printed with great good taste.

The shilling illustrated Catalogue of the Tate Gallery (Virtue) has already proved very acceptable to the many visitors to the new gallery of British Art. To those further off, the ninety illustrations give a fair idea of the contents, and the introductory note by the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL supplies a history of Mr. Tate's generous scheme.—Mr. Charles Hiatt, Oxford, brings together nearly all that can be said for and against the Tate collection, but he admits "they are merely a bundle of ideas jotted down haphazard."—The Dean of Chester, Dr. Darby, has delivered a suggestive lecture on Art and Craft to the Chester Guild, who have printed it (Phillipson, Chester).—Mr. Chris. Hammond has illustrated "Vanity Fair" for Messrs. Service & Paton, and he finds "Becky" Sharp a difficult character to represent, while Mr. Townsend makes sixteen drawings for "Rob Roy," where Bailie Nicol Jarvie only appears once. A Scottish artist might have been selected with advantage for so very Highland a novel.

All teachers who wish to teach perspective drawing correctly should study "MODEL DRAWING ON TRUE PRINCIPLES," by William Mann (Nelson & Sons). This writer has had lengthy experience in Birmingham, and his theories explain some truths in perspective hitherto almost unacknowledged.—"ON PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS" (Reeves) is a plain-spoken brochure, with illustrations by Mr. Hume Nisbet, which can be recommended to the more advanced student.





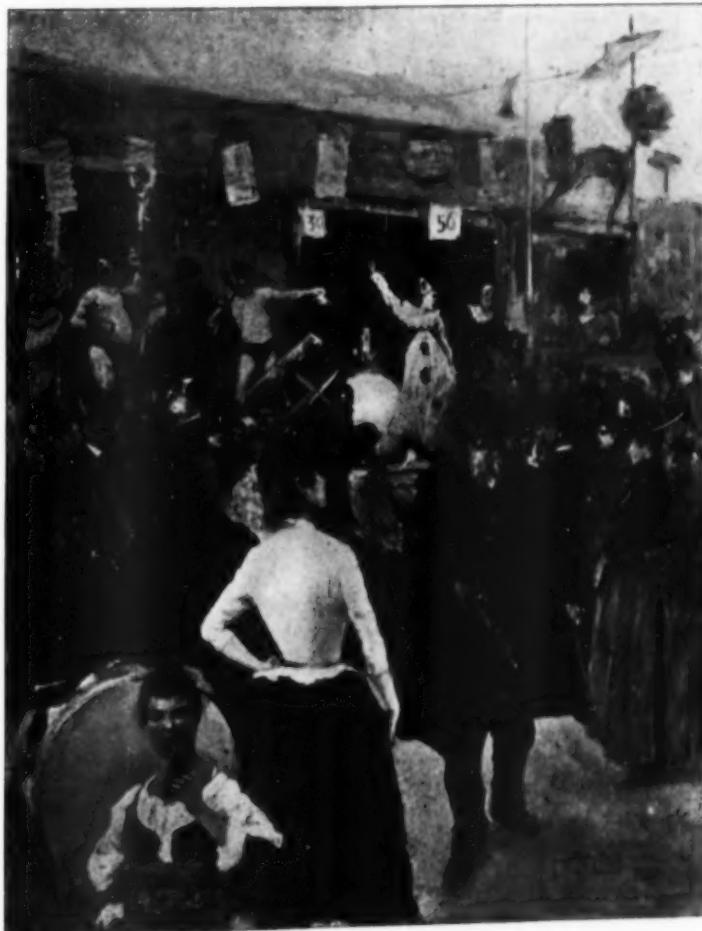
*The Favourite.*  
By Dudley Hardy.

## MR. DUDLEY HARDY, R.B.A., PAINTER.

THE work which Mr. Dudley Hardy has done, as a painter, has already attracted considerable attention, not less because of the possibilities indicated than on account of its inherent merit, but the distinction and great popularity which he has achieved in other directions—most notably in his humouristic black-and-white work—may be said to have so overshadowed the recognition, which has so far been accorded to his ability in the higher branch of his art, that it is not surprising if it is sometimes forgotten that Mr. Dudley Hardy is by instinct and training first and foremost a painter, a brilliant colourist, and the master of a dexterous and singularly effective technique.

Unlike the great colourists who have regarded their black-and-white work as a means to an end, whose sketches have been in some sense studies for the pictures which they have subsequently painted, it is at once apparent that in Mr. Dudley Hardy's case the one is in no sense a necessary outcome of the other. In choice of subject, if not in treatment, there is no point of contact between the work of Mr. Dudley Hardy the black-and-white artist, and Mr. Dudley Hardy the painter. It would almost seem as if Mr. Hardy, conscious of his own strength, rejoicing in an exceptional facility and undeterred by any fear of diffusing his energy over too wide a field, had determined to astonish and perplex one by the exuberance of his fancy, his ability to change his manner and method, and to turn from one subject to another with lightning rapidity. That the true humourist is ever the most sensitive of men to the more serious aspects of life is not less true in art than in literature, and this is, without doubt, the explanation of any incongruity which may be perceived between the subject-matter of the serious,

and what may be termed the "frivolous" side of his work. But the dictum, "once a humourist always a humourist," is one which finds much public favour, and



*A la Foire.*  
By Dudley Hardy.



*The Rug Market.*  
By Dudley Hardy.

for some time to come, Mr. Hardy must be prepared to forgive the critic for any surprise he may feel that the author of posters and the hundred-and-one distinctive pretty-girl subjects with which Mr. Hardy has made his public familiar should have infused a very real pathos, and even religious sentiment, into more than one of his pictures. Yet it is this sympathetic sense and well-restrained feeling which, together with—notwithstanding the mono-chromatic 'Sans Asile' and the 'Dock Strike'—a keen instinct for colour, chiefly actuates Mr. Hardy in all that he paints.

If one may be forgiven for an allusion which might be termed topical, it may be said that at a season when the Christmas numbers, which rely so largely on Mr.

Hardy's humoristic ability, are laid on our tables as time-honoured accompaniments to Christmas festivity, one is justified in taking advantage of the occasion for a consideration of the more serious side of this artist's work. Moreover, as I have already hinted, it may be worth remembering that Mr. Hardy is a painter by birth, and brilliantly clever as his black-and-white work undoubtedly is, the time cannot be far distant when Mr. Hardy will add concentration to his rare versatility, and, in a word, will respond solely to the instinct which has taught him to paint. To suggest this is to imply no disparagement of Mr. Hardy's more ephemeral work. It is not too much to say that the public owe Mr. Hardy a real debt of gratitude for the *verve* and originality, the grace and vitality which he has imported into his work as a draughtsman, but the fine colouring, harmony, refinement, and sense of power conveyed in his best pictures serve to give a very clear indication that Mr. Dudley Hardy, as painter, has it in him to do something great in the true and lasting sense of the word.

'Sans Asile' and 'The Dock Strike,' which were painted in 1889 and 1890 respectively, were followed by subjects which, in striking contrast, lent themselves to brilliant and opulent colour work in the key of Fortuny, to whose work Mr. Hardy has always expressed particular gratitude; but though the young artist owed not a little to the example and direction of his father, Mr. T. B. Hardy, the well-known marine painter, Mr. Hardy is, perhaps, happiest in describing himself as a disciple of that ornament of the English school of landscape painting, William Müller. Certainly there would seem to be more than one point of resemblance between the work of the two men, for the attributes of the master are to some extent found in the pupil—in the impressionist style of his paintings, love of colour, in the freshness and swing as well as the rapidity of his work, his love of outdoor effects, and the wide range and scope of his art.



*The Flight.*  
By Dudley Hardy.

Born in 1867, and imbibing a love of art almost from infancy, Dudley Hardy was only fifteen when he left his father's studio to study in Düsseldorf, where he was placed under Müller (no connection of course with our English Müller), and Krownenstein. Accustomed to the freedom of his father's studio, this first academical training proved a rather wearying experience. The fact that he was in his early teens did not prevent the youth from expressing the opinion that drawing from photographs and the flat was not likely to prove of much value to him, and this opinion was backed up by such half-hearted work that it resulted in the young impressionist being shown the door, and warmly advised to take up some other more suitable calling. This summary ejection was naturally not at all to his liking, but the lad proved himself to be made of good courage, and remained in Düsseldorf for some time—although outside the gates of the Academy—sketching from nature and making numerous character studies in preference to going on with the pot-hooks and hangers of his profession. The sale of some of these sketches to an American visitor realised the sum of forty pounds, to the sixteen-year old artist's very natural astonishment, and encouraged by this influx of fortune he returned to the Academy, and showing the professors some of his work suggested his own re-admission. Permission was given, with the remark that although he might one day become a landscape painter he could never hope to attempt figure-studies.

Three years at Düsseldorf sufficed, and in 1883 Dudley Hardy returned to London to resume work in his father's studio, and subsequently to study with A. A. Calderon; but in the following year he left England for Antwerp to continue his studies under Verlat. Here came, in one sense, the severest part of his training, for in addition to going on with the educational part of his work, he was compelled to paint "pot-boilers" to eke out his slender income. All this time, however, he was gaining invaluable experience, filling his note-book with sketches and his mind with impressions of scenery and character.



*For Those at Sea.  
By Dudley Hardy.*

'Strike,' which was shown at the Academy and was followed in 1891 by 'The Flight into Egypt,' whilst in 1892 Mr. Hardy painted 'The Moors in Spain,' 'Waiting an Audience,' 'Golden Hours,' and 'The End of the Dream'; in 1893 came 'Songs of Araby,' a desert scene in water-colour, and in 1895 'The Rug Market,' whilst this year 'The Queen's Highway,' 'The Bather,' and 'The Favourite,' have been the outcome of Mr. Hardy's painting activity.

That assiduous attention to black-and-white work should tend to destroy sense of colour is a theory which, although I believe is not found to work out in actual practice, seems to have carried with it enough plausibility to have gained its acceptance in certain quarters. Evidence that this notion is not confined to a limited few is constantly cropping up in strange places. "Strangely enough," one writer exclaims, in reference to the work

'Nomads,' was hung on the line, and was sold at the private view. Then came several pictures painted after his return from Paris, 'The Rest,' 'Breezy Day,' and 'A la Foire,' being exhibited at the Suffolk Street Gallery.

Mr. Hardy's first big canvas, 'Sans Asile,' not less interesting for its grouping and composition than for its restrained sentiment, was first exhibited at the Paris Salon, and was also shown in a small room at the Spanish Exhibition; being afterwards exhibited at Munich, Düsseldorf, and Berlin, it eventually found its way to the Suffolk Street Gallery in 1893. In 1890 Mr. Hardy painted 'The Dock

of the late Sir John Gilbert, "strangely enough, black-and-white work in no way injured his eye for colour." The acceptance of this idea is to many of us the strangest part of it. "I often heard the suggestion made in my student days, and I hear it made often enough now by people who know nothing whatever about it," was Mr. Luke Fildes' caustic remark when I discussed the point with him, and he assured me that, in his opinion, if an artist possessed the true colour-instinct black-and-white work could in no way affect it. On the other hand such a training must assist the painter in the sense that it tends to enable him to get broader effects with greater simplicity.

To refer to the pictures which are reproduced in these pages, 'The Favourite' is a painting which has all the decorative effect of a fine piece of tapestry, the blending of colour, the arrangement of light and shade, being

a picture which so ably conveys spiritual sentiment, to consider 'A la Foire,' presenting as it does such a striking contrast to the preceding picture in subject and treatment. Here, at a fair held in the environs of Paris, we have a scene full of the most vigorous life and movement. Many classes of men and women and many types are represented here, and many degrees of smartness and wretchedness. There is the soldier and the grisette, the student, the man of leisure and the hardened old reprobate, whilst the clown, who is generally the one and only English performer on the noisy stage of a French hippodrome, looks strangely familiar to English eyes. All is confusion, and a veritable babel of sound seems almost conveyed to one's ear. We see what the artist has meant us to see—an actual episode and not a "set scene." The grouping is cleverly arranged without confusion or overcrowding the canvas, and a careful consideration of this picture and 'The Rug Market,' helps to bring one to the conclusion that not the least of Mr. Hardy's characteristics as a painter is his ability to present us with a number of figures without any appearance of being posed for a "sitting." There is no "group" in the portraiture sense of the word, in fact 'A la Foire' is a fine instance of Mr. Hardy's characteristic breadth of treatment.

'The Rug Market' is an excellent example of Mr. Hardy's work as a colourist, the grouping of the swarthy Arabian merchants is natural and skilful, their swarthy faces and bright costumes giving ample scope for some beautiful colour work, the composition of the picture being exceedingly well-balanced and effective.

'For Those at Sea' is particularly interesting for the true devotional sentiment and pathos which the artist has so skilfully and tenderly infused into it; whilst the arrangement of sky, light, and foreground is so skilfully depicted that the crucifix and the praying husband and wife, two aged French peasants, are brought out in bold relief without disturbing the subdued harmony of the theme.

'The Queen's Highway' is a delightfully unaffected impressionist picture of a bit of the Thames below Westminster, the central interest being a barge which is slowly sailing down the river, the wharves and buildings, dimly seen, forming the background. The swirl of the almost turbulent waters in the foreground sustains the favourable impression one has gained of this clever artist's easy and skilful technique.

'A Rest' is a picture in which, in some important respects, Mr. Dudley Hardy is seen at his best, and in its details is essentially realistic. There is nothing heroic in the appearance of the artist or in the pose of his model; in a word, there is a deliberate avoidance of what may be termed the romantic element. It is studiously careless; a photograph could not be less flattering to the *atelier* and its two occupants. No detail, however prosaic, is omitted; and this study of an interior of a by no means luxurious studio reveals much of the fidelity to detail of the Dutch school of painting, for which Mr. Hardy has such a sincere admiration. The background is exceedingly decorative, whilst a fine and unforced effect is obtained by the contrast presented between the grimy stove and the white skin of the model. The picture, in its entirety, is a happy instance of Mr.



*The Queen's Highway.  
By Dudley Hardy.*

delightfully restful and harmonious. If one may judge from the grim earnestness with which the beturbaned Oriental is gazing at the parrot which is poised so contentedly on the end of the stick, and the averted head of his mistress, it would seem that the bird and not the fair lady is, momentarily, the Favourite.

'The Flight' gives us, so to speak, the briefest glimpse of Joseph and Mary on their way into Egypt. The shadows of night, illuminated only by the after-glow of the sunset, have gathered around them, typifying, one may suggest, the darkness which must have fallen on their minds as they thought of "the voice of lamentation and weeping, and great mourning" which, in response to Herod's cruel order, would soon be heard throughout Bethlehem, a gloom which may have been lightened, if ever so slightly, by the recollection of happier prophecies concerning the Infant whom they bore with them. It is indeed difficult to avoid superlatives in praising the quiet, subdued harmony of the theme, and the truly devotional, well-nigh mystical spirit which the painter has so ably succeeded in transmitting to canvas. It suggests in a wonderfully vivid, and yet wholly restrained way, a sense of sorrow, of extreme quiet and solitude.

It is almost with a sense of shock that one turns from



Hardy's ability to obtain the happiest results without any straining after effect.

The rare facility which would seem to be Mr. Hardy's birthright can only be said to be dangerous if the artist displays any tendency to avoid the very real painting difficulties with which every painter is necessarily confronted at some time or other, more especially at a time when he may be said to be developing his own style and method; but it is no doubt this very facility which gives an added charm to the pictures which are reproduced in these pages. There is nothing "niggling" in Mr. Hardy's effective brush-work, and not the least important characteristic of his painting lies in its very evident spontaneity. Only time can show whether this "fatal facility"—as a newspaper critic has generously termed it—will prove a danger or will continue to characterise still more ambitious efforts, but if one may turn for a moment from a wholly impersonal review of Mr. Hardy's life and work to a word from the artist himself, it may be of interest to record the artist's own opinion, although Mr. Hardy is very far from being a theorist. His work is done, and done with exceptional rapidity, and it is left to the observer to make his deductions. It would be safe to say that the principles which guide Mr. Hardy are converted so quickly into practice that they are lost sight of—so far as the holding of "views" is concerned—in the process. Nevertheless there are two points upon which Mr. Hardy has expressed himself on various occasions, and they are opinions which he holds very strongly. In regard to the ever-recurring question of colour sense he once remarked to me that he regarded it as an instinct, and therefore one which can never be acquired, or irretrievably lost; a view which, probably, no one would care to

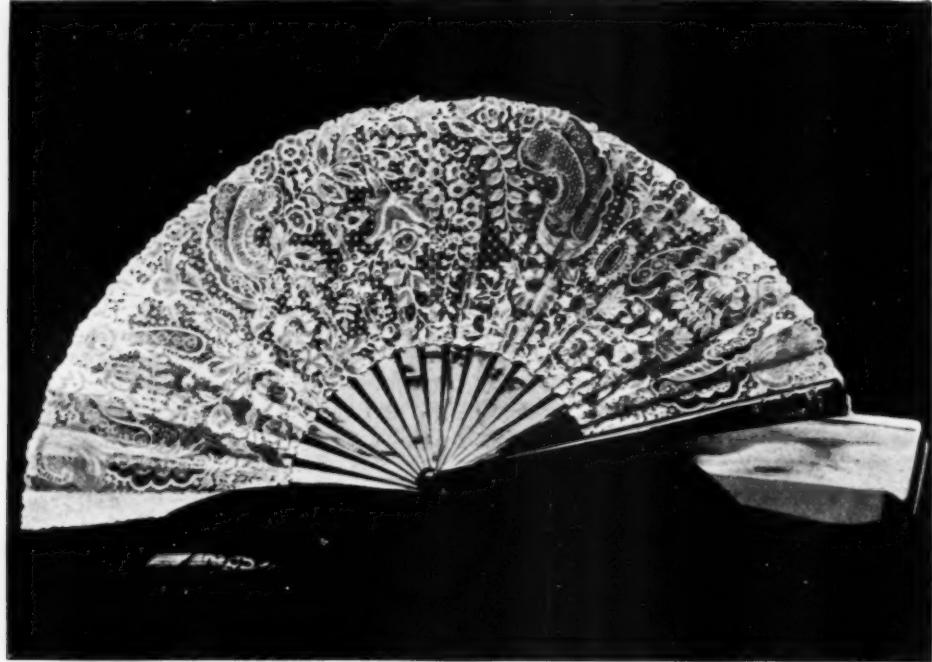
dispute. "In persistently doing black-and-white work," said Mr. Hardy, "you may, perhaps, momentarily lose sense of colour, but, if you really possess the instinct, you can get back to colour-work almost at once." Then again, entering on more debatable ground, Mr. Hardy made the interesting confession that he thought constant practice as a draughtsman enabled him, when painting, to see things "in a broader way" and to aim at breadth of effect with greater simplicity.

It would be manifestly absurd to attempt to approximate the position of an artist who is confessedly, at this early stage of his career, going through the transitional period, who is, to put it colloquially, "finding himself." Mr. Hardy has adopted no definitive style, and though there is something astonishing, almost perplexing, in the dexterity with which he changes his subject, his manner and method of treatment, it is a sign not of uncertainty but rather of superabundant facility. He has a delightful feeling for grace and form, knows how to overcome the difficulties of grouping and balance of composition, whilst his scheme of colour is always refined and harmonious. So much is readily perceived in these pictures, but there is underlying all his work a sense of strength and of freedom which tends to convince one that when the artist is prepared to give all that he has in him to the serious side of his work, it is certain that a career which has begun so well will prove to be one of exceptional brilliance, for the excellent work which Mr. Hardy has already done contains in it very definite indications that he is capable of yet greater achievements, and that his ability, as a painter, will one day receive no less definite recognition than has already been accorded him in the less permanent phase of his art.

ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.



*A Rest.*  
By Dudley Hardy.



*Fan presented to H.R.H. the Duchess of York on her Marriage, by Lord Crewe. Youghal.*

## IRISH LACE.

THERE be disputes in the culinary-cum-literary world as to whether the celebrated cook, Mrs. Glasse, meant chaff or sober earnest when she began a certain recipe with "First Catch your Hare." Anyway, the alternative rendering as to "casing" or "skinning" can't be applied to lace, and, having caught some exceptionally good game in my lace hunting-grounds, I will proceed to dilate upon it—*en amore!*—the said "good hunting," as Kipling hath it, having been—where I

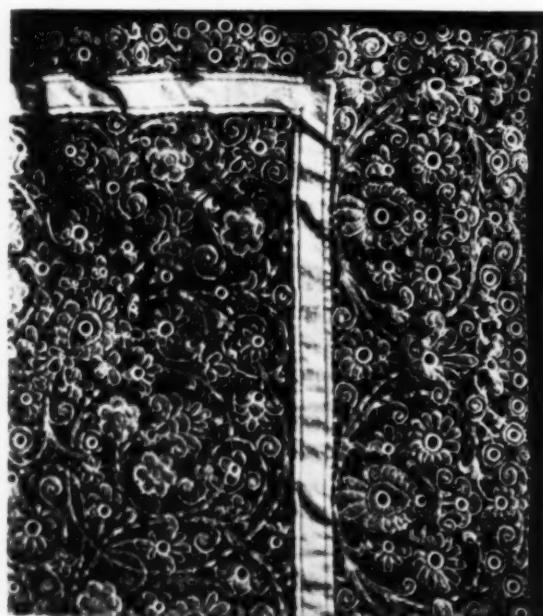
always would it were for choice—on British ground. "Shall English Churchmen wear a Mechlin lace?" asked a Poet generations agone. To-day I answer "No!" being ready with abundant proof that he can find products equally suited to his purpose nearer home.

"The English will never give a price for anything they understand—strange and far-fetched things they only like." Now, though I am scarcely prepared to follow the suggestion made by Steele in his next sentence, and take to the distillation of dock leaves in lieu of tea, I am prepared to go far in favour of things British, specially when it is a question of lace. And if there be, as some would have us think, symposia in the higher or other regions, where comparisons, odorous and otherwise, are made 'twixt things "as they was," and "as they is," even on such mundane trifles as Arts and Crafts, I feel that I have before me matter enough to make these old and unpatriotic writers shiver in their saintly shoes.

But alack! in spite of our vaunted growth there is still much of the spirit of these ancient days.

Proverbs and quotations have me at their mercy, and "give a dog a bad name and hang him" is one which has been true too long of the way we regard anything but foreign productions. Much harm has been done by incessant writing of our art as if it were already dead. "'Tis true, and pity 'tis," that these lamentations fall for the most part from the pens of ladies whose time might be better spent in fostering our native industries.

There are, however, evidences that we may one day say *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and (here is a paraphrase rather than a proverb by way of variety), "'Tis not for the worse but all for the better." To-day British Art ranks high. The recent report of the Brussels Exhibition shows that our nation came off "first best" in almost every section devoted to art, and all handicrafts



*Crochet Counterpane. Clones.  
From Mrs. Morrison's Collection.*

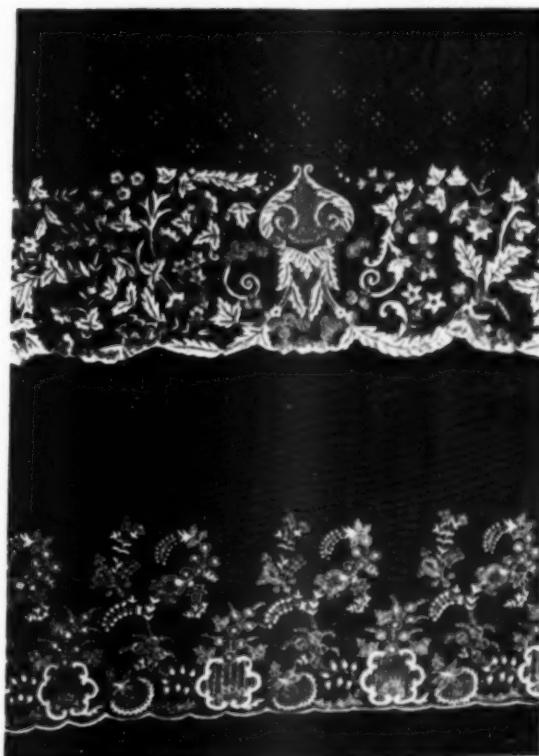
show us at least in the position of "looking up." Mindful that it has ever been my custom in these pages to treat of lace, not as it was, but as it is and shall be, I will leave the stories of its birth in Ireland, fostered by philanthropists whose names are, like the stories "familiar in our ears," as the still older tales of its origin in Italy—familiar, that is, to those of us who love lace; those who don't won't read this.

There is a comparison which at the outset I am bound to make 'twixt the laces of the Queen of Italy's School at Burano, which it has been my privilege to see this year straight from the hands of the workers, and those of Ireland, that most hopeful foster-child of Italy. When a solemn Royal Commission states that Irish fingers are possessed of singular dexterity, one does not hesitate to put forward one's own conviction that, since there is a certain similarity in their light-hearted natures with the denizens of the sunny south, it is possible that this may be a trait which hunts in couples with deft-fingeredness.

At any rate, so it seemeth me, and I can truly say that Point d'Irlande, taking this to be not the crotchet which is not needle point at all, but the copy of Italian Rose Point, runs its foreign ancestry very closely indeed in the race for fame. Not with the smallest twinge of jealousy do I make this comparison; there is even now room in the world for us all, and ladies must remember how many centuries the senior is the Italian Art, and treat the comparative



*Apron. 17th Century Design. Youghal.  
From Mrs. Morrison's Collection.*



*Limerick. A.—Lady Londonderry's Flounce.  
B.—Dowager Lady Shrewsbury's Flounce.  
A, 13 in. wide. B, 14 in. wide.*

childhood of Ireland with mercy. There are instances where this "quality of mercy" may be very finely strained indeed, so little is it needed in the case of many of my specimens.

It is as well to state at first what one won't do, and nothing shall tempt me to illustrate either tatting, frivolous by name and nature, or the crotchet lace familiarly, but falsely called Point d'Irlande.

With regard to the first one feels the truth of the sad pleading, "It gives work to the unskilled," with which one has

in the Lace world such sympathy, but to which "unskill" the closing or rather the winking of the Artfull eye is of doubtful morality. Made in extremely coarse threads, as in the days of our great-grandmothers, it might find a mission as an adjunct to embroideries of the stiffer sort but—and with that one leaves it, the but being very big!

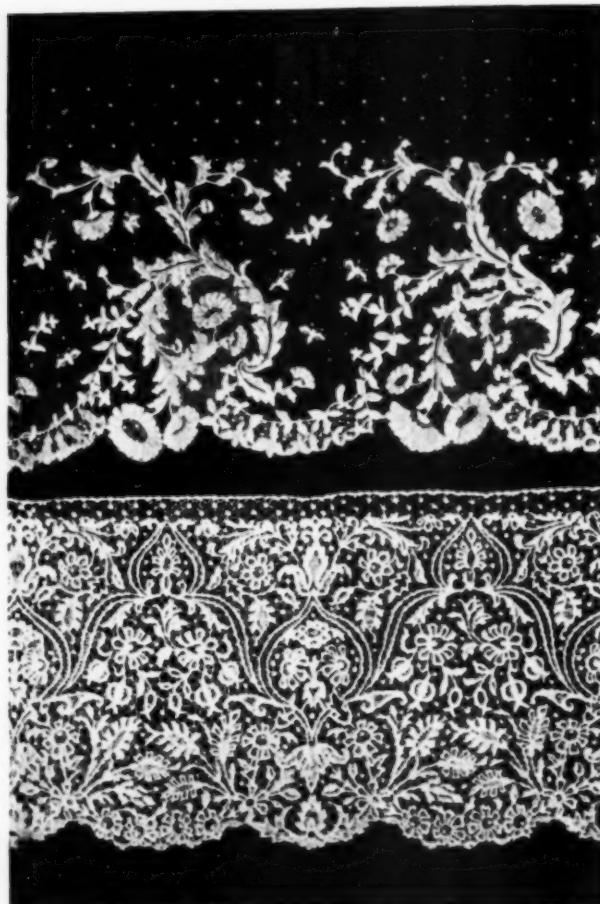
To the Crotchet these same sentiments belong, and though I am in many ways a very Rehoboam in listening to aught that is new, here I would adopt the wisdom of Solomon, and swear by the old days which produced passable samples of the softer sort.

A notable exception must be made in the case of the crotchet for which Clones is responsible. The counterpane, one of the specimens kindly lent me from Mrs. Morrison's collection to "adorn my tale," carries one back centuries by the truth and honesty of its work. Visitors to the Victorian show who glanced at lace cannot fail to have admired this. There appeared also a pillow cover; but here, although one admires

the talent, one doubts the taste of its application, and one's fancy is forcibly carried to a recent drawing in *Fliegende Blätter*, where the countenance of Herr Schmidt appears impressed with the embroidery made in Germany by his so famous Hausfrau for the embellishment of her pillows.

Words almost fail me to tell of the fame of Youghal, one of whose *chefs d'œuvre* I show in a fan-cover given by Lord Crewe to H.R.H. the Duchess of York on her marriage, and lent me for reproduction by the Irish Association, who supplied it. With the di'mond-traced shamrock and its poplin box it is a dainty souvenir of the Emerald Isle. For the lace, the pine has for once beaten the ubiquitous pomegranate altogether out of the field. The design is excellent, arranged with a view to its central flower, and does not weary the eye in fruitless searching for its pendants, in which the modes or fillings are worthy of the days of the best Point d'Argentan. In the *embarras de richesse* of Mrs. Morrison's treasures the work of selection is extremely difficult, but the seventeenth-century design of the exquisite apron shown won the day with me, albeit a wide and lovely flounce most beautifully shaded stitch-wise ran it very close. It was of this flounce that the proud confession was made to me by the worker, "And it's meself, mem, who invented that very stitch ye see there."

The two Limerick laces are, the one, a flounce made for the Marchioness of Londonderry, the other a copy of an old pattern of the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury's. To this last I personally give my allegiance, possibly from an infatuation for all things ancient, partly because the pattern, although the "repeat" is rapid, is not fatiguing. Moreover, it is

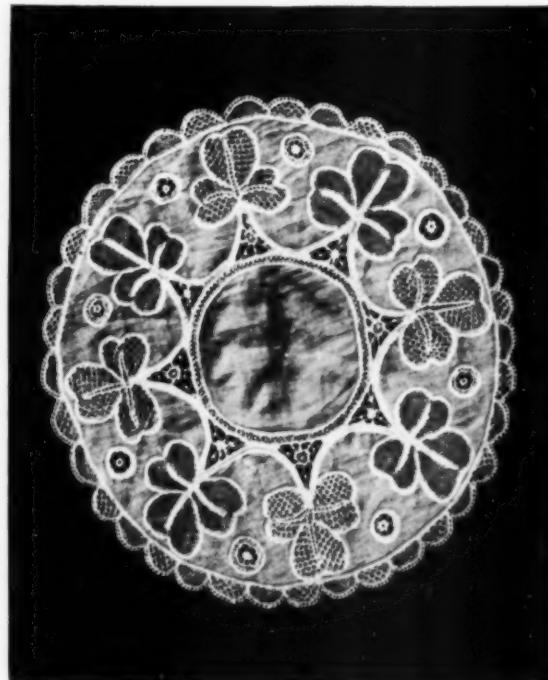


Carrickmacross. A.—Appliquéd 14½ in. wide.  
B.—Guipure 12 in. wide.

symmetry of the older handiwork. Limerick has, like Carrickmacross, its two specialities—the tambour and the needle run; this last having formerly been a favourite of amateurs, as easy of execution. I cannot leave Limerick without a mention of the lady to whom it owes so much—Mrs. Vere O'Brien, whose efforts have been, and still are, unceasing in this industry.

Carrickmacross gives us two distinct efforts of the needle, these being similar in that they are dependent on muslin or lawn, dissimilar in that the first is the material applied to a reseau or ground-work of net, the other forming its ground guipure-wise by means of brides. These—and here I must "be cruel to be kind"—could never be extolled for qualities of wear and tear.

In photography they come out marvellously well, the consistency of the cut muslin giving



Keatinge Embroidery, Youghal.

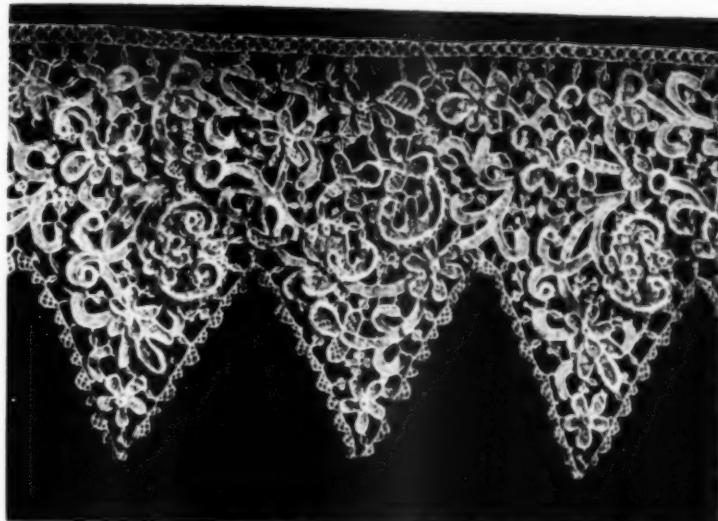
effect with little labour, but alack! when it comes to the handling, one feels that the exquisite bell-flower bordering of the appliquéd is doomed to be short-lived, while the row of pomegranates cut à merveil in the guipure turns up in one's fingers (like one's temper on a windy day), at all four corners at once! The stitches which compose the edges of the pattern require attention, and 'deed, then

it's the advice of the great Duke with regard to attention to detail, which would be the saving of both these laces if they look for lasting fame.

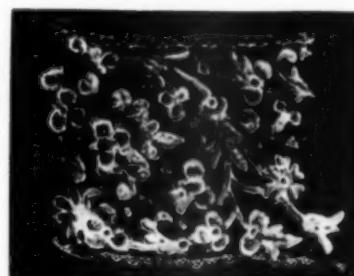
A great novelist has said of late, that true art (literary) consists not in an exact copy so much as in an adaptation from real life. Now, in lace matters I take the exact contrary to be the case. An adaptation in flimsy material such as is this guipure, of the solidity of the sort shown in the Rose Point, can't be satisfactory. Careful copying in our own as in other arts teaches dexterity which sticks to fingers longing, as all art-full fingers do, for unfettered flights of fancy; but adaptation—no, my soul shrinks from it as unsuccessful.

*Quand il s'agit* (there's no English equivalent) of muslin and lace, I turn with joy to the Keatinge embroidery, made at Youghal, it being but fair to call it so, since the making of these dainty d'oyleys, caps, and kerchiefs is largely due to the inventive faculty of the capable manageress of the Irish Industries at Motcomb Street. Resurrection rather than invention would I say, since, turning over one's great-grandmother's hoards, one sighs for the return of the days which produced such effective combinations of cambric and lace stitches, and rejoices in their reappearance in this year of Jubilee. Hitherto inheritance has been the only way come by them;

1897.



Rose Point, properly called Point d'Irlande.  
New Ross. 6 in. wide.



Rose Point. Innishmacsaint.  
(Miss MacLean's.)



Flat Point. New Ross. 6 in. wide.

trade answering in its omniscience "No demand," and antiquarian dealers casting always such treasures even as hotel maidens do my invaluable MSS., as being, in their estimation, rubbish.

Of the Rose Point, that special feather in the cap of Ireland, I show two specimens. Dentellé is the word which jumps to one's pen on looking at the first of these. An important word in the science of Lace,

as showing the origin of its name when it was *de rigueur* that it should be a toothed if not a toothsome luxury. The Cordonnets are careful, and carry one back to the recurring coils on old French silver of the date possibly of this design. Here, as in its fellow, one notes the frequent introduction of the Shamrock—its trefoil leaves asserting themselves on their native soil just as the coral treasures of a Venetian Lagoon do in Italian work. The straight-edged Rose Point has been sent me by Miss MacLean herself, whose name and labours are so well known in Innishmacsaint, that "land of the sorrel plain" which supplies yet another tri-point leaf as artist's model, and whence this lace so often takes its name. Point d'Irlande is by far the more reasonable appellation, and even the workers themselves are beginning to feel this, on account of the confusion caused by confining to crotchet that which by rights belongs to the needle only.

There is a pretty bit of lore connected with the making of this lace, no iron being used when it is complete, but the conk-shell—that wherein we, as children, listen for the waves of the sea—being burnisher and flattener combined; glazed paper laid beneath the lace, and careful rubbing with the shell, accomplishing all that is needful. Verily is this an industry to be commended.

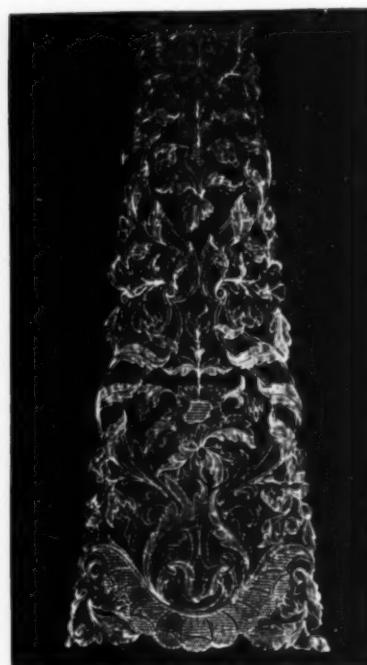
which finds its tools ready-made among its household treasures.

New Ross, the producers of the specimen of flat point, as well as of the "Dentellé" Rose Point, are known to be a coming school of lacemakers; indeed they may be said to have already arrived. The brides in this lace are well picotées; and though the design savours slightly of the prunes and prisms of primness, and runs in the upper portion rather too realistically towards fuchsia form to be entirely good, still it is said to be an old one, and to some of us this covers a multitude of sins.

The panel shown hails from Kinsale, also a centre for crotchet laces. It is needle point in silk, of the nature of the lace called blonde, and is a first-rate example of the needle-painting of the lace-maker, who, though she work but in monotonies, has at her finger-tips a marvellous power of giving by her varied stitches the effect of light and shade; this being specially noticeable in the acanthus-like scroll which, starting from the bold plateau of the base, outlines the whole pattern. Greco-Irish lace lately introduced by Mrs. Montgomery Stewart is making for itself a local habitation and a name at Strabane, County Tyrone, whence come my two examples. It is the veritable punto (*i.e.* point) in Aria of old Italian fame, and it savours of the grace of congruity that the table-cloth corner shown should be that of one recently

presented by the Irish Industries to Queen Margherita, whose love of our tongue and our talents is so well known. It was to lace of this Reticella type that Miss Kean many years ago turned the attention of her workers at Cappoquin, where it is still made, though not largely.

One word of commendation I must give to the thread used in Ireland; and "while there's thread (good!) there's hope." I have lately been much interested in having a specimen of English lace sent me made in flax. It is most exquisitely fine, finer than any foreign thread



Panel for Lady's Dress. Kinsale.

we have ever used, finer than the so-called "Honiton," which in some cases comes from abroad in spite of its name. It is known that farmers in many districts are taking to growing flax again, and if use be found for it even in so small a way as lace-making, it may turn out to be the mouse (proverbial again) which shall gnaw successfully at the chain of depressed agriculture, and so lace, and not jam, may be the salvation of the British farmer.

There is yet another way in which the harking back to ancient dyes—an outcome of the revival of our Home Industries—may be made serviceable to lace and possibly to our country. Certain it is that British lace for those who are unable or unwilling to wait for the colour which time alone can give is at first much too white-looking. We lace-artists can no more manufacture our wished-for *brun d'antique* than the sculptor or iron-worker their much-desired *vert*.

The Irish folk have gone far towards the attainment of this end, but their colouring, like that of the Italians, savours too much of the coffee-cup or—dare I mention it—of Maypole Soap! I would throw out this suggestion, that an effort should be made by those who pin their faith to literally the "native worth" of the dyes taken from our hedgerow flowers, that they should secure for us the lovely and coveted colour.

But even in the happiest hunting grounds the day must end. Alas! no wassail bowl awaits us here—have we not been rather "by gazing fed"?—and this return to matters culinary reminds me consolingly that the "end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray." Here would I therefore end, having told, Athenian-like, two (possibly) new things; feeling sure that these notions, though they may fall upon untried, will not find



Greco-Irish. A.—Border 3½ in. wide.  
B.—Table-Cloth Corner.

unfruitful ground. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours,*" and late though our return to our love for Home Industries has been, "'tis better late than never."

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.

## THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT LONGFORD CASTLE.\*

### THE ENGLISH PICTURES.

THERE is no example of Hogarth at Longford, and we begin with Sir Joshua's master, Hudson, the most painstaking, the most uninspiring, as he is the least inspired of eighteenth-century portrait-painters. He is the last in a descending series of artists, beginning with Van Dyck, and going on *diminuendo* through Lely, Kneller, and Jonathan Richardson, Hudson's master, whom for this reason Malone quaintly styled Reynolds's "pictorial grandfather." Such a statement as this, of course, leaves out of the reckoning that great genius, and in his pictorial moments great painter, Hogarth, whose portraits, executed in the straightforward fashion which characterized the earlier half of the eighteenth century, and without the exquisite technical refinements practised later by Reynolds and Gainsborough, are yet in incisiveness of characterisation, in intensity of vitality, second to none of their time, whether British or foreign. The best Hudsons at Longford are the portraits 'Harriet Pleydell, Hon. Mrs. Bouverie' (1749), and 'Jacob, first Vicount Folkestone, in coronation robes' (1760). The likeness of the lady, in colour, a harmony of blue and silver-white, is a capital specimen of the laborious and in his time highly fashionable master. Working according to these straightforward methods, it would not be easy to do better than he has done in this brilliant costume, which might be described as a Van Dyck habit according to the *à peu près* interpretation of the eighteenth century. The face is more than a trifle stolid, and lacking in flexibility. But then this woodenness is Hudson's gravest fault, and a graver could hardly be imagined in a portrait-painter. Moreover, his canvases here have as their immediate neighbours in the dining-room two full-lengths by Gainsborough, whose spirited touch, even in such semi-official presentments as these, makes the cold deliberation of the elder painter by comparison still more difficult to accept. Still, Hudson triumphs easily, so far as Longford is concerned, over his French contemporary Jean-Baptiste Vanloo, though the latter is, judging him by his whole career, and not by the perfunctory portraits executed in England towards its close, by far the more considerable craftsman of the two.

The art of Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented at Longford as it is represented in four or five only of the best private galleries of England, almost the whole of his career after his return from Italy being illustrated by the succession of fine examples in the collection.

To the year 1757—a moment in the painter's practice when, as his list of sitters shows, he already enjoyed great vogue—belongs the well-known 'Master Jacob Bouverie,' a picture now somewhat darkened and faded, though it has been greatly improved by recent careful restoration. It is one of the first in the painter's great gallery of children's portraits, which extends its length through his whole career into the very last years of his practice. It has a sturdy simplicity, a charm of *naïveté* of its own, to make up for the absence of that winning, if, occasion, too self-conscious, charm which marks

the later and more celebrated works of the same class. When the picture was being restored, there was discovered, underneath the heavy coats of varnish, the authentic signature, "1757. J. Reynolds pinxt." It used to be said, rather loosely, that the 'Lady Cockburn and her Children,' and the 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' were Sir Joshua's only signed works. They are, indeed, his only signed canvases of the later time; but in this comparatively early period are to be found several signed pictures, including another at Longford, now to be described.

This, the three-quarter length 'REBECCA, VISCONTESS FOLKESTONE (SECOND WIFE OF WILLIAM, FIRST EARL OF RADNOR)', is an admirable example of Sir Joshua's more sober and reserved portraiture, though it may be deemed to lack somewhat the spontaneity and the easy mastery of the succeeding periods. The fulness of life, the reserved yet well-marked individuality expressed through an attitude of absolute repose, are very remarkable; and the quality of strong vitality is combined with an air of quiet distinction which was especially characteristic of the portraits of this time. The lady wears an ermine surcoat or mantle, a blue under-robe, with a yellowish sash. The curtain against which the figure and the pseudo-classic vase are relieved is of crimson. The authentic signature, which the present Lady Radnor was, I believe, the first to discover under semi-opaque coats of old varnish, is "J. Reynolds pinxt, 1760."

In the collection of the Earl of Radnor—not, however, at Longford, but in the town house, at No. 12, Upper Brook Street—are two other portraits from the master's brush, belonging to the year 1760. These are the full-lengths of the Hon. Mary Bouverie, Countess of Shaftesbury, and her husband, Anthony, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, in the robes worn by them at the coronation of



Hon. Harriot Bouverie.  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

\* Concluded from page 334.

George III. These are what may be termed, without disrespect, show-portraits (*portraits d'apparat*), and they have not the interest of the more personal works.

Next in order of date comes the pleasing three-quarter length of oblong shape, 'HON. HARRIOT BOUVERIE' (fourth daughter of first Viscount Folkestone), to which in the Longford catalogue the date 1760 is assigned.

Nevertheless, both the fact that, according to the Pocket Book, the lady gave sittings to Sir Joshua in 1764, and the technique of the picture itself, which gives evidence of a great advance in breadth and ease upon the 'Rebecca, Viscountess Folkestone,' point to the later date as the correct one. Indeed, the golden glow of the general tone, the more pronounced tendency to present the details of costume in a broad synthetic fashion, would, were we left to judge the picture from internal evidence



*Rebecca, Viscountess Folkestone.*  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

alone, suggest a period somewhat later still. The undemonstrative charm of this eminently characteristic work lies just in this beauty of tone, and in a certain unity and reposeful quality. The sitter pleases by fresh modest comeliness, irradiated by a "sweet reasonableness" which takes the place of absolute beauty.

Next follows one of the pearls of the whole collection—the famous yet, in the original, too little known canvas, 'HON. MRS. EDWARD BOUVERIE, OF DELAPRÉ, AND HER CHILD,' which was brought forward by Sir Joshua at the second exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1770. Mrs. Bouverie was the inseparable friend of another still more attractive and more celebrated beauty, Mrs. Crewe—the Whig divinity whom the Prince of Wales toasted after the memorable Westminster election of 1784, with the words, "True blue and Mrs. Crewe." At the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, in the preceding year, had appeared his portrait-group of the two beauties, conceived in the *Penseroso* mood so favoured by the eighteenth century in one particular phase, with the inscription on a tombstone "Et in Arcadia ego,"—a motive borrowed, it is said, by Sir Joshua from Guercino, but of which by far the noblest

and most moving version is that by Nicolas Poussin in the Louvre. That the *Allegro* mood was, all the same, by no means foreign to the two ladies is amusingly made clear when we find them in 1771, at one of those masquerades in which the *grand monde* and the *demi-monde* were so strangely mingled, "dressed as young fellows, the fierce smart cock of their hats much admired." The reproduction here given of the superb picture renders a detailed description unnecessary. It is in some respects an exceptional one in Sir Joshua's *œuvre*, since it does not take its place easily in any particular group, but stands alone. The colour-scheme, which has now lost some of its freshness and brightness, is a cool daylight one, making up by its natural charm and delicacy for the absence of those more sombre effects of magnificence in which Sir Joshua sometimes sought to emulate Titian, sometimes Rembrandt, sometimes Rubens. As the picture now stands, Mrs. Bouverie's outer drapery or mantle is of bluish grey, her inner robe yellowish, with a crimson sash; but this robe may once have had more pink in it. The drapery cast upon the stone bench on which she sits is green. The influence at work has for once been not that of Venice, or of the Netherlands, but of Parma. In the elongation of the forms, in the mannered elegance of the whole, the example of the too-fascinating Parmegianino is easily to be divined; the relation between mother and child makes us, however, think of Correggio himself. There is a most remarkable agreement between the attitude of the child here and that of the divine Bambino in the Campori Madonna of Correggio now in the Estense Gallery of Modena. The scheme of colour, as it has been described, much more closely resembles that of the last-named great Parmese master in such pieces as the 'Repose in Egypt,' of the Tribuna at the Uffizi, than it does anything Venetian or Netherlandish. We know that Joshua Reynolds visited both Parma, Reggio, and Modena, in 1752, and that he made careful technical notes on many of the chief pictures then to be found in those regions. In a 'Madonna and Child, with St. Catherine,' belonging to the Italian period of Van Dyck, and now at Grosvenor House, there is evidence that the great Fleming, too, was fascinated by both the suave Parmese painters, and especially by the Campori Madonna of Correggio, or some very similar picture. But Sir Joshua, like other masters of the first order, has the right to borrow just because he can assimilate and transform. It is such artists, and not the industrious schoolmen and imitators, who may proclaim without false shame:—"Je prends mon bien où je le trouve." The grace of high-bred English womanhood is after all what strikes the beholder most in the picture, not its resemblance to the work of this or the other Italian master.

The 'LADY CATHERINE PELHAM-CLINTON FEEDING HER CHICKENS' is so universally popular, its position as one of Reynolds' masterpieces among the fancy portraits of children is so well defined, that there remains not much that is new to be said on the subject. The picture is very well preserved, and though the colours which go to make up the scheme are not in themselves especially brilliant or self-assertive, the colouring is splendid in its depth, luminousness, and forceful effect. We find Sir Joshua here in the ripe maturity of his fifty-nine years—just as Titian was at an age corresponding to this—in fuller possession of his art than he has been at any previous period of his practice; and he will during the next five years succeeding the date of this picture produce some of his most famous masterpieces. In the painting of the little lady's head, surmounted by its dainty cap of lawn, trimmed with lace and adorned with

pink ribbons and a posy of narcissus, the English master might almost challenge comparisons with the greatest of his predecessors. A less interesting picture, but yet a rare specimen of Sir Joshua in his least usual mode as a colourist, is the 'Anne, Countess of Radnor (Hon. Anne Duncombe),' which shows the sitter dressed in white muslin relieved with pale blue ribbons, and wearing a large black hat—the light delicate tones of the green

earlier 'Miss Jacobs' (1761), are what may be termed blond Sir Joshuas. He is never more attractive, technically, than when, as here, he sets to work to rival Gainsborough on his own ground.

At Longford itself Gainsborough does not put forth his full powers, and he is accordingly overshadowed by his great rival. In the section of the collection which remains in the town house, No. 12, Upper Brook Street, it



*Hon. Mrs. Edward Bouvier, of Delapré, and her Child.  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

landscape background and the dappled blue sky well matching the bright silvery harmony of the costume and flesh. The picture belongs to the year 1787, and, technically, has much in common with the famous 'Lady Elizabeth Foster' of the succeeding year, though it cannot boast the unsurpassed fascination of that portrait, which forces us to believe in the subtle charm of the lady who was the close, but not the faithful friend of Orgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and first supplanted, officially succeeded her. The two pictures just mentioned, the somewhat earlier 'William Frederick, 11 of the Duke of Gloucester' (1780), and the much

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will be seen that his light burns with victorious brightness. In the dining-room at Longford are, all the same, two good examples, belonging to the period of the master's fullest maturity, and characteristic enough in handling. Yet these pictures prove something less than attractive, and make but a slight impression, because it is too clearly felt that the painter has been only languidly interested in his subjects. The one is 'William Bouvier, first Earl of Radnor,' a half-length painted in 1772, and showing that nobleman in the red parliamentary robes of a peer. The other is the likeness, belonging to the year 1778, and executed with all Gainsborough's

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characteristic swiftness of brush, of Anne, Countess of Radnor, the same lady whom, as we have just seen, Sir Joshua portrayed some nine years later. In the drawing-room at Upper Brook Street are to be found the kitcat portraits of three handsome youths—Hon. William Henry Bouverie, Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie, and Hon. Edward Bouverie—sons of William, first Earl of Radnor, which, slight as they are, must count among the most enchanting productions that we owe to Gainsborough's brush. The two finest—the first and third in the series—are here reproduced, and even in black-and-white assert themselves with a sovereign charm that will not be gainsaid. The Englishman here paints with all the refinement and exquisiteness of a Van Dyck, yet, at the same time, with the fire and impetuosity of a Frans Hals. The eldest of the group, WILLIAM HENRY BOUVERIE, is dressed



*Lady Catherine Pelham-Clinton (Viscountess Folkestone).*  
By Sir William Beechey.

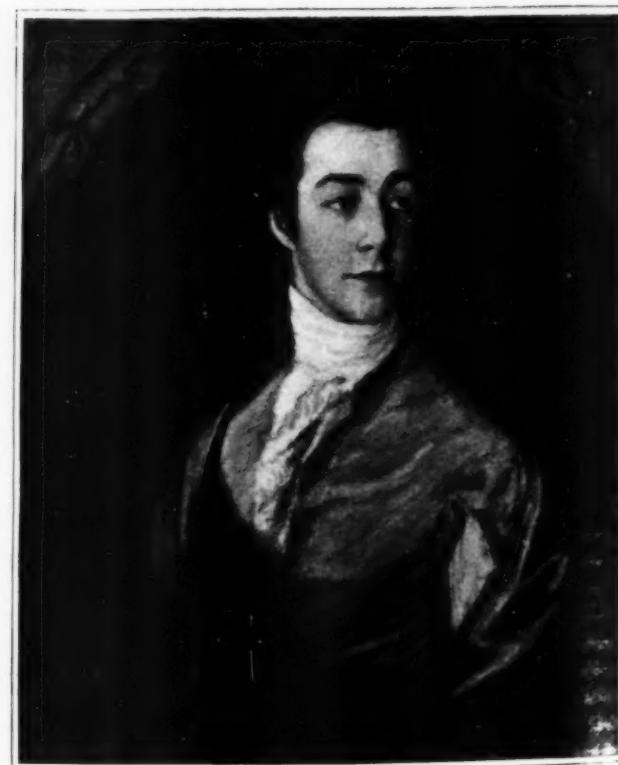
in yellow, with a cloak of a tawny shade; his mien is self-possessed almost to the verge of superciliousness, and marked already by a strong infusion of aristocratic *morgue*, such as is not uncommon in youth just blossoming into manhood. EDWARD BOUVERIE, who is dressed in quasi-Vandyck fashion, all in shimmering blue like the famous 'Master Buttall,' is still a boy, with that unconscious grace of the adolescent, which has yet nothing effeminate in it. His half-pensive, half-eager look may remind the beholder a little of Van Dyck, yet it is pre-eminently true, spontaneous, and Gainsborough's own. The sense of perfect ease and directness of execution, almost of improvisation, is indeed conveyed in these three masterly studies with irresistible force. This 'Yellow Boy' and this other 'Blue Boy' of the great English master deserve to achieve a higher reputation than they can be said at present to enjoy.

More modest, yet in its way undeniably, is the merit of Sir William Beechey's three-quarter length 'Viscountess Folkestone, first Wife of William, third Earl of Radnor,' showing, in 1801, the LADY CATHERINE PELHAM-



*Hon. Edward Bouverie.*  
By Gainsborough.

CLINTON, whose juvenile charm in Sir Joshua's famous canvas, painted some nineteen years earlier, won all hearts. The painting here, by comparison with that of the masters of the first rank whom we have now been discussing, appears a little heavy, the composition a



*Hon. William Henry Bouverie.*  
By Gainsborough.

little wanting in sprightliness and elegance. The picture is, nevertheless, a solid, and in its way an excellent piece of work, winning the beholder, moreover, by a kind of pathetic naïveté. The charm of *espèglerie* and sympathy remains, though the delightful child immortalised by Reynolds has not precisely ripened into a beauty. The collection of Lord Radnor contains further in its English section a series of oil paintings by Richard Cosway, best known to the present generation as *facile princeps* among English miniaturists of the eighteenth century; though, as the early exhibitions of the Royal Academy prove, he had also high pretensions as a painter, even in the glacial realms of the then "high art." Was it not of Cosway's 'Angel delivering St. Peter,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1784, that an epigrammatic critic of the *Morning Post* said:—"Mr. Cosway's chief aim in this picture seems to have been the bringing in a great deal into a little compass; to accomplish this he has broke legs, arms, ribs, &c., and, as for the poor angel, he has broke his neck!" The Cosways in the collection are a full-length 'Jacob, second Earl of Radnor' (1786), which looks something like a very weak Reynolds; 'William, Viscount Folkestone and Lady Mary Ann Pleydell-Bouverie' (1785); 'Hon. Duncombe Pleydell-Bouverie' (1785); 'Hon. Laurence Pleydell-Bouverie' (1788); and 'Hon. Frederick and Philip Pleydell-Bouverie' (1799); the last four paintings being among those at Upper Brook Street. It is to the portrait of Master Laurence Pleydell-Bouverie, aged eight years, that the "Macaroni Painter," as he was nicknamed, has affixed the signature, so characteristic in its conceit, 'R. Cosway, Pinxit, Primarius Pictor Principi (sic), 1788.' It is best, without breaking this butterfly on the wheel, to accept, out of gratitude for memorable achievements of another class, such mild prettiness as these pictures do in certain passages reveal. To judge them seriously by the same standards as have been applied to Reynolds, Gainsborough, or even Beechey, would not be possible.

There has been no attempt in the series of notes on the Longford pictures, now concluded, to produce anything in the nature of a regular Catalogue Raisonné. It has been necessary to omit all mention of many a work

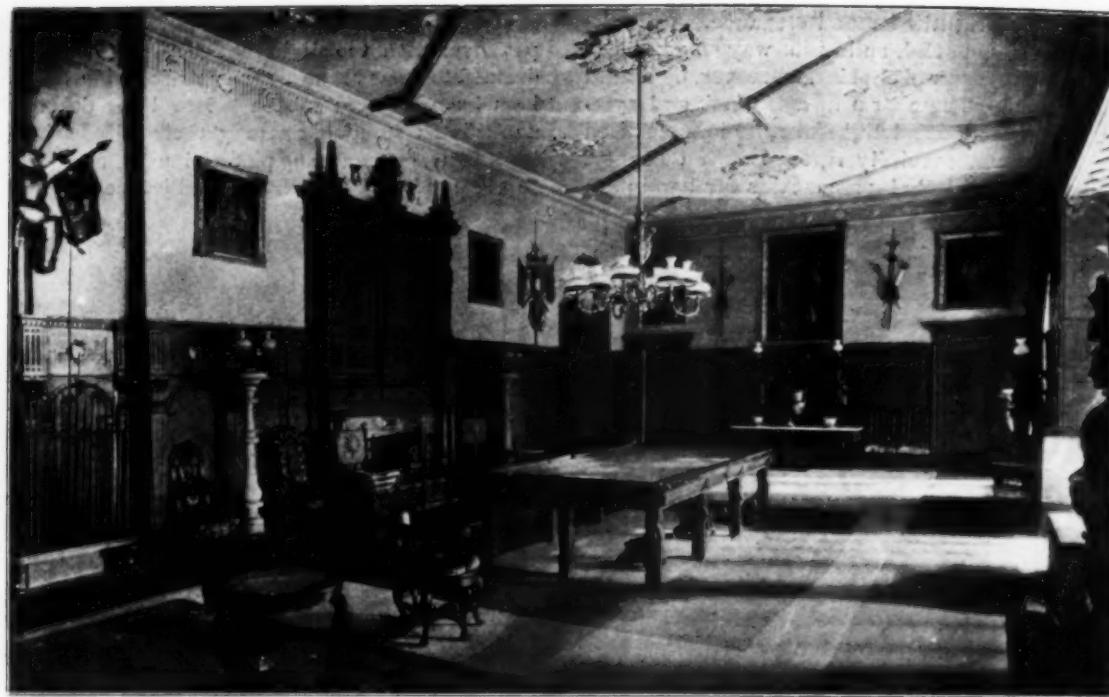
of more than average interest, and in some instances to pass over with too slight notice pieces which might be deemed to deserve more serious discussion. Such paintings have, as a rule, been selected for description and analysis as stand out among their fellows in virtue of high fame, commanding pictorial merit, rarity, or interest to the student of art from the historical as well as the



*Lady Catherine Pelham-Clinton feeding her Chickens.  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

aesthetic standpoint. Enough has been done, it is hoped, to emphasize the fact, already sufficiently well known, that we have here still one of the finest and most various of English private collections. All who have a disinterested love for what is greatest in art, or for the glories of England, will fervently hope that this series of noble canvases, and its few companions of the same class and quality still remaining in England, may long escape that process of disintegration which has been so destructively at work of late years—scattering and dissolving into their component elements too many among the finest and most representative private galleries of the kingdom.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



*Billiard Room at Temple Newsam, Leeds.*

## ART IN THE HOME.—VI.\*

### THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

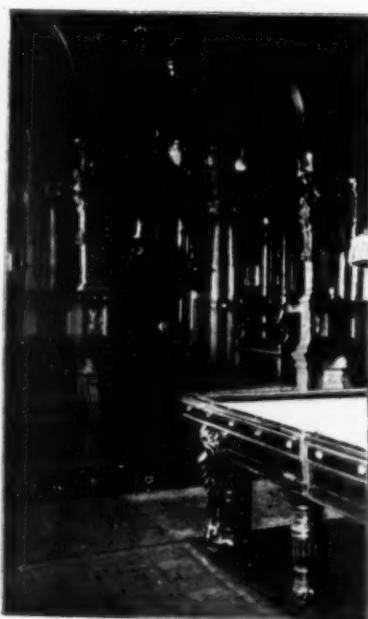
THIS room has come to be regarded as a necessity where space and means will allow of it. It is a convenient rendezvous for the men of the house, who commonly use it as a smoking-room. Many picturesque structural treatments are possible in its planning. The two main requirements are sufficient space round the

table and a method of lighting which does not distract the eye in playing the game, nor cause shadow on the table from the balls and table-ledges. Our first illustration shows a large hall in which a billiard-table is placed; the lights and shadows which are shown across the picture suggest the difficulty of playing well by

daylight. The roof-light which is most commonly adopted requires an inner screen of glass to prevent chill and also drips from condensation in cold weather. This glass screen offers a field for artistic display. With this method of lighting, without side-lights, the ceiling is in semi-darkness, and requires a luminous effect in colour decoration or boldly relieved plaster work. A more artistic method is that which admits the light by a row of windows at both sides or ends of the room near the ceiling. The cross lights neutralise the shadows on the table. With the windows thus placed the ceiling relief should be delicate. Other windows may be introduced with advantage when the look-out is good, but they should be curtained as occasion requires, that the play may not be disturbed.

A client required a combined billiard and general recreation room for young people, and this was planned by building the room of the ordinary size, with a recess at one side large enough to take the table. A gallery was formed in the recess immediately over the table, which was reached by a small stair. The gallery thus formed, with a railing in front, was used for music and performances, as well as for observing the game when the table was in use. The table was made to move easily into the recess on specially designed castors adjusted to light steel temporary rails, and with a screw in the neck to adjust at any time the levels of the table.

In the artistic treatment of the billiard-room much freedom may be exercised. On page 7 in the January number of this year's ART JOURNAL a billiard-room is shown with a raised platform or ingle nook, which is a convenient place for watching the game; an additional



*Billiard Room at Mr. Sanderson's House.*

\* Concluded from  
page 306.



Billiard Room at Miss Cranston's Residence, Glasgow.

illustration is here given showing the front of the ingle. A view is also given of one on a smaller scale at Kelly Castle, Wemyss Bay, the residence of Alex. Stephen, Esq. We give an illustration of a room in Miss Cranston's premises in Glasgow, in which there is originality, together with some interesting contrivances for meeting the needs of those who seek relaxation in that busy city. If the table is generally a fixture the floor space is so limited for viewing pictures of value on the walls that it is undesirable to place them in the Billiard Room; besides, there is the danger of injury from the cues. But if the floor space is ample a very good picture gallery might be obtained. In the management of the roof light, direct clear rays on the picture space could be obtained from the opposite slopes of the glass roof, while a direct top light with ample shadowed ceiling margin could be obtained over the table.

The keynote of colour in this room is given by the green cloth on the table, which seems to be universally accepted as the most suitable colour on which to play. And it is evident that the restful tints of drabs, soft blues, greens, and browns are what the artist will adopt in the colour scheme of the room.

#### THE BEDROOM.

While there may be but one of the rooms we have treated of in one home, there may be many bedrooms, and as many different methods of decorative treatment. Apart from the simple requirements of the bedroom there are the dressing-rooms, baths, conveniences for reading, writing, and such seclusion as members of the family and guests may desire. And all these suggest interesting points in design to the artist. For healthful influence on the atmosphere of the rooms a sunny, cheerful exposure is what is desired, but it is not always obtainable for bedrooms in the planning of a house. The disposition of the colouring, however, can be skilfully directed to diffuse a sense of warmth and comfort where the sunshine does not penetrate. In the various rooms the colour scheme should be prompted by a distinct motive, and it helps greatly towards a good result if any decidedly beautiful idea or sentiment is set before one as a starting-point; for example, if a scheme

1897.

suggestive of spring is in the mind, we would seek an apartment with an exposure to the morning sun, and have the large spaces tinted in cool greens, or yellows, and choice bits of soft white-paler yellows, lavenders, and hypatia and scylla blues. Or there may be the sentiment of autumn, which could well be expressed in a room of a northern exposure, in which the glow of colour on field and trees against the grey blue distance and purple hills could be so suggested as to make an unattractive room speak of fulness, contentment, and homeliness.

The influence of colour in these rooms is in some instances of more importance than is generally supposed. We have observed a case in which a delicate person was greatly improved in health by being moved into a bedroom which was specially coloured for her, and it is a well-attested fact that a pensive temperament is enlivened by rose-tint. Colour as well as pattern must be restful in bedrooms, and it is almost needless to remark that many of the bedroom wall-papers in present use are more suitable for a children's play-room than a bedroom.

In ordinary bedrooms a generally pleasing way of spacing the walls is to place the picture lath low, keeping all above it of a very lightsome character, and below it a wall covering fully high enough to be a background to the furniture and pictures.

A modern development in bedrooms is that of "Fittings," and in connection with these it is noticeable that



Billiard Room at Kelly Castle, Wemyss Bay.



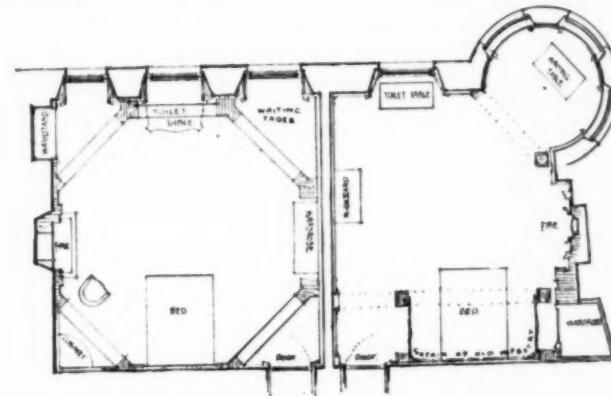
The Louis XVI. Room at Mr. Sanderson's House.

owing to the facility with which the T-square and wood-working machinery were called into play in their production, they have been pushed beyond the limits of good sense. Often do we find in these the air space of the room seriously curtailed, and a boxed-in scheme against an outside wall which is often damp, and altogether unsuitable as a receptacle for clothes. Then in leasehold property fitments must either be left behind or are unsuitable for other positions. However, in houses where tenure is likely to be permanent, and the walls dry, and suitable spaces presenting themselves, the fixtures idea is eagerly taken advantage of by the designer, as they can be arranged in most cases with less cost than movable furniture, and made subservient to the general scheme of design. They are always best in picturesque interiors in which the plan is irregular, affording odd recesses through the exigencies of good planning, and having no cupboard higher than can be comfortably reached.

Apart from the fitment question the artistic planning of bedrooms might receive more attention than is generally given to it. Two plans are here given, and a view of the interior of one of the rooms in the "Northern Home" which has been illustrated in this year's ART JOURNAL.

The practice of filling up an ordinary square room with fitments from floor to ceiling seems needless, unless the occupant of the room desires to combine a napery room or overflow wardrobe space with a sleeping room; but a more healthful arrangement would certainly be to provide such space elsewhere, opening off a passage or dressing room. The varied clothes spaces required for the occupants of bedrooms of course vary much, and for one's own use, the occupant, if of a methodical turn, is the best judge. It is evident on entering some rooms, that they have been designed for a particular person or persons; while a distinctive arrangement must show itself between, say, a bachelor's room and a lady's room. The spare room in a general way requires to have such accommodation in drawers, trays, and hanging spaces as will meet the needs of different guests.

One need not follow in the line of many who have written on such subjects in abusing what has been done in wardrobes in the way of heavy and senseless wood construction. The less wood consistent with strength the better, and excellence of workmanship should be looked for in close-fitting doors and drawers for keeping out dust and moths. We have in a previous article alluded to the work of the best periods of last century, and again here commend its study in connection with bedroom appointments, satin wood in veneered work and solid and veneered mahogany being the two principal lines of work. In small rooms particularly the door or doors of wardrobes are advantageously used for carrying mirrors, and these are best on the inside of the door, as the design is often disturbed by a large external mirror. If there are two doors opening outwards, the mirrors on each give reflections of the figure in each other. In fitment doors as well as



Plan of Two Bedrooms in "A Northern Home."

on walls large mirrors may with advantage be fixed, if the light be suitable, thus avoiding a separate cheval glass.



Photo, Bedford Lemere.

Duchess Bedroom, Derwent Hall.

The bedstead calls to mind many forms of the past. The most elementary one, which combines the greatest comfort and healthiness, is the most modern, having the wire-mattress frame, with a head and foot of simple woodwork, which gives an opportunity for some characteristic design to connect the bedstead with the other woodwork of the room. Sanitary considerations which are now receiving attention have altered the custom as to draperies over the bed-head, and for rooms in general use no one would seek to return to the stuffy methods of recent years. Sufficient curtaining only is required to break draughts or to be a screen from too much light. With special guests' rooms in occasional use there may be allowance for some display of the upholsterer's art, but beyond some artistic requirement the less of this about the sleeping-couch the better. From the simple bedstead we have alluded to we pass over many developments to the sumptuous one in drapery, and the ponderous one in wood, and give illustrations of each which belong to periods of design now much in evidence. However great may be the regard in which such examples are held, the curtaining and cumbersome are open to objection, and it is with simple delight that we come occasionally across some old four-poster in which there is lightness and elegance in the turning and carving, where the posts are used only to carry a light cornicing or rail from which to suspend the screening curtains. This simple structure commends itself, and one feels that the head and foot boards connecting the posts can be made the subjects of endless and interesting design in carving, inlay, painting, or in tapestry or embroidered coverings.

The coverlet of the bed at once excites the artistic fancy, as it offers a field for colour either in mass or embroidered and appliquéd work, which may also, of course, be part of the colour scheme with the curtains. The bedroom washstand is lessening in importance,

owing to the more ample introduction of plumbing arrangements. Thanks to the greater strictness of public supervision, as well as to better ideas and more careful work, greater facilities for ordinary ablutions may now be introduced than one could venture on with safety some years ago. The out-of-door life and frequent exciting exercises which are becoming so general demand that sufficient and easily available bath and dressing room space be provided, in which hot as well as cold water are easily available. The comfort, healthfulness, and saving of service fully compensate for ample arrangements in this direction where space admits. For the ordinary washstand the simpler the design the better, but for a couple, there must be a table space on which to set two basins. The part below the basins can be utilised in various ways to eke out the accommodation which may be lacking in other pieces of furniture. The toilet ware is generally a cause of perplexity. Being easily broken it should not be expensive, and although white ware is commendable for its clean appearance, yet in a colour scheme it is nearly always harsh. Copper with tinned lining is pleasing for the jug and basin, and coloured clay pottery of good forms, with sim-

ple colour glazes, is also desirable and inexpensive. It is superfluous in a general article to go into details concerning the toilet table. If there are no large mirrors for a full-length view in other parts of the room, then for ladies especially there should be a large one in the toilet table, and hinged smaller wing mirrors as well. The position of this table is often objectionable when it blocks up the window, as it detracts from the apparent space and cheerfulness of the room; sweetness of outline and lightness of construction, with a variety of accessible accommodation when sitting, are the requisites. Woodiness in bedroom furniture, which is so often seen, is very objectionable, especially in the darker woods, being depressing in its colour, and objectionable because of



*The Bed of Marie-Antoinette, Fontainebleau.*

its actual weight, which prevents it being easily moved for cleaning operations.

In the floors of bedrooms there is ample variety of carpet fabrics, but the quality of colour in the various kinds differs greatly. Some show dust and others do not; those which show dust are the purest in colour, and are preferable because of the evident need of keeping them clean. In the general arrangements of the guests' bedrooms it will be evident that the more complete every appointment can be made to minister to their

comfort in complete seclusion if need be, the more the kindness of the host will be appreciated.

In concluding these articles we feel that there has been lacking that forwardness to advance definite artistic ideas which is common in such writings. It has been our inclination rather to keep steadily by what seems actually necessary to meet the wants of our complex natures, being convinced that in this direction the most enjoyable and restful artistic results will spring up.

W. SCOTT MORTON.

## 'THE SQUIRE'S SONG.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN A. LOMAX.



perversely blamed. But, though it is hardly to be expected that a painter will complain because his work obtains public appreciation, it by no means follows that this desirable calamity is entirely his fault. One artist is interested in the study of light and shade, in the play of atmosphere and aerial perspective, and the arrangement of colour—technical studies that require some amount of technical knowledge for their appreciation. Another artist is fascinated by the grace of costume and the charm of manners of a past historical period; he delights to study the types of character that such times created, and interests himself in attempting to reconstruct the *milieu* in which those characters moved, and the costumes in which they were clad; all technical enough, too, in its way. It so happens, however, that in the work of the latter the man in the street sees something that pleases him, that he, at least partly, understands; while the work of the former he finds often meaningless, if not repellent. Why should there not be in art, as in other spheres of human interest, a diversity of gifts but the same spirit? If both these artists are

painters of the style of pictures called genre would easily take the palm if the achievements of art could be estimated by a test borrowed from political economy, "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." For this popularity such artists have been rather

working sincerely and disinterestedly, endeavouring to produce the best art of which he is capable, each according to the bent of his talent, then it is unfair to discriminate injuriously between the one and the other. If the one studies nature, the other studies human nature; both are worthy to be pursued. Need we drag in "that the proper study of mankind is man"?

From the very causes just referred to, one interests oneself in the subject of a genre painting before one proceeds to carefully examine the technique.

The first impression of Mr. Lomax's picture, 'The Squire's Song,' is a charming one. We are introduced to a pleasant wainscoted room, furnished with every evidence of wealth and taste, wherein are seated round a table a party of seven, their president being the Squire, seen in the very act and movement of singing his song. The way this kindly and jovial old gentleman is realised and delineated seems after all something of a triumph.

Many old gentlemen have a song that is called for on all extraordinary occasions, and given with heartiness and goodwill. Hazarding a guess, we would venture to suggest that it is the Squire's birthday, and that, after dinner, sitting with his boys and their friends around a bowl of punch, his song has been unanimously called for. It is still afternoon, but people dined early in those days.

Hanging his wig upon the back of his chair, his eyes twinkling with honest fun, his hand marking time the while, he trolls forth the well-known ditty in a voice still sonorous and strong, though perchance a little quavery in the upper notes. The young men raise their glasses with evident appropriateness to the words he is singing.

Nothing could very well be more delightful than this scene of hearty mirth and harmless jollity. The pleasure of the dear old Squire, whose heart is as young as any of them, in the society of his boys and their companions, and their evident respect and affection for him, are goodly to behold. The skill with which the group is arranged, the animated expressions on their high-bred faces, the richness of the surroundings and accessories, combine to make a picture that is absolutely unalloyed by anything vulgar or unworthy.

H. W. B.



The Art Journal London, J. M. W. Turner

Opposite page

George Washington by Paul Revere

From the Drawing of John Adams

The Squire's Song





*Evening in Italy.*  
By Matthew Ridley Corbet.

## THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.\*

IN concluding this present series of articles on Mr. McCulloch's pictures, it is difficult to select from those which have not so far been referred to enough for reasonable comment, without including so many that there would be a risk of substituting mere cataloguing

\* Concluded from page 328.

for proper description. The collection is so large that to deal at length with everything it contains would be impossible; and yet in forming it, and in the additions which he is constantly making to it, Mr. McCulloch has exercised so much judgment that he cannot be said to possess anything which is unworthy of attention, and



*The Wild North Sea.*  
By Robert W. Allan.

does not adequately represent one or other of the many modern phases of artistic expression. He has, in fact, summarised effectively the whole range of British art as we see it at the present moment, and has done so with a degree of discretion which argues the possession by him of a peculiarly keen insight into the intentions and aims of the artists who lead our native school. At the same time he has not limited his gallery to purely British work. Enough foreign examples are included in it to give variety to the general effect, and to mark by their distinctive character the individuality of the artistic atmosphere which belongs to this country.

These foreign examples are, fittingly, the best of their kind, and are perfectly well adapted to punctuate the collection. Each one serves as a valuable break in the continuity of the dominant British idea, and by its contrast to its surroundings saves them from any aspect of monotony or of undue unanimity. At the same time each one, by its obvious excellence, helps to set up a standard against which everything else has to be measured; and, perhaps, one of the best proofs of the level which is reached by the gallery is that the bulk of the

pictures bear well juxtaposition with such masterpieces as Bastien Lepage's 'Potato-Gatherers' and 'Pauvre Fauvette,' such a marvel of manipulation as M. Gérôme's 'Eastern Girl,' or such poetic creations as M. Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Dans la Forêt,' James Maris's 'Two Windmills,' and M. Matthew Maris's 'Girl at the Well.' This last work in particular is an exquisite demonstration of foreign methods. It is delightful in colour, handled with absolute certainty, and imagined throughout with the most delicate sensitiveness. Subjectless though it is in one sense of the word, it interests engrossingly by its perfect simplicity and by its exceptional consistency.

Neither Mr. Yeend King in his 'Autumn's Wooing,' nor Mr. M. R. Corbet in his 'Evening in Italy,' can be

said to go very far in the matter of topographical definition. Mr. Yeend King's canvas may quite possibly be as accurate a portrait of some place he has seen as the 'Derbyshire Dale,' another large picture by him in Mr. McCulloch's collection; but in the 'Autumn's Wooing' we are concerned with nothing but the explanation of the title, and feel no obligation to inquire which was the county or district to which he had on that occasion betaken himself in search of material. Mr. Corbet, on the other hand, commits himself so far that he invites us to understand that he went to Italy in search of his

subject. Beyond that, however, he makes no profession of regard for local conditions. His picture breaks definitely with tradition, and presents the modern aspect of a country, large tracts of which are merely desolate marshes backed by sombre hills, and lacking all but the rudest evidences of human occupation.

His view of Italy is, indeed, almost as stern as that taken by Mr. R. W. Allan of the coasts of Northern Britain in his picture 'The Wild North Sea.' The distinction between his Italian landscape and Mr. Allan's weather-beaten Scottish harbour is little more than a

difference of colour; the spirit of both is fierce and untameable, and quite opposed to the gentleness which is so delightful in Mr. Yeend King's 'Autumn's Wooing.' Mr. Corbet has insisted upon the gorgeous tones which are given by the glow of the Southern sun; but Mr. Allan has rendered the salt greyness of the air which blows over the cold North Sea, and has studied with infinite accuracy the effect of spray-laden mist, blotting out form and reducing colour to the monochrome of shades of grey that every dweller on our coasts knows so well. His picture, grim though it is in subject, is absolutely acceptable on account of the intimate knowledge it reveals.

By way of contrast with the gentler aspirations of the other foreign artists, the ambitious effort shown in



*Girl at the Well.*  
By Matthew Maris.

BOBADIL'S FAREWELL TO GRANADA.

BY F. PRADILLA

*In the Collection of George McCallum, Esq.*



'Bobadil's Farewell to Granada,' by Señor F. Pradilla, one of the abler foreigners represented in the gallery, deserves to be noted here. The picture with its Oriental splendour of detail, its freedom of design, and power of brush-work, and, above all, with its apt illustration of a motive by no means wanting in pathos, and of a situation dramatically effective, is extremely important and takes its place in the highest class of historical painting. It is daring in its unconventionality, but there is every justification in the result for the audacity of the attempt.

A very interesting section of Mr. McCulloch's collection is that occupied by the canvases of those artists to whom the decorative side of painting most strongly appeals. A large proportion of the pictures in the gallery are of this class, and among them are to be reckoned not only Lord Leighton's 'Daphnephoria' and 'The Garden of the Hesperides,' but also Mr. Orchardson's very great picture, perhaps, in fact his finest work, 'The Young Duke,' and Mr. Waterhouse's admirable 'St. Cecilia,' and another equally admirable composition not yet exhibited; Mr. E. A. Abbey's 'Duke of Gloucester'; Mr. Swan's 'Orpheus'; Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's 'Judgment of Paris'; and Albert Moore's 'Loves of the Winds and Seasons.' This picture is in scale and motive one

of the most important that Albert Moore produced, and is an excellent illustration of the rare qualities of design and treatment which gave to his work its claim to rank among the best of this century. The history of the canvas is a pathetic one, for he was engaged upon it at the time of his death, and the later stages of the work were carried through in spite of the acute suffering caused by an incurable disease, and in the face of the knowledge that only by the most complete disregard of his own condition could he hope to find time to fulfil what he had undertaken. Rest was impossible; he knew that every moment which he might snatch from his work would mean a lessening of his chance of leaving it complete, and so he laboured on indomitably, until at last absolute physical collapse made it impossible for him to leave his bed. The picture was then finished, and his death followed in little more than a week. No sign of the artist's struggle appears in the work; every touch is as sure and expressive, every detail as lovingly handled, as if the fullest time for consideration and careful experiment had been at his disposal. It is a remarkable monument of courage and devotion; and we may well rejoice that it should rank as one of the gems of one of the most remarkable private galleries of modern times.

A. L. BALDRY.



*The Loves of the Winds and the Seasons. By Albert Moore.*

*By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, Publishers of the Large Plate.*

*Autumn's Wooing*

"AUTUMN'S WOOING."  
BY YEEND KING.  
To the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.







*Michael.* By Rudolph Eickemeyer.  
Sketched from the Photograph.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

DURING the past few weeks we, of the world of photography, have had ample opportunity and every inducement to take stock of our present position, to sum up the progress of the year, and to forecast our movements for the future. The two great London photographic exhibitions have been full of lessons for those who would take the trouble to read them, and many of those lessons are of value to others than photographers.

The controversy of the hour, amongst the advanced workers, rages around the gum-bichromate process, its advisability and legitimacy; and as this process is largely non-photographic, a brief description may be of interest. It is a modification of the well-known autotype, carbon, or pigment process, modified with the object of giving greater freedom for hand-work. A paper is prepared, of which the face is coated all over with a solution of gum, with which has been mixed enough pigment (say lamp-black) to thoroughly cover the surface. The gum is treated, either before coating the paper or afterward, with a solution of a bichromate salt—usually of potassium—which has the effect of rendering the gum partially or wholly insoluble after exposure to light. If a paper which has been so treated is placed behind a photographic negative (or behind a stencil) and exposed to daylight, the parts upon which the light can act become insoluble, while the parts which are protected from the light by the dense parts of the negative (or stencil) remain perfectly soluble in warm water. This being so, it only remains to place the paper in a dish or tray, and treat it with warm water to remove the pigment from what are to be the whites of the picture, leaving it in full

force on the shadows. The half-tones and intermediate tints, being rendered partially insoluble, have their gum and their pigment partially removed, in proper proportion to the light which has acted upon them. Over this process the artist has great control, either over the whole picture or locally. It will be seen that if the print is so far insolubilised that the very highest lights wash clear in luke-warm water, while the blacks are entirely untouched, the use of hotter water will carry the complete removal of the pigment into the paler half-tones and shift the whole range of tones throughout the work. Moreover, if the bulk of the work be thus brought up with water of a given temperature, it is obvious that parts which it is desired to lighten may be treated locally with warmer

water, poured from a spout or projected forcibly from a spraying device; and further, a part which it is desired to keep dark may be treated with colder water.

As a matter of fact, in developing these prints it is quite unusual to lay them in a dish and treat the whole surface; generally they are placed on a sloping board, standing in a dish, and developed by pouring over them—generally from a tin coffee-pot—a mixture of warm water and fine sawdust.

It can easily be understood that photographic purists, who are as conservative and as prejudiced as the purists in any other craft, cried out lustily against such unphotographic methods being tacked on to photography. Several advanced workers, however, led by the untiring enthusiasm of Mr. Alfred Maskell, have thoroughly tested the method,

and for three or four years we have had examples of their work at the Photographic Salon. This year, both the exhibitions had several examples, and the

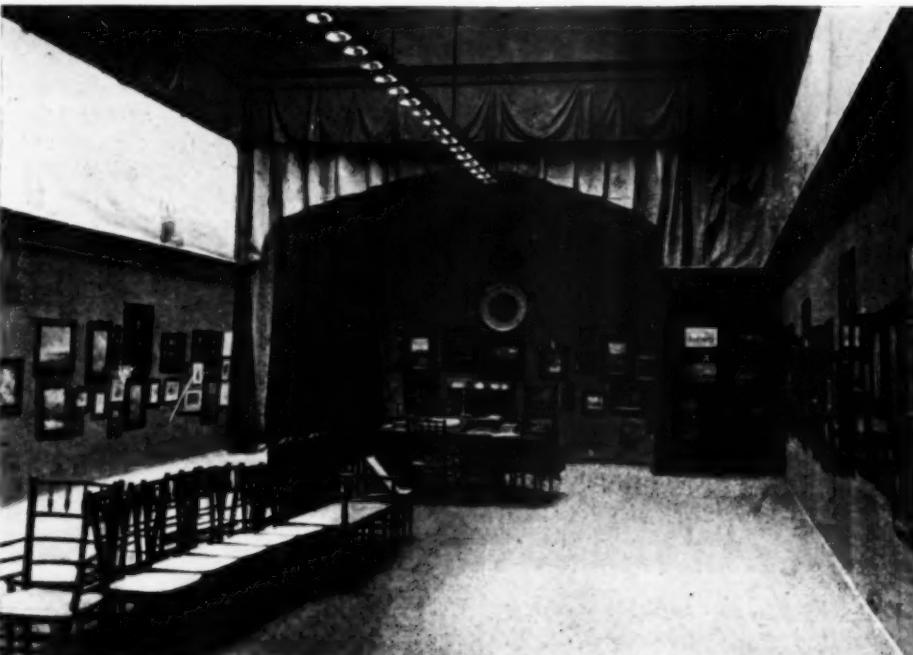


*Mrs. Pitman.*  
By Wm. Crooke.

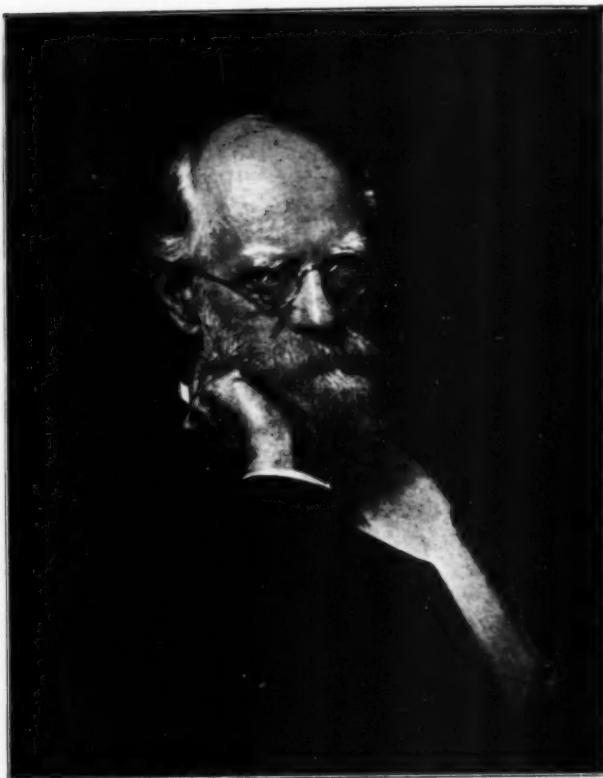
exhibitors using the process included Maurice Brémard, Robert Demachy, Dr. Hugo Henneberg, Clement Hopkins, Heinrich Kühn, Charles Moss, J. C. S. Mummery, Philipp Ritter von Schoeller, Frank M. Sutcliffe, Hans Watzek, and others. With such an array of well-known men supporting a new method, one is bound to consider its claims with some care; and what has previously been dismissed as a freak, has this year been weighed on its merits. As to the legitimacy of the method little has been said, but its advisability has been seriously questioned; and after full consideration of the very many examples, from the great variety of workers, photographers and painters alike seem driven to doubt. If a method secures a given result with less labour than, or a better result with the same labour as, an older method, the new one has a right to be permanently adopted; but in this case it seems that when once a considerable departure from the pure photographic basis has been made, the artist who can produce a successful picture might better and more surely work with brush or crayon.

Of the many gum-bichromates in the galleries, few seem thoroughly satisfactory to one who knows the method of production; and even in the case of such examples as Watzek's 'Kibitz,' Kühn's 'A Head,' and some of Demachy's,

driven to doubt. If a method secures a given result with less labour than, or a better result with the same labour as, an older method, the new one has a right to be permanently adopted; but in this case it seems that when once a considerable departure from the pure photographic basis has been made, the artist who can produce a successful picture might better and more surely work with brush or crayon.



*The Photographic Salon.  
From a Negative by Catherine Weed Ward.*



*Mr. John Tanner. By H. Walter Barnett.  
Enlarged by Messrs. Elliott & Son.*

where the results are entirely commendable, there is a conviction that the artists could have obtained the same result more easily by other means.

The decoration of the gallery in which the Photographic Salon is held has attracted much attention. The work, including the hanging of the pictures, was entrusted to Mr. George Walton, recently of Glasgow, and the result was an entire novelty in connection with photography, although not so new to those who remember the "advanced" room in the Liverpool annual picture exhibition, and others. The general result, as seen in the illustration, was distinctly satisfactory, with exception to be taken to the too low hanging of some of the

pictures, and to the stencilling on the frames.

The fault of the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society was the fault of over-kindness in including many inoffensive and harmless, but utterly valueless works. That its exhibition was much more attractive to the general public, and much more useful to ninety per cent. of

photographers than the Salon, must be admitted. It may even be claimed, and many would support the claim, that an equal number of frames chosen from the Royal show would equal in real interest and value the collection shown at the Salon; but the best friends of the old Society must admit that

at least two hundred of its 436 exhibits might have been rejected with distinct advantage to those remaining and to the show as a whole.

The most important addition to the ranks of our exhibitors was H. Walter Barnett, a native of Melbourne, recently settled in London. As a successful professional photographer he was well known, and several of his pictures had been reproduced in one of the photographic journals, but no one was prepared for the three magnificent portrait heads which formed his first and sole contribution to the Pall Mall show, and one of which secured a well-earned medal.

Perhaps the most strikingly new, but yet thoroughly satisfactory work was that of F. Hollyer, whose splendid reproductions of the works of painters have rather eclipsed, in the public mind, his own productions. At each of the galleries he had at least three or four distinguished works, but at each, too, he had one unusually striking thing. At the Salon, his 'Portrait en chapeau,' —a young man behind and just opening a street door, at once arrested attention and demanded praise. At Pall Mall his portrait of Napier Hemy, though badly hung, at once riveted the attention, and drew one back, again and again, to its out-of-the-way corner.

Mr. F. Holland Day, whose work was at the Salon only, had, perhaps, the most striking complete collection of the year, a series of nudes, in which the key-note was the study of dark-skinned rather than white-skinned humanity.

Amongst the British leaders, Mr. J. Craig Annan, though

not so revolutionary as in the past two years, has again found a totally new theme for his main picture, and in 'In a Garden fair' made use of the dark shadows of an open doorway to emphasize the brilliant sunshine of an out-door scene, and the delicate graceful lines of a light-costumed lady who forms its central object. Mr. Eustace Calland, too, had three or four new and striking little works, perhaps the most satisfactory being a glimpse of the sunlit and almost fairy-like spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields between the black, imposing columns of the portico of the National Gallery.

Mr. William Crooke, with his half-dozen portraits and one subject picture, well maintains his position as one of the foremost if not the very first of our portrait photographers. Mr. A. Horsley Hinton, who made us fear he was in danger of slipping into a rut, astounds us with his versatility and vigour.

Of M. Fred Boissonnas' 'Nuit de Janvier' at the Pall Mall show, a word must be said, though space scarce suffices to speak of the versatile and excellent work of Mr. John Stuart, whose 'Cellarium, Fountains Abbey,' fully holds its own in the strongest collection of architecture ever gathered in a photographic exhibition. Of Rudolph Eickemeyer's many good things I can say nothing, but must give a word to his 'Michael' —quite a new idea. Of a score other good things I can say nothing, beyond a general word of commendation to every exhibitor who has given us something individual and fresh. May every one have a dozen disciples, but no imitators.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THOSE who witness, for the first time, the printing of wall-papers by hand, with wooden blocks, cannot fail to be struck by the extreme simplicity of the operation. When I watched the process, the other day, in the great printing rooms of Messrs. Knowles, of King's Road, Chelsea, it seemed to me that nothing could be easier,

but I was assured that considerable skill is required to place the blocks with the necessary exactness. In printing by hand, the end of the roll of paper on which the design is to be impressed, is spread out on the printing table. The operator then takes a wooden block, about twenty inches square, upon which the design is cut, deposits it for an instant on a prepared bed of moist colour at his side, and then places it on the out-spread paper. By touching a wooden

lever with his foot, the printer brings a momentary pressure to bear on the block, and the design is impressed. A further portion of the paper is then unwound and the operation of colouring, and laying the block, is repeated again and again until the entire roll is printed. It is by this method that the patterns of most of the best modern wall-papers are produced, but the cheaper papers are, of course, printed by machinery.

Many newly designed and unpublished wall-papers were shown to me by Messrs. Knowles, and three of these are here reproduced. The "Rufford" design, based on



The "Beatrice" Ceiling Paper.  
(Messrs. Charles Knowles & Co.)

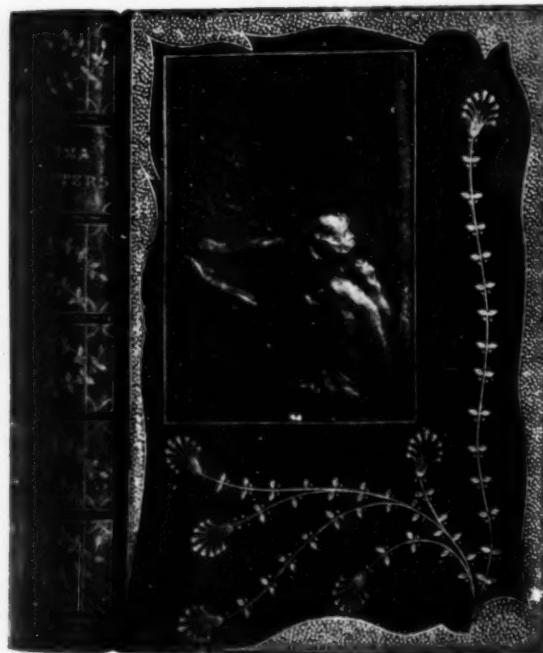


The "Rufford" Wall-Paper.  
(Messrs. Charles Knowles & Co.)



The "Columbine" Frieze. (Messrs. Knowles.)

the flowers and leaves of the prickly poppy, is carried out on a large scale in tones of red and grey green, on a ground of creamy white. The "Columbine" frieze is also printed by the "wash" process, the flowers in pinkish red, on a ground which shades gradually from the palest grey to the deepest peacock blue. In the



Example of Bookbinding. By Miss Birkenruth.

"Beatrice" ceiling paper, the simple but effective ribbon design is printed in pink or fawn colour, on a white ground. Among the other new papers and friezes I noticed one or two which had been printed from designs made by the Marquis of Lorne, who has lately given some attention to the subject of wall decoration.

The two examples of bookbinding illustrated on this page were executed by Miss Birkenruth, by whom also the graceful decorations of the covers were designed and carried out. The binding of the "Keats" is of pale green morocco with green silk end-papers, and that of the "Vailima Letters" of brown morocco, with Watson end-papers. The little panel with the embossed figure, which is let into the cover of the "Vailima Letters," was modelled by Charpentier, in ordinary saddler's leather, the colour of which harmonizes perfectly with that of the morocco in which the book is bound.

W. T. WHITLEY.



Example of Bookbinding. By Miss Birkenruth.

## TURNING AND THROWING.

**G**REAT credit is due to the "Worshipful Company of Turners" that they are able to announce a "Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition of Turning." That it is of no great artistic interest is not their fault: the turner's craft is in fact essentially one which appeals to the mechanical rather than to the artistic mind; but it is disappointing, nevertheless, to see in the work exhibited at the Mansion House so little but what is perfunctory and commonplace in idea—we will not say "design," for that is rather too much to expect of the lathe or those who handle it.

The work done reaches a fair trade level. We have the usual balusters of the usual patterns, the inevitable vases

pretending to be Greek, but very little which has freshness of invention to recommend it, or which so much as tries to bring out the capacities of the lathe, and to be essentially and characteristically *turned*. The striking thing about such of the forms exhibited as are not absolutely trite, is the absence of directing taste. Could not the Turners' Company find some means of teaching the artisan *what to do* with the lathe, and above all *what not to do*?

We are accustomed to put down the degradation of the workman's taste to the exigencies of trade; but amateurs seem to be equally in need of direction; the turned candlesticks, for example, shown by amateurs are

*The Solent, near Yarmouth.*

By A. D. Peppercorn, R.I. (See below.)

distinctly less satisfactory in shape than those of the trade workers. Perhaps it was not quite fair to show, by the side of amateur work, a beautiful ebony bowl or cup of the last century—and such a bowl, simple and dignified, yet tastefully enriched, the ornament just where it should be, and just what it should be. It stood conspicuous amidst work which, though by amateurs, did not conspicuously differ from trade work.

Prizes were given by the Company not only for turning in wood and pottery, but for "throwing," an art less

mechanical and less able to live without encouragement, nowadays, than the art of the turner. Certainly some of the specimens of throwing shown appeared to stand more in need of "shaving" than familiar instances of what was once upon a time common throwing. If that is the best that throwers can do, their day will soon be done; and it will be a great pity, though not so sad a thing as the faddists, who want us to give up machinery and go back to primitive methods, would have us think. True it is that the lathe is commonly made use of to smooth out of the thrower's work all trace of the artist. But there was some exceptionally clever work at the Mansion House, described as "thrown and turned," concerning which one had to ask oneself where the turning came in—the form was so artfully twisted and folded, after the manner of a petunia flower ("Petunia" was the workman's motto), that it could only have been done on the wheel. Either it was not turned at all or the turning must have been done before the twisting; it is difficult, however, to understand how clay which had once got dry enough for turning could be made plastic again, without going, as a potter would say, "rotten." If only it should prove possible to manipulate a vase upon the wheel again after smoothing it on the lathe, and so leave the final touch to the thrower, the objections to the lathe would disappear. As it is they are exaggerated. The fault is not entirely with the instrument, but partly at least in the mechanical ideal of the man who guides it.

LEWIS F. DAY.

## AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

THE present exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours affords an excellent illustration of the manner in which judgment in hanging affects the aspect of a picture show. Reasonable reticence in selecting and care in the spacing and arrangement of the works accepted, have had the effect of raising perceptibly the standard of the collection which has been brought together, and have also given to the more noteworthy contributions a degree of importance which they are apt to lack when they are too closely surrounded with commonplace things. Mr. Peppercorn's study of an atmospheric effect, 'The Solent, near Yarmouth' (illustrated above) is in the very first rank; it is wonderfully subtle and delicate, and at the same time entirely free from monotony of tone, a record of a momentary aspect of nature, revealing both acuteness of observation and rare power of expression. Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'New Moon—Wareham,' has the same sort of sensitive accuracy, but is more deliberately arranged. Mr. J. R. Reid is represented by several of his powerful studies of rural life; perhaps the happiest of them is his 'Daughter of the Soil,' a typical interpretation of robust rusticity. Another fine canvas is Mr. R. W. Allan's 'Starting for the Herring Fishery.'

The winter exhibition by members of the Royal Society of British Artists is less commonplace than usual. The most important contribution is a large cartoon by

Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the decoration of the church of St. Paul, in Rome, a characteristic example of the artist's design.

At the Grafton Gallery the Society of Portrait Painters have got together a satisfactory collection of more or less recent portraits, representing a large variety of methods of practice, and illustrating many schools of painting.

A. L. B.

*Daughter of the Soil. By John R. Reid, R.I.*

5 E



*Sketch of Ballet Dancers. By Renouard,  
"A History of Dancing" (Heinemann).*

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.



*Mr. Nicholson's "Alphabet"  
(Heinemann).*

cussed, and illustrated, many of the plates being from *tableaux célèbres* of France and other countries. Beginning with the sacred dances of the ancients, the fifteen chapters touch lightly, but sufficiently, on the ballets, balls, and dances down through the middle ages to dances of ourselves and our contemporaries. The illustrations are in many cases modern, and generally throughout the volume attention is directed to the dances of the present and the last century, with pictures by Clouet, Teniers, and Watteau, to Moreau, Whistler, and J. Sargent. The last chapters are devoted to accounts of the balls and dances of our grandfathers, with

THE festivities surrounding Christmas mark the appropriate time for the publication of "A History of Dancing," a handsome volume from the French of Gaston Vuillier (Heinemann) with fully three hundred illustrations. Every kind of dancing is described, dis-

Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Almack's described when in their glory. Even the Lancers and the sedate Quadrille have histories, and the Waltz, Polka, and Cotillon are traced to the present day.

Mr. Aymer Vallance has essayed the fulfilment of a great task in his "William Morris: His Art, Writings and Public Life" (Bell). Although the author disclaims any biographical plan in this admirable book, the



*From "Keats' Poems."  
Illustrated by Anning Bell (Bell).*

reader can easily trace Morris's career at Oxford with Burne-Jones (who matriculated at Exeter College on the same day as Morris), the future decorator's architectural apprenticeship with Street, and the foundation of the old Hogarth Club by Rossetti and Morris. The erection of the famous "Red House," the precursor of the incorrectly named "Queen Anne" style, and its furnishing and decorating, in which Morris was so much helped by Burne-Jones, set its designers thinking what might be done by a firm of decorative artists, and accordingly we read that Madox Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Arthur Hughes, Phillip Webb, Peter Marshall, Charles Faulkner, and Morris leagued themselves together. The story of the firm is one ceaseless tribute to the matchless industry and practical inventiveness of Morris. The worship of his fetish—Art allied only to Architecture—drove him to the expression of some strong opinions, among which "There is no art in Japan" remains still as one of the most debatable.

Mr. Reginald Blomfield has written a fascinating "History of Renaissance Architecture in England 1500-1800," in two volumes, which are a credit to their publishers, Messrs. Bell & Sons. Whilst avoiding the methods which would have made his work merely a catalogue *raisonné*, the author has shown great felicity in classifying an enormous number of facts, and an especial skill in showing how many of these historical data have an



"The Princess weeps for sympathy."  
By H. J. Ford. "The Pink Fairy Book" (Longmans).



*Undine descending.*  
By Miss Rosie Pittman (Macmillan).

intimate relation to each other. Like all cleverly arranged books, this one conveys the impression that the last word has been written on the subject. Various reputations are shattered, such as John Thorpe's and Lord Burlington's. On the other hand Inigo Jones is placed on the highest pedestal, from which many architectural students will be inclined to pull him down. This worship of Jones is really the only luxury Mr. Blomfield has allowed himself. Generally speaking, the author has maintained a singularly high judicial standard, particularly in comparing one style with another.

As an English drawing for a Japanese story, Mr. H. J. Ford's illustration here printed is perfect in its interest, beauty, and its appropriateness. This charming work appears in Mr. Andrew Lang's "Pink Fairy Book," the best Christmas gift for a child whatever else may be added. The masterpiece of the German romantic writer Fouqué, "Undine" (Macmillan) is illustrated with singular beauty by Miss Rosie Pittman. We print one of the most graceful (above), 'Undine descending to the cottage kitchen.' A well-printed edition of Wordsworth (Longmans) embraces a series of successful illustrations by Mr. Alfred Parsons.

Since his now-famous portrait of the Queen in the New



From "Mary Powell" (Nimmo).

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**M**R. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., has received a commission from the Corporation of London to fill their panel in the Royal Exchange, while the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies have selected Mr. E. A. Abbey, A.R.A., to supply their gift. The work of filling these panels seems to be progressing favourably.

**M**R. John Lavery has gone by sea to Naples, and he proposes to spend the next few months in Rome. He is not likely to paint portraits there, but will probably carry out a long-cherished scheme of a large subject picture.

**A**NOTHER recent visitor to Italy is Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., who has been spending several weeks in and around Naples and Pompeii.

**I**T is of interest to those living far from London to note that Mr. F. Hollyer, of Pembroke Square, W., has just issued a new catalogue of his publications which include new works by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. G. F. Watts, Rossetti, and others.

**I**N the Industrial Art Studios in Wellington Street, Glasgow, an interesting selection of artistic work is exhibited by J. E. C. Carr and J. T. Stewart, artists to the firm of Messrs. W. Meikle and Sons.

**T**HE Convent Garden,' by H. Clarence Whaite, R.W.S., P.R.C.A., has just been presented to the permanent collection at the Blackburn Art Gallery.

**T**HE collection in the Louvre has been still further enriched by the addition of two pictures of some importance. One is a work by Millet, bequeathed to the French nation by the former head librarian of the Ste. Geneviève, M. Trianon, and the other is Meissonier's portrait of 'Dumas Fils,' presented by the executors of the great novelist. This portrait was exhibited at the Salon in 1877.

**T**HE Carnegie Art Galleries at Pittsburgh, U.S.A., has held its first annual exhibition during November and December. Over three hundred paintings were brought together, of which a considerable number were from London. Mr. Fildes sent a study for 'The Widower'; Mr. Orchardson, 'Master Baby'; Mr. Alma Tadema, 'Tibullus in Delos'; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 'The Merciful Knight'; Mr. Lavery his 'Lady in Brown'; and Mr. Whistler his 'Fur Jacket' and Sarasate portrait. An illustrated catalogue with many portraits of artists was published.

**T**HE Art Institute of Chicago is another flourishing American organization holding an annual exhibition. More than four hundred works were shown in the ninth collection, which closed in December. The permanent collection, which was begun in 1879, now numbers 1,243 works of art in painting and sculpture, and it is open free three days a week, including Sundays, from one to five. The Doré Gallery collection from London has been there, and this has increased the total attendance by large numbers, and on the first free Sunday over ten thousand visitors entered to see the Doré pictures.

#### OBITUARY.

**I**N the death of Mr. Richard Beavis, on November 14th, 1896, we have lost an artist of no small merit. Born in 1824, at Exmouth, he spent his early years at Sidmouth, and his residence in this picturesque seaside town no doubt had its influence on the direction Mr. Beavis's art subsequently took. Thanks to the kindness of a Sidmouth gentleman, he was able, at the age of twenty-two, to enter the School of Design at Somerset House, and from that time he seems to have been favoured with steady success. In 1862 he sent two pictures to the Royal Academy, and both were hung. Since then his works have become quite familiar on the walls at Burlington House. Among his best-known pictures are 'A Mountain Rill,' 'Fishermen picking up Wreck at Sea,' 'In North Wales,' 'The Escape,' 'Autumn, Loading Fern,' 'Loading Land, Pas de Calais, Threatening Weather,' 'High Tide, Mouth of the Maas,' 'Hauling up a Fishing-boat, Coast of Holland,' 'Drawing Timber in Picardy,' 'Collecting Wreck on the French Coast, Ambleteuse,' 'The Sand Cart, Brittany, Gathering Storm,' 'Bullock Carts returning from Cette,' 'Bedaween Caravan on the Road to Mount Sinai,' 'Herdsmen of the Campagna, collecting Young Horses,' 'Home at Last,' 'Bedouin Encampment in Syria.' In 1896 he contributed to the Royal Academy two pictures, 'Castle Campbell, near Dollar,' and 'Crossing the Sands, Holy Island.' He was a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society.

**L**UIS Falero, a Spanish painter, died on December 7th, at the age of forty-five. A fortnight before he was removed from his house in Fellows Road, London, where he had resided for several years, to the University College Hospital to undergo a serious internal operation. Falero was a native of Toledo, and resided for some time in Paris. Among his numerous works may be mentioned 'Double Stars,' 'Le Cauchemar,' 'Marriage of a Comet,' 'The Dream of Faust,' and 'Unto a Better World.' Many of his pictures, most of which have been reproduced, are in New York. Flammarion's Popular Works on Astronomy are adorned by Falero's illustrations. He made a certain reputation by allegorical pictures of the stars.



## PASSING EVENTS.

SOME valuable additions have recently been made to the Collections at the National Gallery. The daughters of Mr. Richard J. Lane, the Engraver, have presented their interesting collection of Gainsboroughs, which includes a beautiful life-sized oval portrait of the painter's daughter, Margaret; a portrait of two dogs, Tristam and Fox; two small early landscapes; two sketches in monogram; and a small portrait of Gainsborough, by Zoffany. The pictures originally belonged to Miss Gainsborough, and were in her home at Acton at the time of her death, when they passed into the hands of some friends, and afterwards to Mr. Lane, who was a grand-nephew of Gainsborough. 'The Dewar Stone,' by John W. Inchbold, has been bequeathed by the late Sir John Russell Reynolds. The picture is in Room XX. Mr. Martin Colnaghi has presented 'The Philosopher,' by Cornelius Bega, a master hitherto unrepresented in the Collection. This fine picture is placed in one of the Dutch rooms. A picture by Hendrik van Avercamp of 'A Winter Scene on the Ice,' and a portrait of Gilbert Stewart, the American painter, by himself, have been purchased from the Lewis Fund. Two portraits of Venetian Senators, belonging to the Venetian School of the sixteenth century, have been transferred from South Kensington to Room VII. at the National Gallery.

M R. E. H. Martineau has presented to the nation a picture by Robert B. Martineau, called 'Last Day in the Old Home,' which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1862. This picture will be placed in the Tate Gallery.

THE election of Mr. J. S. Sargent to full Academical honours will meet with general approval. His works are too well known to need any description here, but we may say that as a portrait painter he is in the very first rank. While congratulating Mr. Sargent we cannot but sympathize with Mr. Leader, who has again just failed to secure the highest honour. The election of Messrs. Alfred Parsons and J. J. Shannon as Associates should also be popular. A remarkable feature of these elections is that two of the successful candidates are Americans, while Mr. Parsons' work is closely identified with the United States.

I N November, 1895, the Parks and Open Spaces Committee of the London County Council received an offer from Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey to decorate the walls of the refreshment room at the mansion in Brockwell Park with pictures painted in oils by his brother, Mr. H. Stowey Strachey. On the advice of Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., the offer was accepted, and the work has now been completed. The pictures represent scenes in country life.

A BILL will be submitted in the coming Session of Parliament for the winding-up and dissolution of the Guild of Literature and Art, which was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1854. The Guild was formed by an association consisting of the late Duke of Devonshire, the late Earl Granville, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir C. Eastlake (then President of the Royal Academy),

Charles Dickens, John Forster, Charles Knight, and others. These noblemen and gentlemen together with some associates, amongst whom were Gilbert A'Becket, Wilkie Collins, Dudley Costello, Mark Lemon, P. Macdowell, Richard Owen, Clarkson Stanfield, Frank Stone, Sir J. Emerson Tenant, W. Topham, and W. H. Wills, were appointed the Council of the Guild. The object of the Guild was to carry on an insurance and provident fund for necessitous authors and artists. At present the property of the Guild consists of two houses (which are not inhabited by members of the Guild), £2,112 16s. in stocks, and £31 13s. 9d. in cash, while the council is reduced to two gentlemen, Sir J. R. Robinson and Mr. F. Clifford. For several years the number of members has gradually decreased, and no new members have been elected, but grants have been made by the council from time to time to needy members. It has therefore been found impossible to carry out the object for which the Guild was incorporated. It is further proposed that the property of the Guild should be handed over to the Royal Literary Fund and the Artists' Benevolent Institution.

THE more interesting section of the Exhibition of Works in Wood at Carpenters' Hall was that devoted to models of constructive and ornamental carpentry and joinery, and it was satisfactory to see that the constructive was the more in favour of the two. A simple and every way admirable model of a Grand Stand by J. Perrin (25) took a first prize, and a Stage for carrying a steam crane by J. White (31) a second prize. The model of a Ventilator and Bell Turret by T. Taunton (35) was both fit and tasteful in design, and there were numerous other instances of ingenious and careful work of a practical kind. The furniture shown in the same room was altogether less praiseworthy. Exception must be made, however, in favour of a very cleverly contrived deal table by C. W. Burbridge (84), which a draughtsman would find most useful in a small office.

Of the carving it was difficult to form any clear idea. There was accomplished work, such as that of J. Osmond (146), who is presumably an experienced worker for the trade, perhaps not greatly in need of encouragement. There was promising work, such as that of C. Maytum (128), probably a young man; there was excellent apprentice work, such as that of H. I. Savage (154); but it was all so arranged as most successfully to prevent careful comparison between it and other work in the same class, or the formation of opinion as to the way in which the judges (whose names are not vouchsafed) carried out their work. Moreover, there were scattered about among the competition work examples of old work, with which, of course, it bears no comparison. Messrs. White, Allom & Co., for example, lent a quite astonishing casket, and Mr. G. A. Rogers, amongst other things, some little Late Gothic doors of German heraldic design, which were in themselves well worth going to see. But they were not well shown.

THE City of Manchester Art Gallery has acquired the very important painting by Mr. Holman Hunt, 'The Hireling Shepherd' which was reproduced on page 130 of THE ART JOURNAL for 1896. In speaking of

this picture, Mr. William Rossetti, brother of the artist, said, "In 'The Hireling Shepherd' we find his finest and most various landscape-background; consummate accuracy and force, combined with minuteness of realisation, in all the elements of the picture; and, in a group of obvious naturalism, a motive and undercurrent of that earnest moral or spiritual aim without which Holman Hunt would not be himself."

A VALUABLE collection of pictures has been presented to the town of Bury by Miss Wrigley, Mr. F. Wrigley, and Mr. T. Wrigley in memory of their deceased father, Mr. T. Wrigley, and also to commemorate the Queen's long reign. This munificent gift, which is estimated to be worth £60,000, includes Landseer's 'Random Shot,' and works by Turner, Cooper, and Rosa Bonheur.

THE following diploma works were added to the Royal Scottish Academy collection during the past year (1896). The 'Gambling at the Foot of the Cross,' by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A.; 'Where the Burnie runs into the Sea,' by G. W. Johnstone, R.S.A.; 'The Rocking Chair,' by John Lavery, R.S.A.; 'Stag in Bronze,' by W. G. Stevenson, R.S.A.; 'Thomas Coats Memorial Church,' by Hippolyte J. Blanc, R.S.A.; 'Design for Mansion House,' by William Leiper, R.S.A.; 'Design for Art Galleries, Glasgow,' by John Honeyman, R.S.A.

THE Council of the Royal Scottish Academy have awarded the Prizes to the Students of the Life School as follows:—The Chalmers Bursary, Samuel Peploe and Robert Hope (equal); Extra Prize for Painting, George F. Watt; The Chalmers-Jervise Prize for the Best Drawing from the Life, George Gibb; Maclaine-Watters Medal, Robert Hope; The Stuart Prize, Walter G. Grieve.

IN his speech at the Edinburgh Town Council Chambers, when the freedom of the city was conferred upon him, Mr. J. R. Findlay, of *The Scotsman*, referred with pride to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Findlay stated that in all over £84,000 had gone to the establishment of the institution, besides £3,000 or £4,000 more from the Government for fittings for the Antiquaries. Of the whole sum there still remained £10,000 for completing the adornment, inside and out, of the building. When the institution was opened in May, 1885, it contained only 113 portraits, two-thirds of which were on loan. The galleries now contain nearly 600 portraits, of which only about 60 are on loan, all the rest having become the property of the nation, by purchase, bequest, or gift.

WITH regard to the removal of the Salon of the Palais de l'Industrie, the Statistical Department of the Ministry of Commerce has prepared some interesting particulars of the number of exhibitions held since their institution in the reign of Louis XIV. It appears that last year's exhibition was the one hundred and twenty-third, and that ten were held in the reign of Louis XIV., twenty-six during that of Louis XV., and nine during that of Louis XVI.; there were nine during the First Republic, five under Napoleon I., six during the Restoration, sixteen during the reign of Louis Philippe, four during the Second Republic, and nine during the

reign of Napoleon III.; while, since 1872, the exhibition has been held annually. In 1800 there were only 275 works exhibited, whereas of recent years the average has been about 5,000.

IT is stated that Mr. Barnard Lucas has been commissioned by her Majesty the Queen to paint a picture of Osborne House for presentation to Li Hung Chang, as a memento of his visit to her Majesty.

SIR E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., has consented to become Vice-President of the National Footpath Preservation Society.

M R. Hugh Thomson and Mr. Phil May have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

WE understand that the Memorial to the late Lord Leighton is to take the form of a monument in St. Paul's, from the design by Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Richmond the objections of the Cathedral authorities to a place on the walls of the nave have been overcome. The monument is to cost £2,000.

M R. G. C. Haité has recently been elected President of the Nicholson Art Institute, at Leek, Staffordshire, in succession to Sir Owen Roberts, and will deliver his presidential address to the Students of the School of Art early in February. Later he will lecture before The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts on "Designs and Designers of the Victorian Reign."

M R. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., has received a commission from Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., to paint a portrait of Mr. A. J. Balfour, which is to be presented to one of the Scottish Galleries.

THE Annual Conversazione of the South Kensington Royal College of Art will take place in the Museum on February 17th.

A correspondent, "Harry," asks information about a picture by Thomas Woodward, 'The Tempting Present,' exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1841, if it is for sale, or information about any other works by this artist.

#### OBITUARY.

WE have to chronicle the death of one of the leading Scottish Academicians, Mr. C. Otto Leyde, R.S.A., who died on January 12th, at Edinburgh, after a short illness. The previous Wednesday he had attended a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he was a member of the Council and also Librarian. He seemed then to be in good health and spirits, but on the Saturday he had a bad attack of bronchitis, and he died on the following Monday. Mr. Leyde was a Prussian by birth, having been born at Wehlau in 1835, but when he was quite a youth he came to Edinburgh, and was employed as a lithographic artist. He soon devoted himself entirely to painting, and began to exhibit at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1859. He was elected an Associate in 1870, and an Academician in 1880.



## PASSING EVENTS.



FEW weeks ago Mr. Hanbury made a statement in the House of Commons, with regard to the decrease in the number of visitors to the National Portrait Gallery, which at first sight certainly appears rather discouraging. He stated that during last April, when the Gallery was opened, there were 49,000 visitors, whereas in December there were only 12,000. But these figures give a somewhat erroneous impression, for the opening of any gallery, and especially a national gallery, is sure to attract more people than it would eight months afterwards. Again, in the Spring and Summer the Gallery is open eight hours a day, while in the winter it is only open for six hours, and on some days, owing to the bad light, very few people enter. It should be remarked that there is an equivalent decrease in the number of visitors to the National Gallery during the winter months. We must wait another year before we can fairly judge whether the National Portrait Gallery is as popular as it deserves, and as was anticipated. The new catalogue-list is very useful, although as yet it is little known.

IT is reported that a movement is on foot for providing artificial light at the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, presumably the outcome of Mr. Hanbury's statement mentioned above. If this report is correct, and it is to be hoped it is, the many people whose occupation prevents them visiting the galleries in the daylight, will have an opportunity of enjoying the treasures, which up to the present have been denied them, for there is no reason why the Galleries should not be kept open as late as the South Kensington Museum now is.

THERE has been some talk about the inadequate representation of the British School in the Louvre, and the corresponding lack of examples of the French School at our National Gallery, and we are glad to learn that an effort is being made to rouse the Authorities here to the advisability of trying to arrange a system of exchange between the two countries. There is no doubt that such an arrangement would be greatly to the advantage of both artistic communities. Unfortunately we are more to blame than the French, who have lately made some attempts to secure examples of some of our most distinguished artists, living and dead. Let us hope that on both sides of the Channel an improvement in this respect will soon be seen.

THE President of the Royal Academy has been occupying his fast-diminishing leisure moments in arranging for contributions from British painters for a very important exhibition to be held this summer at Brussels. Another exhibition which has been organized is at Stockholm, where one of the members of the royal house has been superintending the collection. This Prince, himself an artist of no mean merit, spent several weeks in England last autumn in making the acquaintance of the more notable English painters.

SIR EDWARD POYNTER, in his capacity of Director of the National Gallery, has given his sanction to the breaking of a rule, which although occasionally useful, has sometimes been exercised in years past in an unfortunate way. This rule has been held to exclude any and every painting of a living artist from the National Gallery. Recently a fine work of the great Italian artist of to-day, Professor Costa, was presented to the nation by a number of English *dilettanti* and it was accepted. The donors were under the belief that the picture would be kept unexhibited until the Henry Tate Gallery is opened at Westminster. But with a proper appreciation of his position, and knowing all the circumstances, Sir Edward has permitted the picture to be hung in the Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

SOME years ago it was suggested to the then Director of the Gallery that a similar committee was desirous of presenting a picture by Mr. Whistler if it would be accepted. But Sir Frederick Burton was afraid to commit himself to such a daring innovation and sheltered himself behind the rule that no work of living artists was now accepted. It was pointed out that both Mr. Frith and Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur were represented on the walls of the National Gallery, but without avail.

NOW under Sir Edward Poynter, who is proving himself a strong and wise Director, this rule has happily been broken, and although the artist so highly honoured is little known to the British public, he is one of the best living painters in Europe and he is intimately connected with English Art, for he was practically the master of Frederick Leighton. Signor Costa is, of course, now an old man, but Mr. Whistler is not becoming younger, and it is permissible to wonder what the former *camarade* in the "Trilby" studio would say if another Whistler picture were offered to the National Gallery. While mentioning Sir Edward Poynter, we may be permitted to say a few words on our Easter number, now in active preparation and to be published with our next issue. This number will contain over fifty important reproductions of the President's works, and we do not hesitate to say that the wealth of idea, the variety of style, and the interest of subject in these pictures will come as a surprise to the many who have no notion of the capacity of the new head of the Royal Academy.

THE next Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, will be devoted to the works of the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A. After the success that has attended the present Exhibition of Lord Leighton, at Burlington House, this decision seems very commendable, but there was some doubt on the matter, owing to the opposition which the temporary substitution of modern exhibitions for those of the Old Masters has received in some quarters.

THE sad news which has arrived from Vienna concerning M. Michael Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist, has been received with deep regret by all who knew him and his works, although to his most intimate friends it is not unexpected. For some months

past he has been suffering from melancholy and would sit for hours without uttering a word. Suddenly he became quite insane and the doctors give little hope of arresting the terrible disease. It seems hard indeed that a man who, by sheer genius and hard work, has raised himself from the direst poverty to the front rank of living artists, should be struck down at the very zenith of his fame.

**M**R. HERBERT GRUNDY, of the firm of William Grundy and Son, Manchester, who died last October, has left to the Corporation of Liverpool for the Walker Art Gallery the picture 'Christian and the Lions' by William Huggins.

**T**HE works of Cimabue are so rare that the "discovery" which is reported from Westminster has caused quite a stir among collectors. The picture belongs to Canon Harford. By carefully removing various over-paintings a work has been brought to light which is vouched by several people to be by the famous Florentine artist, but we await the decision of the few who really know.

**T**HE decoration of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral is almost completed, and it is expected that the scaffolding will shortly be removed. The first portions of the dome will then be commenced. The work on the transept windows has already begun. They are to be filled with stained glass from designs by Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A., and presented by the Duke of Westminster.

**A**N Exhibition of Dramatic Art will succeed the Ford Madox Brown pictures now on view at the Grafton Gallery.

**A** SECTION of the Victorian Exhibition at Earl's Court is to be devoted to women's work, and will contain an Art gallery which will be filled with productions by women artists of the Victorian era. This department will be under the control of Miss Henrietta Rae (Mrs. E. Normand). Among the other exhibits will be a series of portraits of the mothers of men and women who have become famous during the Queen's reign, a happy idea which we feel sure will meet with general approval.

**T**HE thanks of lovers of the art of engraving are due to Mr. Philip Burne-Jones for the successful efforts which he has made to obtain a relaxation of the rule of the Printellers' Association that the engraved plate be destroyed as soon as the number of impressions authorised by the Association have been taken. This rule is exercised as a guarantee on the part of the print publishers, so that the regulation of the Association with regard to the number of impressions is strictly carried out. Further, Mr. Philip Burne-Jones has secured the consent of the Science and Art Department to an arrangement by which original plates will be accepted for exhibition in the South Kensington Museum, and a Government guarantee given that no one shall have access to them except for purposes of study. The first plate to be deposited at the Museum under this arrangement is that engraved by M. Jasinski, after 'The Mirror of Venus,' one of the most notable pictures by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

**S**EVERAL years ago, perhaps twelve or fifteen, a Nocturne by Mr. Whistler was sold by auction in London. When it was put up it was received with smiles and these speedily developed into a storm of hisses. Times are changing, however, and last month, February, at an auction also in London, a little Nocturne was offered for sale. When being sold it was at first received with only a slight show of good feeling, but when it fetched an amount very considerably over Mr. George Moore's famous estimate of one hundred guineas, the crowded audience in the sale-room broke into a round of applause. When a British collector pays a thousand guineas at Christie's for a Whistler—as certainly he will some day very soon—it will be done amidst the seldom given but lively burst of cheering, reserved for the realisation of great masters.

**T**HREE appears to be some misunderstanding with regard to the marble group of Boadicea, which the County Council have refused for Battersea Park. The statue is not the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, but is by the late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, father of the Royal Academician. The work of Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, though fair, is not to be compared with that of his son, who is considered by many to be the best of our living sculptors.

**W**E are requested to mention that the wrought-iron screen illustrated on page 346 of THE ART JOURNAL, 1896, was designed by Mr. F. A. Walters, F.S.A. It was carried out in wrought iron by Mr. Bainbridge Reynolds from Mr. Walters's drawings, but through an omission of the author, this was not made clear at the time.

#### OBITUARY.

**W**E have to record the death of Mr. George Price Boyce, who died on February 9th, at his residence in Chelsea, after a long illness. He was born on September 24th, 1826. It was at first intended that he should become an architect, but he gave up that profession in order to be a painter. As a young man he was fortunate to have as his personal friends such renowned artists as David Cox and Rossetti, who always showed the greatest interest in his work. He spent a good deal of his time on the Continent, and knew Corot and Daubigny intimately. In 1853, he made his first appearance at the London Exhibitions, sending two pictures, both to the Royal Academy and Suffolk Street. In 1858, he became one of the original members of the old Hogarth Club, and in 1864 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, and became a member in 1878. Among his best works were, 'The Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed'; 'Beeches'; 'Timber Yard, Chiddingstone'; and 'East End of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster.'

**W**E also have to record the death of Mr. J. W. Beck, who for many years acted as secretary to the Grosvenor Gallery. He subsequently went to the New Gallery when that institution was founded. He was in charge of the British Fine Art section of the Chicago Exhibition, and the breakdown in his health which led to his death is ascribed to his labours in that responsible position.



## PASSING EVENTS.



**N** interesting ceremony was performed at Little Holland House, when some friends and admirers of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., met to present to the distinguished artist an address of congratulation on arriving at his eightieth birthday. The address was illuminated on vellum, and contained a sonnet to Mr. Watts, written by Mr. Charles Swinburne. The congratulations and good wishes expressed in the address will be endorsed by all who know Mr. Watts's work, and can appreciate its beautiful and elevating qualities.

**T**HE Guildhall collection this season will contain two hundred carefully selected examples of British Art. The competitions to obtain pictures for the three Lowther exhibitions this summer have been very great. It is probable that the Guildhall—being free to the public—will be by far the best, and the Gems from Mr. McCulloch's collection are prominent there. The Exhibitions at Earl's Court and at the Crystal Palace having, happily for themselves, other attractions, will not greatly suffer, although it is not likely the works of Art will be so fine. One feature at Earl's Court will, however, be specially interesting. This is the complete collection of engraved works of British Artists, brought together after long labour by Mr. Algernon Graves.

**S**OME further additions have been made to the National Gallery, of which the most important is 'The Yeoman of the Guard,' by Sir John Millais, P.R.A., bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr. Hodgkinson. The others are 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' by the late George Richmond, R.A., presented by the family; and E. M. Barry's competition design for the National Gallery buildings.

**T**HE two paintings in oil by Mr. Whistler, 'The Master Smith of Lyme Regis,' and 'The Rose of Lyme Regis,' have been bought by the Boston (U.S.) Art Gallery. Reproductions of both these pictures appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, at pages 12 and 13.

**W**E understand that Mr. J. C. L. Sparkes, principal of the National Art Training School, South Kensington, is about to retire, having reached the age at which it is necessary for Government officials to give up their duties.

**T**HE Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association will be held at the Royal Albert Hall from May the 20th to the 24th. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—whose classes at Sandringham will exhibit—has signified her intention of visiting the Exhibition.

**T**HE Committee who are in charge of the Parliamentary Presentation Portrait to Viscount Peel, to be placed with those of many of his predecessors in the Speakers'

official residence, have decided to give the commission to paint the portrait in the hands of Mr. W. G. Orchardson, R.A.

**T**HE widow of the late Coventry Patmore has presented to the National Portrait Gallery the portrait of her husband, painted by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885.

**T**HE Portrait of Bertie, the Elder, by Ingres, has been acquired for the Louvre.

**A**t last, after years of trouble, difficulty, and dissent, the two Munich artists' organizations have ceased to be antagonistic bodies, and have agreed to unite in the arrangement of their Grand International Exhibition for 1897.

**A** MONUMENT designed by Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., has been erected at the little fishing village of Beer, near Seaton, in memory of Hamilton Macallum, R.I., who died last June.

**H**ER MAJESTY has granted to Sir John Gilbert, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, and the future Presidents of the Society, permission to wear a Collar and Badge when attending Her Majesty's Levées, or on such occasions as may be considered fitting. The Badge was designed and executed by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A. It is of gold, oval in shape, and supports a female figure carved in ivory. Above this and attached to the chain is a gold wreath encircling the Royal Crown to which the Badge is attached.

**T**HE QUEEN has also granted a similar honour to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours. The Badge, which was designed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., is of gold, jewelled and enamelled. In the centre is a female figure representing Water-colour Art, standing on a nautilus shell, and the background consists of emblematical work with a monogram of Her Majesty surrounded by a Royal Crown.

**I**T is proposed that the President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers should have a Badge which he shall wear as a sign of his office. The Badge is to be designed by Professor Legros, and the cost is to be defrayed by the members of the Society.

**M**R. CATON WOODVILLE'S striking picture '1815' is now on view at Messrs. Gladwell's Gallery, Fenchurch Street. A Plate of this picture is being etched by M. Jules Jacquet, and will be published shortly.

**W**E understand that Mr. Phil May has promised to deliver a lecture on his Art to the Society of Lady Journalists.

**A**MONG her numerous legacies the late Lady Wallace has bequeathed the sum of £5,000 to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

WE should be obliged if any of our Readers could give us information as to where there are any original works by the following artists:—Robert Smirke, R.A. (1752-1845); Henry Bone, R.A. (1755-1834); and Philip Reinagle, R.A. (1749-1833).

THE Ring-Bound Sketch Books, just issued by Messrs. T. G. Rowney & Co., are likely to revolutionize the trade in these indispensable aids to the artist and constant companion of the Art-lover with a taste for Art practice. Hitherto, when a sketch was spoiled by rain or stopped from want of time, it was usual to cut out the unsatisfactory leaf from the bound sketch-book. Again, when a sketch turned out unexpectedly successful, the leaf had to be cut so that the little triumph might be placed in the dignity of a frame. In both cases, the sketch-book was loosened, if not spoiled. With these ring-bound books, a leaf can be detached with less trouble than from a block, while taking sheets away leaves the sketch-book as useful as ever, and as well held together.—“A PLAIN GUIDE TO OIL-PAINTING,” by Hume Nisbet (Reeves), can be cordially recommended. It is written by one who has found the true mean between practice and theory.

ART Needlework falls easily into amateurishness—partly, perhaps, because it is not the fashion to be quite frank with women about their work. We pay them, in fact, the very poor compliment of adopting, with regard to them, the formula *nil nisi bonum*—as though they were dead. It is a sign of new life in the school of Art Needlework under Miss Wade, that there have been instituted “technical classes,” at low fees, not merely for ladies, but for all who want to learn the trade of needle-work. A further new departure is made in the appointment of a practical man, Mr. Paulson Townsend, to teach drawing and design—most necessary to the workwoman, and most useful to her so long as she do not take herself too seriously as an artist. Lectures are also to be given, of which the first was delivered at the Imperial Institute on March 3rd, by Mr. Walter Crane. It appears that the London County Council have come to the aid of the school with funds.

L. F. D.

#### OBITUARY.

IN these pushing times, few men in any walk of life fail to achieve a reward equal to the deserts of their life's work, and, although this is less true in the lives of artists than of their lay brethren, yet we can all recall the names of great masters in all the arts whom their contemporaries have delighted to honour. This, unfortunately, was not so with Charles Edward Holloway, a painter who has not yet received that fame which is unquestionably his due.

He was almost unknown outside his brother artists, and a small circle of admirers, who have found his works most delightful companions to have hanging round their walls. An impressionist painter from the beginning—there is a fine example of such, ‘St. Paul's, seen from Bankside,’ dated 1869—he has painted consistently all his life, not influenced by the works of his brother artists, but drawing his inspiration direct from nature.

He was born at Christchurch, in Hampshire, on May 10th, 1838, and thus was in his fifty-ninth year at his death on March 5th. The place of his birth and the fact that his father was connected with the navy, no doubt gave his art that leaning towards marine and river subjects in which he undoubtedly most excelled. He studied at Leigh's studio, in Newman Street, working in company with Fred. Walker, Sir J. D. Linton, and Chas. Green, and afterwards at the Working Men's College, whilst, in the day-time, he was engaged at Powell's stained-glass works, in Whitefriars, and later when William Morris began developing the same art in Queen's Square, he worked for him, and remained until 1866, when he finally took to painting. With naturally a superb eye for colour, this training in stained glass, where colour is perhaps the most vital point, had a very strong influence over his early work, especially in the choice of his subjects. He was often found painting the glowing colours of the sunset and after-glow, with groups of old red-brick houses or trees in autumn leaf.

In 1875 he first visited Venice, and the group of water-colours which he brought back then were characterized by their delicate yet brilliant colouring. In 1879 he made a large water-colour of Gorleston Harbour, one of his noblest pictures; the great sweep of a wooden pier running out into a stormy yellow sea, which beats against it with a thud, almost to be felt as one looks at the picture, and wonders whether the tug in the distance will succeed in saving the distressed ship for which it is struggling. This picture was shown at the Grosvenor next year, and elsewhere, afterwards the writer had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Whistler congratulate Mr. Holloway on the accomplishment of this masterpiece.

He painted much in the Fen Country, and visited Holland in 1883; and then for many years worked round the coasts at his favourite haunts, Gorleston and Lowestoft on the east; Dover, Portsmouth, the Solent on the south; and the Thames at Chiswick, the City, Limehouse, Greenwich, Leigh, and Southend. At the last-named places he found some of his happiest subjects in the latter years of his life. In 1895 he again visited Venice, and most of the work he brought back has been lately seen at the Goupil Galleries. Whilst at Venice he was taken with a severe chill, and, although he nearly recovered, this doubtless led to his final illness. During this illness he received the sympathetic assistance of Mr. A. Ludovici and one or two other friends. He was a member of the Royal Institute, to which he was elected nearly twenty-five years ago, and of the New English Art Club, and he received a medal from the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. He etched a good many plates, one of which, the ‘Victory,’ proved a success in every way, and latterly he made a few lithographs.

T. R. W.

THE death of Mr. Henry Blackburn, editor of “Academy Notes,” took place in the Riviera on March 8th. Mr. Blackburn was the author of several practical books on Art. Ignoring the fac-simile sketches and Notes on the Paris Salon, published for several years in the early sixties, he claimed to be the originator of all such works as “Academy Notes,” and undoubtedly his publications attained a larger popularity than any others in this country.



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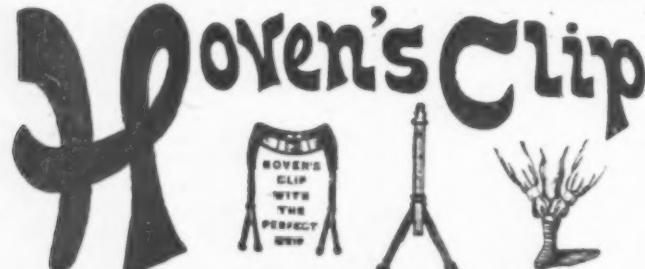
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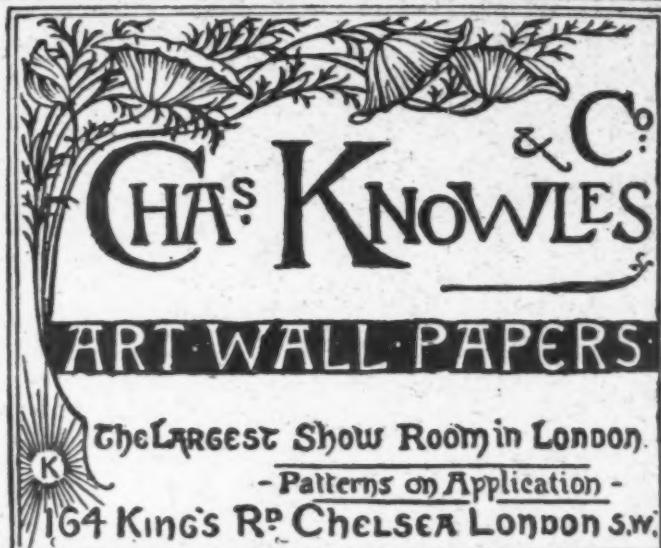
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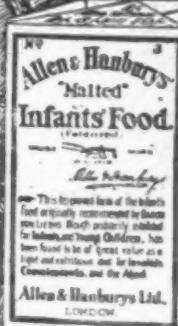
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